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The Illustrated LONDON NEWS

Sir Nicholas Henderson
STRAINS IN THE ALLIANCE

Terence Hart
NEW MAN AT SCOTLAND YARD

Bruce Page
PERSONAL COMPUTERS

The Counties:
RACHEL BILLINGTON'S
DORSET

Louis Heren's urban rides:
CARDIFF

Tony Aldous

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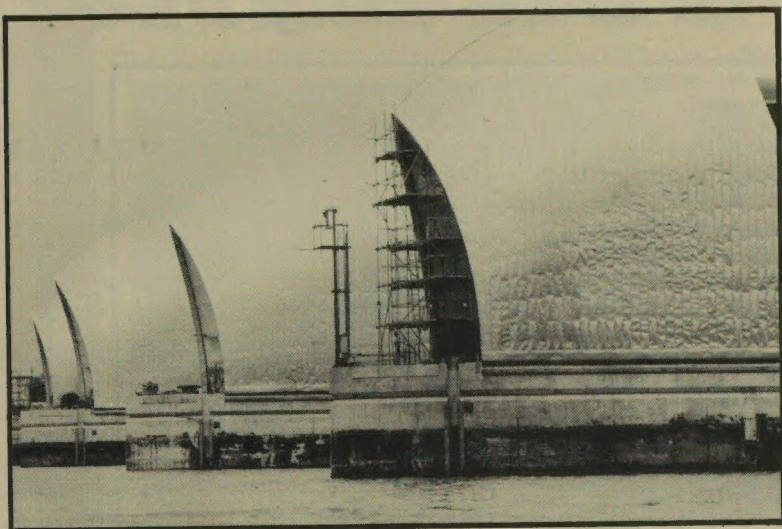
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The Illustrated LONDON NEWS

Number 7012 Volume 270 November 1982



The Thames Barrier under construction.

THE ILLUSTRATED
LONDON NEWS

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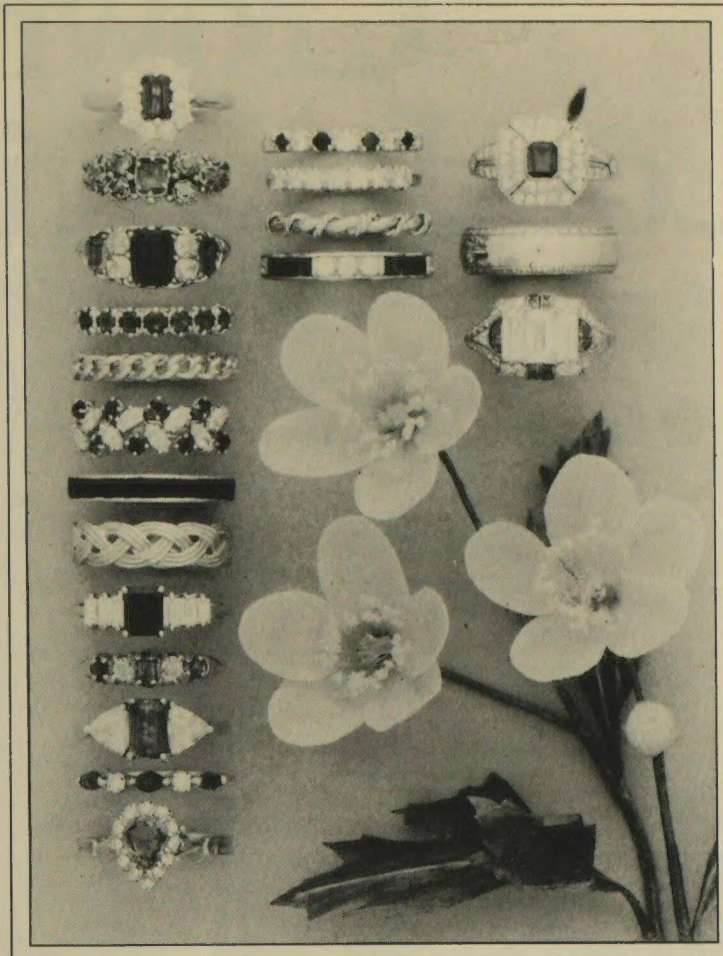
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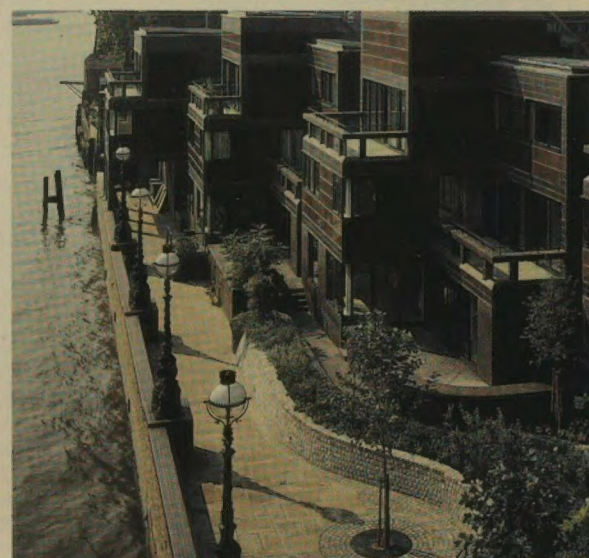
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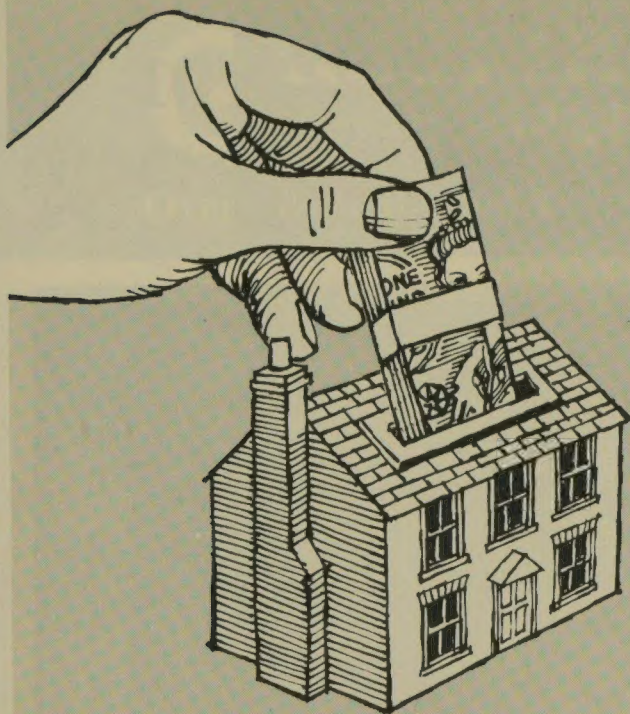
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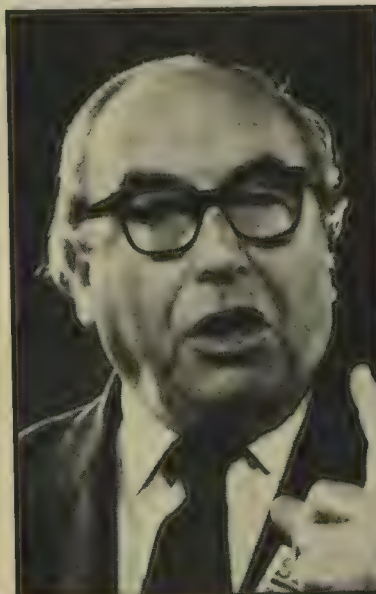
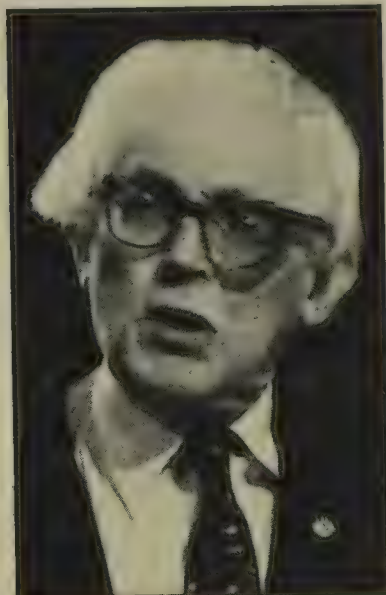
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The long campaign



Party leaders Margaret Thatcher, Michael Foot, Roy Jenkins and David Steel.

This year's party conferences were dominated by the assumption that they were likely to be the last before a general election. Thus there was, at each of these gatherings of the faithful, more than the usual sensitivity to the public image. The greatest influence seemed to be the television cameras, representing the eyes and ears of a broader electorate to whom the parties will soon have to make their appeal, and before whom it was necessary therefore to be seen to be behaving responsibly. The wilder men and women kept themselves, or were kept, in check, and though it would be absurd to say that reason prevailed throughout there was certainly a good deal more reasonableness about than is often the case on these annual political outings. At Brighton the Conservatives, riding high in the opinion polls, were anxious not to rock the boat they have been sailing in since Mrs Thatcher won the election of May, 1979. At Blackpool Labour was concerned to demonstrate that it would be going into the election campaign as a united party. At Bournemouth the Liberals sought to present the Alliance as the most credible alternative to the present Government, and in Cardiff, Derby and Great Yarmouth the Social Democrats, while going along with that, were also at pains to emphasize that they were a different party.

The SDP and the Liberals met, at their various and separate locations, as the turbulence caused to both parties by the division of seats was beginning to subside. It had clearly been wise to get this rather crude and painful political bargaining out of the way before the conferences, and the two party leaders, David Steel for the Liberals and Roy Jenkins for the SDP, did the division about as neatly as either party could have expected. In spite of a few rebels in some of the affected constituencies

both men were able to concentrate the minds of the delegates on policies. The trouble was that the policies they produced, particularly on the vexing questions of reducing unemployment and controlling inflation, seemed no more than early drafts, for the incomes policy designed to control the inflationary effect of other economic measures remained ill-defined.

The Labour Party emerged from its conference at Blackpool with more semblance of unity than had been evident at the start of the week, though some cracks were still visible beneath the paper. Michael Foot won two battles against his extremists on the left, first by gaining the conference's approval of the plan for setting up a register of non-affiliated Labour organizations—thus preparing the way for the exclusion of the Militant Tendency—and then by securing the trade union block votes to elect a more moderate National Executive Committee. But before the conference had ended the bitterness and confusion following the action of Sidney Weighell, general secretary of the National Union of Railwaymen, who resigned after failing to record his union's vote for a left-wing candidate in the NEC elections, demonstrated the fragility of the alliance within the party. The same fragility was also reflected in the main plank of the party's economic policy, which was basically to reflate the economy in order to stimulate employment, while relying on a new and rather vague form of agreement with the trade unions to curb inflation.

For the Conservatives Mrs Thatcher made clear that there would be no change of course in the policies of the present Government. The objective was still to be that of restoring the

competitive edge of British industry, mainly by continuing to reduce the rate of inflation. From this would come, in the long run, the reduction of unemployment, but in the Government's view there could be no short cuts. The party conference was given no promise of tax cuts, nor of any other form of reflation, and the tenor of both the Prime Minister's and the Chancellor of the Exchequer's speeches was clearly designed to lower the climate of expectation, in line with the Government's earlier announcement that there would be a ceiling of 3.5 per cent on pay rises in the public sector during the coming year. The one potentially disruptive element at Brighton, the leak of the Think Tank's suggestion that the National Health Service might be replaced by compulsory medical insurance, was largely kept off the conference floor, though Mrs Thatcher acknowledged the political risks by her public reassurance on the future of the health service which she said was 'safe with us'.

The quick response suggests the nervousness that infiltrates politics when an election is in sight. Though her Government has a possible 18 months to run, and is showing no signs of attempting to induce the kind of instant but short-lived impression of prosperity that has so often heralded the approach of elections in the past, it is probable that Mrs Thatcher has ringed a Thursday in October of next year's diary as a possible date to let, as she has phrased it, the people be her judge. But she will have ringed it only in pencil, so that it can be erased if circumstances do not then seem propitious. Whatever the final decision, and it is unlikely yet to have been taken, the campaigning, in the sense that political actions will now be tempered with a view to their electoral consequences, can be seen to have begun at this year's party conferences.

Monday, September 13

At least 55 people died and 79 were injured when a Spantax DC 10 airliner on a charter flight to New York carrying 380 passengers and 13 crew crashed during take-off at Malaga.

A report by Lord Shackleton warned that the Falkland Islands' economy was in danger of collapsing within the next five years and recommended government spending of more than £100 million to support it.

Lord McCarthy's report to the Railway Staff Tribunal recommended a 6 per cent pay rise for 177,000 railway workers and laid down a negotiating timetable for four outstanding productivity issues.

Israeli aircraft bombed Syrian and Palestinian targets in eastern Lebanon after cease-fire violations and the deaths of three Israeli soldiers in a bazooka attack.

Deng Xiaoping, formerly Vice-Chairman of the Chinese Communist party, was reappointed head of the Military Affairs Commission.

An 11-day Nato exercise, Northern Wedding 82, involving 160 ships, 250 aircraft and 7,000 troops, began off Jutland.

Tuesday, September 14

The President-elect of Lebanon, 34-year-old Bashir Gemayel, leader of the Right-wing Christian Phalangists, was among nine people killed in a massive bomb explosion outside the Phalangist party headquarters in Beirut. Israeli troops moved forward into West Beirut the next day "to guarantee security" and rejected American demands for withdrawal.

At least 11 men were killed after two helicopters crashed, 500 miles apart, in the North Sea. One was an oilfield air ambulance, the other a US Marine troop carrier on a Nato exercise.

Argentina and Britain mutually agreed to end financial sanctions against each other.

In Poland security forces used tear gas and water cannon on demonstrators in Wroclaw and Nowa Huta. Four policemen were injured and dozens of demonstrators arrested.



Princess Grace of Monaco, formerly Grace Kelly the film actress, died 30 hours after suffering multiple injuries in a car crash.

Wednesday, September 15

The French government obtained a \$4,000 million credit from international banks after a period of downward pressure on the franc.

The Pope gave audience at the Vatican to the PLO leader Yassir Arafat.

Thursday, September 16

Labour retained Gower in the by-election with a majority reduced from 10,641 in the 1979 general election to 7,220. The SDP/Liberal Alliance took second place from the Conservatives.

The Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher left for a two-week tour of the Far East. During five days in Japan she urged Japanese businessmen to invest in Britain and called for restraint in Japanese exports. In China the future of Hong Kong after expiry of the New Territories lease in 1997 was discussed; China reasserted its claim to the territories. The trip ended with visits to Hong Kong and India.

A revised pay offer from the Government to nurses and other hospital workers was rejected by the TUC Health Services Committee. The Royal College of Nursing agreed the offer might form the basis for negotiation and sought further talks.

Sadeq Qotbzadeh, former Foreign Minister of Iran, was executed for plotting to overthrow the régime.

Friday, September 17

Hundreds of men, women and children in the twin Palestinian refugee camps of Sabra and Chatila, near Beirut, were massacred over two days by Lebanese Christian Phalangist Militiamen while Israeli troops ringed the camps. World-wide condemnation followed, and on September 20 President Reagan announced that the American, French and Italian troops, recently withdrawn, were to return to Beirut. Calls for a full inquiry by the Knesset were at first rejected and two ministers resigned; on September 28 the Knesset reversed this decision and voted to hold an official inquiry into the massacres.

The annual inflation rate in Britain fell to 8 per cent in August.

West Germany's 13-year-old Social Democratic-Liberal coalition government under Helmut Schmidt collapsed and elections were called for after months of dissension about economic policies.

A bomb exploded in an Israeli embassy car in Paris, injuring 47 people, five of them seriously. The Lebanese Revolutionary Armed Faction claimed responsibility.

Saturday, September 18

A terrorist who shot and wounded four people at a synagogue in Brussels escaped into the crowds.

Monday, September 20

Following a multimillion pound shortfall in the funds of the insurance syndicate Alexander & Alexander Services, Ian Posgate, an underwriter at Lloyds, was suspended and removed from his job as director. The Department of trade began an investigation and asked the police to help.

An air traffic radar tracking station in County Cork was blown up by five men.

Tuesday, September 21

Amin Gemayel, brother of the murdered Bashir Gemayel, the president-elect, was chosen as president of Lebanon and sworn in on September 23.

In Britain the unemployment figures rose to 3,343,075, one in seven of the work force.

Wednesday, September 22

The TUC staged a day of action in support of the health workers' pay claim. Mines, docks and newspapers were halted but much of the private section of industry was unaffected.

Over 100 English fans were arrested in Copenhagen after a European Championship qualifying match.

Thursday, September 23

Mrs Shirley Williams was elected president of the Social Democratic Party.

Sir Maxwell Joseph, founder of the Grand Metropolitan hotel group, died aged 72.

Friday, September 24

Britain had a trade deficit of £37 million in August after a £166 million surplus in July. There was a £200 million surplus on invisible trade, giving a current positive balance of £163 million.

The Transport and General Workers Union decided to black and ban the import into Britain of the new General Motors small car, code named S, due to come on to the British market in March, 1983.

Saudi Arabian police clashed with Iranian pilgrims in Mecca and arrested 100 of them, including Ayatollah Khomeini's chief representative.

In the New York State elections Mayor Edward Koch was defeated as Democratic candidate for governor in favour of Mario Cuomo, the State's lieutenant-governor.

The Woolworth store chain in the United States announced the closure of all its 336 stores and disclosed a loss of \$325 million in the current quarter. A British consortium, Charterhouse Japhet, numbering 30 institutions including the Prudential, made a £310 million bid for the 1,100 stores in Britain.

Sarah Lady Audley, actress and painter daughter of Sir Winston Churchill, died aged 67.

Saturday, September 25

A series of explosions at a haulage depot where chemicals were stored in Salford was followed by fire and clouds of chemical dust. Nearly 60 people were treated for injuries caused by flying glass, toxic fumes and chemical burns, and 700 residents had to be evacuated from the area.

A crowd estimated at 400,000 demonstrated in Tel Aviv, demanding the resignation of Prime Minister Begin and Defence Minister Sharon after the Beirut massacres. On September 26 Israel agreed to withdraw all its forces from Beirut by the end of the month.

Sunday, September 26

A week-long tropical storm, Hurricane Olivia, caused more than 1,000 deaths in Central America. 500 of them in Guatemala.

Monday, September 27

The Labour Party conference, opening in Blackpool, supported Labour leader Michael Foot's demand for a register of non-affiliated Labour organizations by a majority of five to one. This would exclude the Trotskyist Militant Tendency from the Party. Later trade union block votes elected a new national executive with a right-wing majority. A resolution in favour of unilateral disarmament and the closure of American nuclear bases in Britain was carried with a large majority.

Nicolas Poussin's *The Triumph of Pan* was bought privately for the National Gallery at an estimated cost of £1.3 million, with contributions from the National Heritage Memorial Fund and the National Art Collections Fund. It had been owned by the Dent-Brockhurst family of Sudeley Castle.

British Airways pulled out of 17 routes, saving £10 million a year. 60 routes and 23 foreign stations had been shut down by the company in the previous three years.

Wednesday, September 29

American marines moved into Beirut as Israeli forces withdrew from the airport.

Following a brawl in Benidorm before a football match, 39 Manchester United supporters were arrested.

The Soviet Union, after another bad harvest, bought an initial 738,000 tons of American grain and was expected to buy a record amount of between 19-22 million tons in the fiscal year.

Anthony Joliffe, 44, a City accountant, was elected as the new Lord Mayor of London.

Thursday, September 30

A Russian Ilyushin 62 Aeroflot airliner slewed off the runway after landing at Luxembourg airport, killing six and injuring many of the passengers, four seriously.

A United States marine was killed and three others wounded in an explosion near Beirut airport. They were members of the multinational peace-keeping force.

The Commonwealth Games opened in Brisbane. England came second in the medals table, one behind Australia, with 108 as against 109, 38 gold as against 39.

Friday, October 1

Helmut Kohl, 52, the Christian Democrat leader, was elected Chancellor of West Germany following a vote of no-confidence in Helmut Schmidt.

Seven people were reported dead from poisoned headache capsules in the Chicago area of the United States. The Tylenol capsules had been prised open, cyanide inserted and the capsules resealed.

Iran mounted a major assault on the Iraq border 75 miles east of Baghdad.

Saturday, October 2

A 330 ton bomb exploded in the central square of Teheran, killing at least 60 people and injuring 700. A five-storey hotel was demolished and three passing buses severely damaged.

The Wolds Way, the 79 mile footpath in Yorkshire, was opened.

Sunday, October 3

Six Israeli soldiers were killed and 22 wounded when their bus was ambushed by unidentified gunmen at Alei, near Beirut. The next day Israeli jets bombed the Beirut-Damascus highway and claimed to have destroyed a Syrian Sam-9 missile battery.

Three army colonels were arrested in Spain, foiling a planned plot to seize power on the eve of the general elections at the end of the month.

Riots between Hindus and Muslims in Meerut, northern India, left at least 16 dead and hundreds injured.

Four people including two Britons died and five others were injured after a gas cylinder exploded on a hot air balloon at an international ballooning event at Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Monday, October 4

The first of a series of one-day regional protests organized by the TUC in support of the health service workers' pay claim took place in Merseyside and Cheshire.

The Queen left Britain for a month-long tour of Australia and part of the Commonwealth.

2,000 members of the Transport and General Workers Union voted to strike at Vauxhall's Ellesmere Port plant if the company proceeded with plans to import its new Spanish-built Corsa.

Macdonald Hastings, journalist and broadcaster, died aged 73.

Vivien Merchant, the actress, died aged 53.

Tuesday, October 5

The Conservative Party conference opened in Brighton.

British Petroleum announced it was to sell or scrap 16 of their 45 ships—about 5 per cent of the entire Merchant Navy. About 1,300 jobs would be lost.

The Port of London Authority announced the closure to shipping of the 1,020 acres Royal Docks.

Wednesday, October 6

The general secretary of the National Union of Railwaymen, Sidney Weighell, resigned at a meeting called to discuss his failure to cast the NUR block vote for a miners' union candidate in the poll for the national executive of the Labour Party at the Party conference.

British banks cut their base lending rates by another ¼ per cent to 10 per cent.

Up to 200 people were feared dead after a dam burst and swamped the state-owned Mano River mine in Liberia.

Thursday, October 7

One or possibly two unidentified submarines were reported near Sweden's main naval base at Muskö.

Friday, October 8

The Polish Parliament under its military leadership voted for a new trade union law dissolving all existing trade unions, including Solidarity. New ones were to be formed. President Reagan suspended Poland's "most favoured nation" trade status as a result, restricting Poland's imports and increasing taxes on them. Solidarity underground leaders called for a four-hour strike on November 10 and instructed members to boycott the new unions.

The Begin government formally requested \$3 billion in aid from the United States for Israel in the coming fiscal year.

Lord Noel-Baker, the 1959 Nobel Peace Prize-winner and Labour politician, died aged 92.

Saturday, October 9

Advance reports were published of 835 awards for gallantry and other honours given to men and women in connexion with the Falklands campaign. They included two Victoria Crosses, both awarded posthumously, to Lieut-Col



"H" Jones, commander of the 2nd Battalion The Parachute Regiment, and



Sergeant Ian McKay of the 3rd Battalion The Parachute Regiment. These were the first VCs to be awarded for 13 years.

A two-year-old boy was killed and 37 people were injured when terrorists attacked a synagogue in Rome with hand grenades and machine guns.

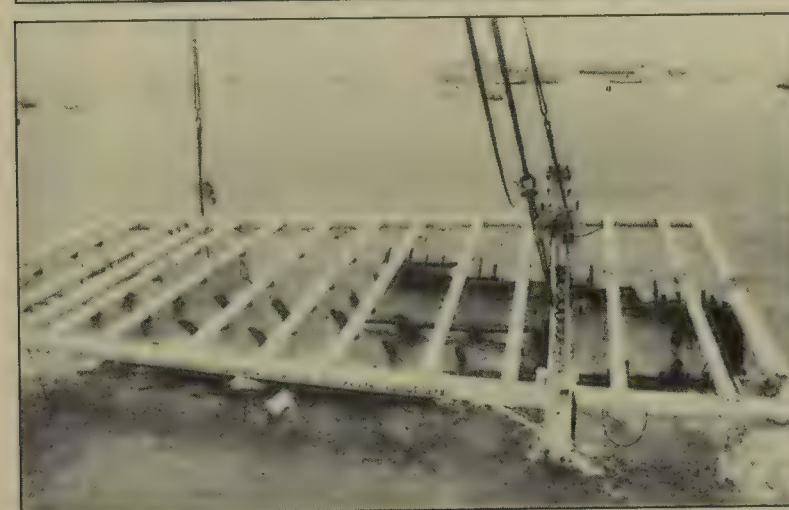
Sunday, October 10

Father Maximilian Kolbe who died in Auschwitz prison camp was canonized in Rome. The Pope attacked the banning of Solidarity in Poland during the ceremony.

WINDOW ON THE WORLD

NV 82

Marine resurrection: On October 11, after 17 years of careful preparation, the remains of Henry VIII's flagship the *Mary Rose* were raised from where she sank in the Solent on July 19, 1545, drowning more than 650 men. Prince Charles, President of the *Mary Rose* Trust, dived for a last look before the wreck was gently raised on a steel cradle hanging from a giant lifting frame, and then towed ashore.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE PRESS ASSOCIATION



The scene in the Solent off Portsmouth as a fleet of small craft watched the operation approaching its climax.



REX FEATURES

Massacre in Lebanon: Peace-keeping forces, recently withdrawn, returned to Beirut after hundreds of men, women and children in the Palestinian camps of Sabra and Chatila near Beirut were massacred by Lebanese Christian militiamen while Israeli troops ringed the camps. The Israelis had moved into Beirut after a bomb killed Lebanon's president-elect, Bashir Gemayel, above.



ASSOCIATED PRESS

American marines, carrying weapons and boxes of ammunition, arrive by landing craft on a beach near west Beirut.



REX FEATURES

Bodies of Palestinians murdered in the massacre lie in dirt and rubble until rescue workers arrive to carry out the gruesome task of removing the victims, right.



REX FEATURES

Survivors in the Sabra camp give Israeli soldiers details of the massacre.



ASSOCIATED PRESS



REX FEATURES

Malaga air crash: At least 55 people died and 79 were injured when a Spantax DC 10 airliner on a charter flight to New York crashed during take-off at Malaga.



PRESS ASSOCIATION

Chemical fire: A series of explosions at a haulage depot in Salford where chemicals were stored was followed by fire. 700 residents had to be evacuated.



CAMERA PRESS

Indian inundations: Exceptionally heavy monsoon floods in north-east India caused severe damage to crops, stock and homes. Hundreds were feared drowned.

WINDOW ON THE WORLD

The Commonwealth Games: The Queen left Heathrow at the start of a month-long tour of Australia and the Pacific and joined the Duke of Edinburgh in Brisbane, where he had opened the 12th Commonwealth Games. Taking part in the opening ceremonies in the Queen Elizabeth II Stadium, which was filled with 60,000 spectators, was the mascot of the Games, a 40 foot high, tractor-driven kangaroo.



PRESS ASSOCIATION



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England's time trial cycling team won the first gold medal of the Games.



ASSOCIATED PRESS

Robert Weir set a new Games record winning the gold medal in the hammer.



Daley Thompson retained his Games decathlon title.



Judith Oakes, winner of the gold medal in the shot.



Swimmer June Croft won the 200 metres freestyle gold medal. Left, Scotland's Allan Wells (foreground) and England's Mike McFarlane dead-heated in the 200 metres and each received a gold medal.

ASSOCIATED PRESS

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Ballooning disaster: Four people died, including Richard Wirth, British co-founder of Thunder Balloons, and Christine Robinson, the firm's production manager, after an explosion followed by a fire on the El Globo balloon. Five others escaped death by jumping from the balloon, one of whom can be seen hanging from the gondola as burning debris falls to the ground. The disaster occurred at an annual hot-air balloon festival at Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Patriot and gentleman

by Sir Arthur Bryant

Few people under 70 can have a vivid recollection of the general election of 1931, following the break-up of the 1929/31 socialist administration and the formation in its place of a National coalition government. It was by far the most exciting and surprising general election I can recall. A few days earlier, in a debate on an emergency Budget to save the threatened pound and an apparently near bankrupt economy, the former socialist, turned National. Chancellor of the Exchequer, Philip Snowden, made an appeal in the House of Commons to patriotism—all the more unexpected coming from so austere a radical—by quoting Swinburne's lines:

"All the past proclaims our future: Shakespeare's voice and Nelson's hand, Milton's faith and Wordsworth's trust in this our chosen and chainless land. Bear us witness: come the world against her, England yet shall stand."

And, as on election night the early results were declared and socialist stronghold after stronghold fell with unprecedented majorities to Conservative or National challengers, the defeat for Labour became a rout.

Little more than a dozen years before this unexpected expression of popular opinion, the 1918 Representation of the People Act had trebled the electorate, raising it to more than 20 million and making Great Britain for the first time in its history a full democracy. The upshot showed that the chief gainers to date by this vast extension of the suffrage were neither its prime author, the brilliant demagogue and architect of victory in war, the Welsh "wizard" Lloyd George, nor the strident apostles of hate and class warfare who seemed so vocal and all-powerful in the first confused and bitter years of peace. On the contrary, the political maestro who in the early 1920s unexpectedly rose to dominate the political scene, and continued to do so for the greater part of two decades, was a hitherto unknown, peaceably spoken Worcestershire iron-master of mildly conservative instincts and literary tastes called Stanley Baldwin, whose overriding political aim was to put an end to class warfare. Even before he became Prime Minister he had made, as an unknown Chancellor of the Exchequer, a speech which made an instant appeal to British opinion:

"No gospel founded on hate will ever seize the hearts of our people—the people of Great Britain... Four words, of one syllable each, contain salvation for this country and for the whole world, and they are 'Faith', 'Hope', 'Love', and 'Work'. No government in this country today, which has not the faith of the people, hope in the future, love for its fellow-men, and which will

not work and work and work, will ever bring this country through into better days and better times."

It was Baldwin's instinctive appeal to the hearts of his countrymen which won his party those huge majorities in the general election of 1931, as, on a smaller scale, in those of 1924 and 1935, and ensured his victory in the General Strike of 1926.

The 1931 election had another and far-reaching consequence. For, owing to the loss of his seat by every leading socialist, it left only one member of the former Cabinet in the House, the pacifist George Lansbury, to lead the truncated Parliamentary Labour Party. His assistant and deputy, Clem Attlee, the only other survivor of that fallen government, was almost unknown outside his East End constituency of Stepney where he had made a local name as a social worker. Yet it was he who, when Lansbury fell ill, assumed the leadership of the still tiny socialist opposition, and later, in the post-war era, it was he who was to succeed Baldwin as the most successful peacetime controller of Britain's new mass electorate.

Four years later, when the general election of 1935 raised Labour's membership of the House of Commons from a forlorn 56 to 154 and most of the former socialist leaders regained their seats, through the party's inability to agree on which of them should lead it, it was the quiet, unassuming Attlee—"the Major", as he was respectfully called by the party's pacifist or near-pacifist rank and file—who became leader of the socialist opposition to Baldwin's and later Neville Chamberlain's governments. So it came about when in 1940 the tide of war led to the formation of a coalition government under Winston Churchill, that Attlee automatically became Deputy Prime Minister, remaining so throughout the war until 1945, when

the wartime coalition broke up and Labour swept to power in the general election of that year, making Attlee Prime Minister. For the next six years he was the supreme political executant of the most radical and revolutionary programme of sustained reform in British history.

Of all this I have been reminded by the publication of Kenneth Harris's fine new political biography *Attlee* reviewed on page 84 of this issue by Robert Blake. For though, as Attlee's contemptuous and defeated rival, Hugh Dalton, remarked of his election to the leadership of his Party, "a little mouse shall lead them", this quiet, modest, unassuming man throughout his life almost invariably succeeded in every major task he set himself. As my old friend, and his, his colleague, Jack Lawson—the Durham miner who became Secretary of State for War and died Lord Lieutenant of County Durham while continuing to live in a miner's cottage—said of him in his first ministerial appointment in 1923, "He worked hard and had his facts at his finger ends. He was a master of detail, which means much in a Department... There was steel in him."

For even were the story true of Churchill's apocryphal reply to the man who excused Attlee's apparent mediocrity by his modesty—"Yes, and he has plenty to be modest about"—as one reads of his life, one is continually struck by how much he had to be proud of: a fine record in the First World War as a front-line soldier in Gallipoli, Mesopotamia and France; his devoted work in the working men's and boys' clubs of Haileybury House in Stepney which made him, with his hatred of injustice and cruel social conditions, a dedicated socialist; his ideally happy marriage and family life; the unshakable loyalty to his party which won him, for all his bleak uncommunicativeness, a command over his far from

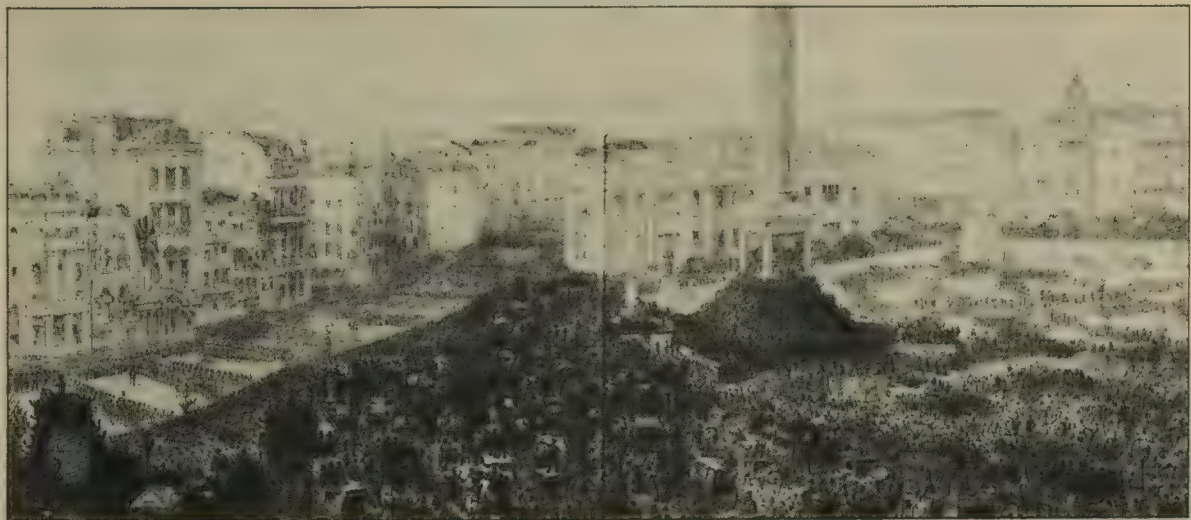
docile followers equalled by that of no other radical leader of our time. Unequalled too was the speed with which, in spite of all the country's post-war difficulties, he succeeded in carrying through, with a minimum of administrative friction, a programme of revolutionary legislation which, like that of his hero, Cromwell, "cast the kingdoms old into another mould". Above all, like Baldwin before him, he was essentially a good man; as his biographer says, "he was from first to last a man of conscience". A moral society was the end he sought for his country, socialism only the means. Within that framework of selfless idealism, sustained work and unspectacular devotion to duty, the life, both political and private, of this most incorrigibly modest of men, who always played down his own successes, was a cumulative success story, epitomized by the limerick—"the little verse I made for the occasion", as he called it—which he wrote on the night before his installation as a Knight of the Garter:

"Few thought he was even a starter, There were many who thought themselves smarter, But he ended PM, CH and OM.

An earl and a knight of the garter."

I am glad to remember that, though critical politically of so much that he helped to achieve, at a city dinner of a livery company of which he was a member I had the chance, in his old age, in a speech proposing the company's health to say how fortunate Britain had been that, when a general election had given absolute power to a political party pledged to changes regarded by many as revolutionary and destructive of their cherished beliefs and ways of life, that party and the government which carried out those changes with a minimum of rancour and injustice, had been led by a great patriot and a very great gentleman.

100 years ago

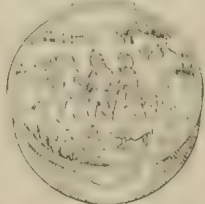


An engraving in the *ILN* of November 25, 1882, shows the scene in Trafalgar Square when 8,000 troops of all arms, back from Egypt having put down a rebellion by Arabi Pasha, took part in a victory parade watched by thousands of their countrymen.



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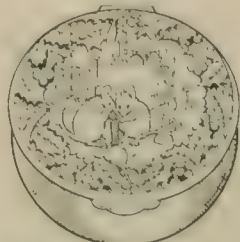


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FOREIGN AFFAIRS

Thoughts on the Riviera

by Norman Moss

The French Riviera is not normally associated with serious thoughts about the world, and rightly so. In no other stretch of country anywhere is there such an intense concentration on leisure and pleasure. On holiday in the south of France I exchanged my typewriter for a bucket and spade and resolved to think only holiday thoughts. But leisure has its *longueurs* and I found that despite myself, the fact of sitting on that beach and looking at that sea, with the cradle of western civilization in front of me and the nation that still thinks of itself as its pinnacle behind, prompted some serious thoughts, or at any rate, thoughts about serious subjects. To extend or analyse them then and there would have been un-holidaylike. The only thing to do was to put them away and take them out and look at them back home, like holiday photographs.

The south of France is crowded with people, cars, hotels, holiday flats, caravans and camp sites. St Raphael now merges into Fréjus Plage, and Cannes into Golfe St Juan, in a process that could eventually produce one long, unbroken resort extending from Toulon to the Italian border. Only a few years ago the Riviera was the playground of the rich; now half Europe can afford to play there, and much of it does. We are all living in a period of economic depression. Nonetheless, if Rip Van Winkle awoke today after 20 years, let alone 30, having gone to sleep at a time of full employment and a low inflation rate, he would be struck more by the prosperity than by the hardship. The hardship is real for many, but let us remember that we have changed our measuring scale.

The second home is an aspiration that more and more French people are achieving. The noise of construction fills the air as apartment blocks go up, and aircraft carry streamers over the beaches offering mortgages for the masses on holiday villas and flats. Yet France's socialist government has proclaimed an austerity programme. There are not many signs of it here.

But some people have felt the impact of unfavourable economic forces. Eight per cent of France's workforce are unemployed, and most countries in Europe have high unemployment—Britain heads the league. When the majority of working people can take holidays in the sun with pay, is unemployment becoming a marginal issue about a minority, like the disabled or old-age pensioners, in whom interest is aroused only by appeals to charitable instincts? Has the prosperity created in Europe over three decades produced a greater sense of community? Or has it made individuals more self-sufficient but also more self-interested, so that



The Riviera, once the preserve of the rich, is now available to many.

when chill winds blow each looks to himself and his own standard of living?

With the end of the summer French children were returning to school, and far more than ever before were going to church schools. This is a surprise and a disappointment to most French people, who are proud of their State education system. Private education has never had the hold in France that it has in Britain. The vast majority of French children of all classes have always gone to State schools. Now many French parents are complaining of the indiscipline and educational laxity of State schools in the looser social atmosphere of today, and are sending their children to church schools (almost the only alternative to State schools) even though they themselves may never go to church. The church schools in their turn are becoming more secular; most of their teachers are now lay persons rather than priests or nuns.

Many of these parents supported or even took part in the student revolt of 1968, which did much to break down the old, highly disciplined structure of French education. Now they are turning back to some of the old virtues. But in doing so they are segregating their children from the mass of French children, giving them a refuge from the adverse effects of their own success that others do not have. Will the more liberal climate that they ushered in also prove, ironically, to be socially divisive, and to create not more brotherhood, but less?

France, with its Atlantic and Mediterranean coasts, has a share in both parts of western Europe, and both its civilizations. But it is essentially a part of the northern, Atlantic-facing, Protestant culture (most Frenchmen are Protestant in everything but religion), and the Latin, Mediterranean side is an appendage. France was unified from the north downwards, by conquering dukes from places like Paris and Orléans. But it could have been the other way around. If it had been unified from the south it would be a different country today. Its capital would be

Marseilles, or perhaps Avignon or Carcassonne, its centre of gravity in Provence, and most Frenchmen would regard Parisians as somewhat alien, cold-blooded and unimaginatively materialistic, much as Neapolitans regard Milanese. Could this country have produced the French Revolution and the Declaration of the Rights of Man? No, it seems likely that in such a world Germany rather than France would have ushered in the modern age of politics.

For Europe, in most of the millennia of its history, the Mediterranean was just what its name means—the centre of the Earth—and it had two sides. From Hannibal to St Augustine, some of the great figures of European history were north Africans. The Greek colonization of Egypt is as much a part of the European story as the Arab colonization of Spain from Morocco. That is time past, and today north Africa is part of another world, the Arab world. Europe ends on these Riviera beaches, the lithe bodies of the wind-surfers offshore and their multi-coloured sails forming a picturesque delineation of its southern frontier.

For 130 years or so much of the north African littoral was an extension of France. A million Frenchmen lived in Algeria and some 150,000 in Morocco and Tunisia, almost all of them in a coastal strip about 40 miles deep. Within this strip the houses, the cafés, the farms and the vineyards resembled those of the south of France. One could ignore the body of water that lay between them. The agonizing struggle to keep Algeria French tore France apart, put French democracy in peril, and replaced the Fourth Republic with General de Gaulle, the Fifth Republic and the present constitution.

No one thought that France would recover so easily from this, or would absorb with such ease the million Frenchmen from Algeria who were imbued with a sense of betrayal and a bitter resentment of the French State and its republican institutions—fodder, you would have thought, for any fascist movement going. But the extreme Right has dwindled in importance in France, as has the extreme Left.

And if, sitting on this coastline, you look to the east and then to the west, imagining yourself to have over-the-horizon vision, you see there also fascism in retreat. In Greece at one end of the Mediterranean and in Spain at the other—and in Spain's Atlantic neighbour Portugal—fascist dictatorships have given way to parliamentary democracy in the past decade.

It may be just that the natural pleasures of the south of France add a rose tint to anyone's vision. But seen from here the history of Europe since the Second World War seems one of dangers averted more often than not, and of success more than failure.

ENCOUNTERS

with Roger Berthoud

An evacuee returns

During the early stages of the Second World War, thousands of British children were packed off by distressed parents to friends or relatives abroad, to save them from the horrors of the expected German invasion. Australia, New Zealand, Canada and the USA were the favourite destinations. I was among those who went to Canada, and recently returned from my first visit back to the scenes and companions of those three impressionable years.

I was five when I sailed to Montreal with my grandmother and elder sister, who both soon went off to other destinations. I remained with Robert and Sigrid Keyserlingk, old friends of my parents from years in Berlin and London, where he had been general manager of the British United Press. Both "Uncle Bob", as he soon became to me, and his wife came originally from aristocratic families in Courland, a duchy which became part of Lithuania. Naturally they had lost everything in the revolution. They had settled in Canada in 1938 and had two sons and a daughter of roughly my age.

We lived in West Montreal, where we skied and tobogganed a good deal in winter, and threw carefully iced snowballs at Roman Catholic children as they went to school: later the Keyserlingks themselves became Catholics and their children had snowballs thrown at them. After my return to England I had periodically seen the Keyserlingk parents on their visits to Europe, and had even shared a flat in London with their elder son, Bob junior, when he was a diplomat—he is now a senior history don at Ottawa University. But I had never managed to revisit Canada.

Now here I was, almost 40 years later, approaching the lakeside farm in the Laurentian Mountains, some 80 miles north of Montreal, where we had spent the long summer vacations which provided by far my most vivid memories. My wife and two teen-aged daughters, whom I had regaled with countless stories of life at Lac Labelle, were with me. Would the coyotes still be howling in the evenings and the loons (divers) still ululate eerily on the lake? Would there still be skunks and porcupines around, and would the beach still abound with bullfrogs, some of which the Keyserlingk children had once put into a covered-over hole into which I duly fell? I recalled a pet hen which had laid a shell-less egg on my lap, and the terrible squeals of a pig being slaughtered as I waited, well out of the way, down by the lake.

In the old days much of the road from Montreal was a rough, gravel track, and we often did the journey by train. Sadly, Labelle's railway station

closed last year, and a highway runs past the little town, making it a place for transit rather than the focal point of a community. But the scenery remains as glorious as ever—lakes, rivers, hills and forests—and the road along the edge of Lac Labelle itself still has the old, unmade-up, washboard surface.

My excitement mounted. Here was the lake, a trifle narrower than I recalled and, inevitably, much more developed on the road-side shore; and here finally was Staniny, the 200 acre Keyserlingk property named after the old Lithuanian estate. The old log house overlooking the lake had long since been replaced by a handsome clapboard building slightly higher up the slope, the farm abandoned. Bob Keyserlingk junior had the old farmer's house and the piggery, and the other children had built small, wooden houses on the shore, one of which we now occupied. The open fields on which, I seemed to remember, I had once seen two bears, had succumbed to the rapid encroachment of maple and silver birch.

And what birch! Not silver here so much as white, trunks twisted to the most picturesque angles, catching the eye at intervals as we gazed across the lake. "Surely there were more firs over there in our young day?" I asked Bob junior. "Quite right," he replied, raising my opinion of my memory. "All the big ones have since been lumbered out." I was puzzled by the outbreak of houses on that far side. Did they take all the

materials across by boat? No, they simply drove trucks across the lake when it was frozen in winter, I learned. There were bears and moose over there in plenty, but they were rare on this side. He had seen a family of skunks promenading along the gravel road early one recent morning. It was a bit early for the loons to be calling, though there were still a few; and coyotes were likelier to be heard in winter. Porcupines were most often seen squashed flat, like hedgehogs, on the road.

Well, I had not really expected the place to be some sort of wild-life reserve. What was marvellous was to be back there and with the Keyserlingks. Bob senior and Sigrid were warmly welcoming, and we spent happy hours together recapturing memories, knitting together past and present in a deeply satisfying way.

It mattered not that there seemed to be scarcely any blueberry bushes around. The berries could be bought, and there were wild raspberries everywhere, a forgotten pleasure. Being right on the edge of the lake was a new source of delight: the effect of changing light and wind on its waters provided endless drama. One still night I awoke to find a full moon had turned it into a lake of melted butter. For our children it was an inexhaustible source of pleasure. On the beach were a couple of small sailing boats, a motor boat and a canoe. From time to time the children of neighbouring Baltic relatives or the Russian colony a mile away would

arrive by boat to add themselves to the Keyserlingk brood; and almost every evening there were marshmallows to be roasted at bonfire parties on one beach or another.

Only the rather patchy and cool weather was disappointing, and that encouraged me to read a new book his third—by Robert Keyserlingk senior: *The Wrath of the Dragon*, recently published by the Vantage Press of New York, a wide-ranging study of the relationships over the centuries between Russia, China and Japan, the three countries in which he spent his pre- and post-revolutionary youth. It taught me much. I had not realized that China had exerted so strong a dominance over Russia up to the 16th century, nor the extent of Russia's territorial gains from China (mostly kept—hence continuing mistrust) in the 19th century, and the greed shown by the western powers in their trade with China, which sowed the seeds of the Boxer Rebellion. To read a book with the author available for discussion can be a great pleasure.

Before wrenching ourselves regretfully away after 12 days at Labelle, I re-met one companion of yesteryear: Alexis Troubetzkoy, scion of a once well known, princely and wealthy Russian family with 14th-century Lithuanian roots. During the last world war his father, who became an agricultural consultant, built not only a house up the road but also a chapel, ➤➤➤



Journey to my past: Lac Labelle through the silver birches, with canoeing daughters.



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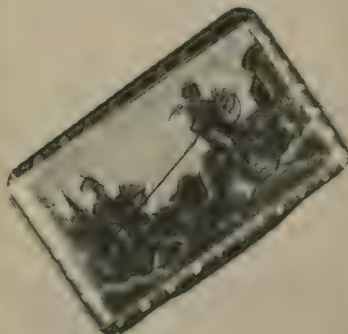
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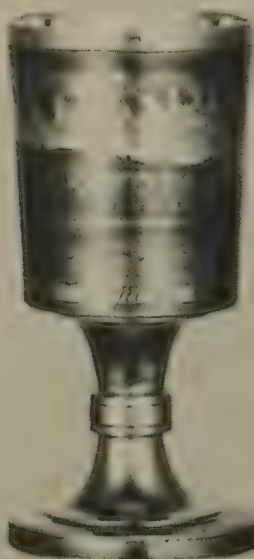
RUSSIAN NIELLO



A silver gilt vodka cup decorated with symmetrical foliate patterns. Moscow 1833. 6.3 cms.



A silver gilt snuff box, the lid showing a skirmish between a Turk and a Cossack. Moscow c. 1830. 6 cms.



A silver gilt vodka cup superbly decorated with a panorama of the Grand Duke Michael's palace in St. Petersburg. Vologda 1845. 8.5 cms.

ENCOUNTERS

complete with onion dome. Cousins and relatives settled nearby, and in the holiday season some 50 to 60 of them gather there for the weekly service. One neighbour is Alexander Schmemann, a notable Eastern Orthodox theologian whose son Serge is the *New York Times*'s correspondent in Moscow.

For the past year Troubetzkoy has been headmaster of Appleby College, a "public school" on the English model on the edge of Lake Ontario at Oakville, near Toronto. At the end of our holiday we spent a memorable night there on our way from New England, via Niagara, to Toronto. It was a golden evening when we arrived, worn out by the splendours of the 20th-century painting and sculpture at the Albright-Knox Art Gallery in Buffalo, on the US side of the border, and by "doing" Niagara Falls from both sides (the Canadian is far less commercialized and more rewarding). As we approached the headmaster's handsome residence we spotted a gaggle of four dozen Canada geese grazing on the rugger pitch. They had become quite tame, and were soon happily accepting bread from our daughters' hands before taking off, honking gloriously, and flying out in a V-formation over the vast lake.

The school, Troubetzkoy explained, was founded in 1911, and is one of the 58-odd members of the Canadian Association of Independent Schools, equivalent to our Headmasters' Conference. Most of these private schools are coeducational day schools, but he reckoned that perhaps three-quarters of the 15 or so boys' schools had, like Appleby, a strong boarding element. "Probably people originally sent their children to schools like this because they admired British public schools," he said. "But now it's the third or fourth generation, and they have come



Alexis Troubetzkoy: ex-Russian HM.

into their own right. It's the overall quality of education which is deemed to be superior." The old school tie is not a factor in Canada.

Appleby has only 400 boys, mainly boarders, of whom 160 (aged 10 to 14) are in the junior school. The classes are small, the fees high: about £5,300 a year for older boarders. There is a strong emphasis on character training, bolstered by an "outward-bound" campus in northern Canada inspired by a teacher from England who knew and admired Kurt Hahn's work. Cricket remains a summer-term option with tennis and, unseasonably to us, rugger. In the autumn term the choice is between American football, soccer or running, while in winter—too snowy and frozen for outdoor games—there is basket-ball, swimming, cross-country skiing and ice-hockey on a fine new indoor rink frequently rented out to help pay for its costs.

The residential accommodation seemed fairly austere. It is a tribute to what the school offers educationally that Canadians are prepared to shell out such large sums to send their children there, to pursue excellence in a beautiful setting.

Cool hand switches tiller

The small post-war German brain drain to Britain, which more recently brought us Dr Ralf Dahrendorf, Director of the London School of Economics, has suffered a major leucotomy: Dr Christoph Bertram, for eight years Director of the International Institute for Strategic Studies, has returned to the Federal Republic to become foreign and political editor of *Die Zeit*, the respected liberal Hamburg weekly newspaper with a 400,000-plus circulation.

The IISS was founded in 1958 by a group of British academics, politicians, journalists and churchmen to study the complexities of security in the nuclear age. Nowadays it has a staff of around 30 at its Covent Garden headquarters, half of them researchers from many continents on 12-month assignments. Bertram, son of a Luftwaffe officer captured in North Africa who became a POW in Australia, joined as one such after a German education as a lawyer



Christoph Bertram: off to Hamburg.

and political scientist.

He was soon asked to stay on. As director he has, *inter alia*, helped to make the Institute less exclusively

Anglo-Saxon both in its staffing and orientation. Financed roughly half and half by subscribing members and its publications on one hand, and by foundations on the other, it has become more genuinely international. "We have tried to come to grips with the fact that security is no longer exclusively an east-west matter, and to get a better sense of what is happening in the Third World," he explained in his perfect English before his departure.

But wasn't it a pretty depressing scene, I suggested: the Horn of Africa still a disaster area, Uganda back to carnage, Kenya and Zimbabwe seemingly going down the drain, Vietnam and Cambodia still grim, Lebanon bashed to bits, Iran and Iraq still at war and Iranians being tortured and executed, Poland...

Bertram has a notably cool, clear mind. Let's take these things one at a time, he said. The White Terror no longer reigned in Ethiopia, whose dependence on the USSR had much diminished. The situation in Zimbabwe would have been much worse without the settlement. In south-east Asia Vietnam had not pushed south, as feared: Thailand and Malaysia had held together. The Russians had not taken advantage of the crisis in the Lebanon...

"Not every war and skirmish is a matter of international security, and thank God it isn't. Who would have thought that you could have two years of war between Iran and Iraq without a serious escalation of tension? You have to compare what could have been with what is. Would anyone have predicted 10 years ago that you could have present levels of unemployment in Europe and still maintain political stability? Unless you feel things are not utterly without hope, you are not going to be involved in this sort of business."

Bertram is far from sharing the common European view that all ills stem from the USSR and USA. The super-powers are, he believes, becoming less and less super, their ability to shape events more and more circumscribed. Yet the Europeans still called for American leadership, criticized everything coming out of Washington, and behaved like back-biting, backseat drivers. "We have to find ways of making the western alliance work without always relying on American leadership, and somehow make up the deficit ourselves." Without a more constructive approach Nato might drift apart, he feared. Those involved in defence, meanwhile, should appreciate more clearly that frightening the adversary with nuclear weapons may scare your own population even more, and shake public confidence that they will be used only in extremes.

As Bertram applies his knowledge and contacts for the first time to journalism, he has been succeeded in Tavistock Street by an Australian, Robert O'Neill, also aged 45, who brings a feeling for Asia and the Pacific from his years as head of the Strategic and Defence Studies Centre at the Australian National University in Canberra.

A specially difficult relationship

by Sir Nicholas Henderson

The British ambassador in Washington from 1979 to June this year, and previously in Warsaw, Bonn and Paris, surveys the current transatlantic tensions.



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You do not need a very sensitive barometer to realize how unstable the transatlantic climate is at present. It is not merely a question of atmosphere or pressure, but of elements that strike at the bone of national and individual interests. Particularly painful for the Europeans has been the decision of the United States government to forbid US firms from trading with European companies determined to abide by existing contracts to supply components for the Soviet gas pipeline.

I do not recall any previous peacetime occasion when the US government has resorted to what are tantamount to economic sanctions against an ally. The fact that the rationale is the American wish to punish the Soviet Union for their crackdown in Poland (according to President Reagan), or to limit the Soviet Union's capacity to earn foreign exchange (according to the Secretary of Defence, Caspar Weinberger) is little consolation to the Europeans. While just as concerned as the Americans about Poland or the dangers in East/West relations, the Europeans do not believe that these causes will be served by trying to thwart the construction of the Soviet pipeline.

The resentment is not only on the European side. Having spent the past three years in America, I am acutely aware of the growing bitterness there about the Europeans: a feeling that the US bears the lion's share of maintaining the security of the Alliance, while the Europeans, safe beneath the US umbrella, criticize America for being alternately weak and vacillating (under President Carter) or abrasive and confrontational (under President Reagan). That may be to oversimplify: obviously there is no single mood in so vast and varied a country. But irritation with Europe is widespread in Congress and in sections of the US Administration. One well informed US observer of the international scene, Helmut Sonnenfeldt, said recently: "In the US Europe is no longer first on the list of priorities, except maybe as an irritant."

Sonnenfeldt worked for Dr Kissinger when he was Secretary of State and is now close to George Shultz. He went on to say that this view, shared by large sections of American public opinion, made it difficult for the US Administration to maintain its present policy towards Europe. It comes on top of growing indignation in Congress that the Europeans are leaving to the US too much of the burden of resisting the world-wide spread of Soviet and Communist influence, even though European interests are as much at stake as the USA's, e.g. in the Middle East. It

is a fact of life that Americans do not take naturally to the role of world-policeman, and certainly do not want to have to perform it alone. To them such a task smacks too much of imperialism, from which they shrink almost as instinctively as from communism. In a recent talk in London Dr Kissinger said: "It is beyond the psychological resources of the US—not only the physical—to be the sole or even the principal centre of initiative and responsibility in the non-communist world."

To understand why the present storm buffets the Atlantic we must take account of certain fundamental alterations in the relative strengths of the US and Europe, and in public mood.

1 Twenty-five years ago the gross domestic product of those countries now composing the European Community was half that of the US; today it exceeds the USA's.

2 Investment is higher, and is increasing faster, in the EEC than in the US.

3 The US is much more dependent on foreign trade than it was a decade ago. One job in eight in America now depends on exports, and those of agricultural products and raw materials have increased six-fold in the past 10

years. Europe is now the only major trading region in the world with which the US has a surplus. By contrast, the US is of declining importance to the Europeans as an export market.

4 Militarily there have also been changes both in power and attitudes, including growing doubts in Europe about dependence on the US deterrent, particularly in view of the increased Soviet capability. The Americans are scathing about the contribution the European countries make to the defence of the Alliance (the European members of Nato, in reality, have three million people under arms compared with two million in the US and Canada). In the decade of the 1970s US defence spending declined by an average of 2.1 per cent per annum whereas the European members of Nato increased their defence expenditure by exactly that amount.

5 A new generation has reached maturity in Europe which has no direct knowledge of the origins of the Alliance, is inclined to question many of its assumptions and is concerned by the apparently cavalier attitude of America towards the idea of détente. This "peace" mood could develop among the Social Democrats in the

Federal Republic of Germany while they are in opposition. It already worries the Americans, who contrast the critical reception given to Alexander Haig, then Secretary of State, in Berlin last year with the rapturous applause which greeted President Kennedy there 20 years previously.

6 The European Community members of the Alliance increasingly discuss a common policy line on non-European international issues—one of the most striking developments of the Community.

These changes naturally affect the way the two sides of the Atlantic think about each other. We have moved a long way from the one-sided relationship of the immediate post-war years when the Americans were giants and the Europeans pygmies. The main problems, too, have changed. Nato was created to prevent the Soviet Union from moving, or threatening to move, west; and it has been resoundingly successful in achieving that aim. Yet in recent times the difficulties have lain elsewhere—in Poland, Afghanistan, the Middle East, Latin America. But there is no Nato or other machinery either for reacting to such "out of area" crises, or for automatic consultation among the allies about them. Therein lies much of the present problem within the Alliance.

I doubt whether it is feasible to try to create a new institution—western, but outside Nato—which could deal with such issues. But it should be possible to bring about thorough, and even automatic, consultation. For example, an effort should be made to reach a common view between the two sides of the Atlantic on what sort of relations we should be seeking with the Soviet bloc and what the purposes and limitations of trading with them should be. At the moment "nationalist" aims and interpretations, rather than Alliance ones, are increasingly prominent.

As for the Soviet gas pipeline, I believe much of the present trouble could have been averted if there had been full discussion between the USA and west European governments before the former unilaterally announced last December their decision to take economic measures against the USSR.

European and American statesmen must face the shifts in the power and social structures of their countries, and hence in the balance within the Alliance. They must recognize the urgent need to develop the machinery of consultation between them, and thus to prevent the Atlantic storm from tearing the fabric that has bound them together so successfully for 30 years ●

Preparing for the next President

by Sam Smith

The 1984 presidential election is still two years off but already the people of New Hampshire, where the first presidential primary is held, know it is coming. The first of the Democratic hopefuls have begun popping up at town meetings, grabbing hands in motel lobbies and interrupting coffee-shop breakfasts for an introduction.

Elsewhere in the country newspaper readers are once again seeing those forgotten New Hampshire datelines: Manchester, Keene, North Conway, Middleton Corners, even a totally pacific Lebanon. For residents of the modest New England State it means months of improved business marred by the growing risk of being pestered by a politician. For the rest of the country it means that America's most elaborate travelling show, the Great Presidential Campaign, is on the road once again.

Meanwhile, back in Washington, the star of the 1980 road company, Ronald Reagan, is still trying to get his programmes in shape and waiting anxiously for those under way to take effect. No matter. Presidential campaigns, like the tides off the New Hampshire beaches, wait for no one. Presidents just have to adjust.

And it is not only Ronald Reagan who finds another election coming up too fast. The Democrats, for all their optimism based on a grim perception of the President's handling of the economy, remain in disarray. They have yet to offer clear alternatives to the President's policies, have been repeatedly outmanoeuvred by the Administration in Congress and in the media, and find—even within their own ranks—that the potential candidates who cause the most excitement are not "fresh new faces" but instead those two Democratic warhorses, Walter Mondale and Edward Kennedy.

It is futile and foolishly presumptuous to suggest what will come of all of this, especially at a time when politics are hostage to an economy that insists on breaking the traditional rules, but certain factors have already emerged that will help to shape the race ahead.

There are at least eight Democrats fairly seriously considering the race. Perhaps an equal number of Republicans would like to join the fray, but they must remain circumspect until Reagan announces whether he will run or not.

This is a lot of candidates and not many have made any significant impression on the American public. But it is well to remember that about this time two campaigns ago few thought that a fellow named Carter from Georgia stood a chance. This year, therefore, there may be less of an inclination to guffaw when a little-

known senator says he wants to stand for president.

To date, though, most of the pretenders to the presidency have accomplished little except to spend money and get their names mentioned in speculative articles about who is running for president.

On the Democratic side it is, at the moment, a Kennedy-Mondale contest. The two were, for example, the only candidates who managed to hold the attention of delegates to the Democratic mid-term conference last June. According to the Gallup poll either one of them would narrowly defeat Ronald Reagan in a general election. Among Democrats Kennedy is favoured over Mondale two to one, but independent voters (an important bloc in America) prefer Mondale 44 to 36 per cent.

Although the results might suggest that Senator Kennedy has a clear shot at the nomination, I recall that less than a year before the last Democratic nominating convention Kennedy had a similar lead over Jimmy Carter. Within two months a new poll found that most Democrats no longer favoured Kennedy.

Chappaquidick, Kennedy's image as a "flaming liberal" and his libertine personal reputation all seem to become more important as he gets closer to power. In short, he is most popular when he's not running for anything.

Former Vice-President Mondale's problem—he is regarded by some as lacklustre, unenergetic and not too bright—is easier to overcome. With the help of media experts and ghost-writers, the mundane can be altered miraculously. Dispelling aggressively negative opinions, which Kennedy has to face, is much tougher.

The smart money says that if neither Mondale nor Kennedy makes the grade Senator John Glenn is a likely alternative. Glenn is rightly best remembered as an astronaut. It may seem curious to regard this as a qualification for the presidency but by contemporary American political standards the fact that Glenn is an American hero who has managed to survive in the US Senate without bothering anyone makes him an almost ideal compromise candidate. There is also a feeling in some quarters that Glenn, as an erstwhile extraterrestrial cowboy, would be a perfect match for the earthbound actor now in the White House, as well as someone whose good reputation would defuse Reagan's hyper-morality.

One aide to a politically progressive Congressman has suggested that Glenn would make a good candidate for another reason. The Democrats, he argues, are not ready for a strong leader again. If the party is to be rebuilt it must be done from the ground up, and someone like Glenn would permit the reconstruction rather than try to direct



DAVID SMITH

it closely, as would a Kennedy.

There are four other candidates in the race whose appeal is in no small part regional. Two are from the politically potent south. The biggest spender in the Democratic race so far is Reuben Askew, the former governor of Florida. He is, like Jimmy Carter, a southerner who has managed to become well connected with the New York and Washington power brokers. The other southerner in the race is South Carolina Senator Ernest Hollings, a centrist knowledgeable on defence matters.

The two westerners, Senators Alan Cranston of California and Gary Hart of Colorado, are liberals. Says Cranston, "It is wide open in every State in the west." Neither has made much of an impression so far, but each seems determined to be on hand should any cracks open in the campaign wall and, failing that, to impress the ultimate Democratic presidential nominee so much that he is invited to go along as his running mate.

There is, in addition, a wild card. California governor Jerry Brown is at present consumed with the considerable problem of getting elected to the Senate. If he succeeds, the presidential bug, which has bitten him twice before, may strike again. He is one of the most original thinkers in mainstream American politics today, although his exotic political style occasionally gets him into deep trouble.

Republican alternatives to Reagan, in accordance with political protocol, are keeping quiet. The Democrats, being out of power, can run against each other without necessarily incurring excessive mutual enmity. But to run against an incumbent president of one's own party is akin to treason, and would-be Republican candidates are avoiding both the appearance and substance of such an offence.

Nonetheless, should Reagan decide

not to run, there will be no shortage of replacements. There is, for example, Howard Baker, the majority leader of the Senate, who has one of the most appealing TV-side manners of any national politician save the President himself. He also became widely known and admired during the Senate Water-gate hearings.

Senator Robert Dole, previously regarded as something of a Republican hatchet man, has recently come back into the news as the architect of the President's tax hike bill, a measure which has mellowed his abrasive and conservative image because of its emphasis on closing tax loopholes favoured by big business. And George Bush, who has been the very model of a vice-president (which is roughly equivalent to being the very model of a political butler to the president), will undoubtedly insist that his years of experience at the seat of power make him uniquely qualified for the White House.

The big question is whether any of these candidates—including Reagan—will have as much impact on the 1984 contest as what happens to the United States between now and then. President Reagan has presided over what the economist John Kenneth Galbraith calls a "crypto-Depression"—a recession so ubiquitous that it has badly hit not only blue-collar workers and small businesses, but stock brokerage firms and big banks.

Reagan has clearly lost popularity but several factors work in his favour: many still blame Jimmy Carter for the recession; Reagan in one TV speech can talk with such earnestness and optimism that you believe he could almost make cancer seem like fun; he is successful at blaming the Democrats in Congress for his troubles; things have got so bad (including unemployment at the highest level for 41 years) that they may start to improve on their own by election time; Reagan may shift his policies to improve his political position; and anyway the Democrats have not much idea what they should do about it all.

A rebound in the economy, even if not to the levels of before the recession, might be all that Reagan will need to convince American voters that he was right. Then all those Democrats trooping through New Hampshire and elsewhere will just have been wasting their money and their breath.

Even the most assertive observers are being cautious about 1984. Democratic politicians are wearing buttons identifying themselves as part of the "Wait in the Weeds Gang", i.e. carefully uncommitted. And politicians will be watching the leading economic indicators as closely as they are reading polls. In such an environment it is not surprising that so many think that they, too, might be the next president.

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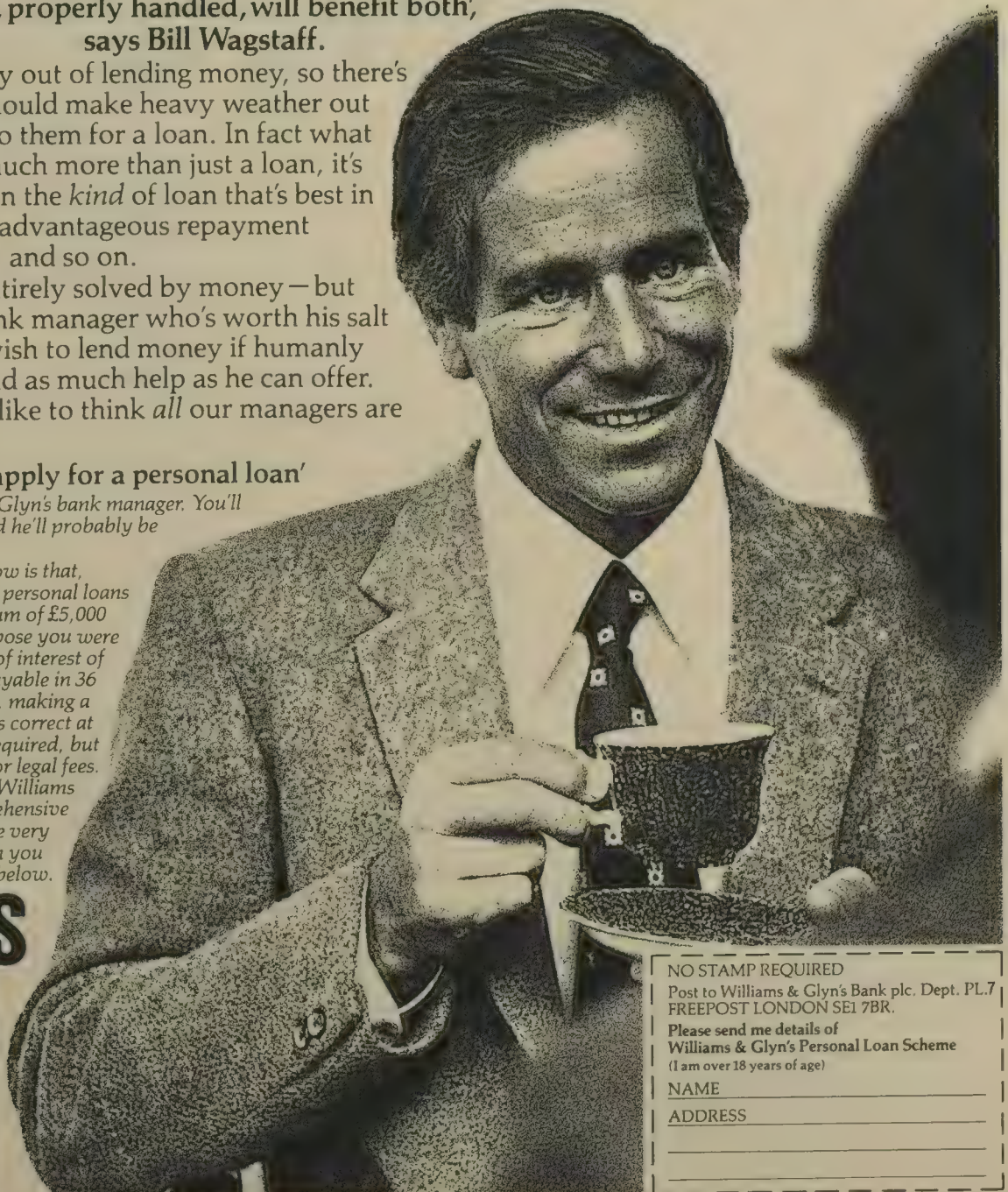
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The scholar captain

by Alan Gibson

As captain of England and of Middlesex Mike Brearley, who retired from first-class cricket at the end of this season, had a remarkably successful career in a very short time.

Since Michael Brearley retired at the end of the season, many tributes have been justly paid to him. They have stressed the most remarkable aspect of his career, his gift for captaincy, and his success as England's captain even when he was hardly worth his place in the side.

As a student, Brearley was thought to be one of the best batting hopes of his time. He went to the City of London School which is not one of the more famous cricketing nurseries. Sir Cyril Hawker, a former President of the MCC, was another distinguished Old Citizen, but Brearley was only their second Blue (the first was B. J. K. Pryer, Cambridge, 1948). So though a school with a long history (it was founded in 1442) it was not fashionable in a cricketing sense when Brearley appeared in the first XI, aged 14, in 1956. He topped the averages for four years. In 1959 he scored more than 1,000 runs, five centuries, average 84.58. In 1960 he played for Middlesex second XI. In 1961, a freshman at Cambridge (St John's), he was in the University side, marked as a coming man.

His father, Horace, was a cricketer, born in Yorkshire. He had the unusual blessing of playing both for Yorkshire (once, in 1937) and Middlesex (twice, in 1949). Michael Brearley is quoted in *Wisden*, 1977, as saying that his father, "a Yorkshireman, believed that batting techniques should be securely based. Accordingly, I learnt with a firm stranglehold on the bottom of the handle." Later, he learnt to stand straighter, and find a freer swing, but until the end of his career, especially at moments of crisis, that right hand would creep down the handle.

His Cambridge career was a triumph, both at Fenner's and in the Schools. Brearley took a first in classics and a two/one in moral sciences, and this I take to be as good as a first in Greats at Oxford. Only clever and brave men attempt to read Greats at all, let alone get a first. At Fenner's he began as wicket-keeper, batting low in the order, but soon moved up, and wicket-keeping, though he did it adequately, was not his destiny.

In his four seasons at Cambridge (captain in the last two) he scored 4,068 runs, a record aggregate for the University. This is rather a startling statistic when you consider all the mighty Cambridge batsmen there have been. It is less surprising that Brearley was the first man to be elected Cambridge captain for two consecutive seasons since F. S. Jackson in 1892-93. He made two centuries against Oxford. He was considered one of the best batting



ALLSPORT

prospects of his time, "another Peter May", in a phrase they use sparingly at Fenner's.

That he did not become another Peter May was partly because of the way he planned his life. He kept up his cricket for a while, played for Middlesex, was Young Cricketer of the Year in 1964, toured South Africa with England in the winter. He did not play in the Test side, but learnt a lot, and stayed in South Africa for a time after the tour had finished, "visiting places where the cricketers seldom go". This experience influenced his views over the D'Oliveira controversy a few years later, when he spoke up staunchly in support of David Sheppard.

He played a full season for Middlesex in 1965, but after that he did not play cricket seriously for five years. In one of his occasional matches he kept wicket for Cambridgeshire with Wardle bowling. In 1966-67 he took some time off to captain the MCC under-25 side to Pakistan, where he scored a lot of runs. But he was determined to make sure of his academic base. He was a research scholar at St John's and a don at the Universities of California and Newcastle.

Had Brearley embarked on a cricketing career as soon as he left Cambridge, 10 or 15 years later he would have had to begin much lower down in the academic table—not enough books read, bright young men overtaking him—and the academic table is as fiercely contested as the Schweppes.

By 1971, however, he had done enough to establish himself in the "Erasmus League" and felt able to accept an invitation to captain Middlesex. In his acceptance speech he promised that they would play "purposeful cricket". Middlesex had been in a

muddle for some years but Brearley gradually got them working well together. He took them up 10 places in the championship in his first season (as they started at 16th he had plenty of room) and into two one-day finals in 1975. The side needed rebuilding in those years, with experienced players such as Parfitt and Russell retiring. In 1976, the year of the very hot summer, when rain was only finally induced by appointing Denis Howell Minister for Drought, Brearley took Middlesex to the championship. He kept them going on the burnt pitches and the toe-breaking outfield. One of his successes that year was the development of Allan Jones. Jones was not an easy man to captain, and never achieved what appeared to be his ambition to play for all 17 first-class counties, though he had a good try. At third man, he was inclined to watch with a disinterested surprise as the ball went between his legs to the boundary. This had not pleased one of his previous captains, Brian Close. But he could bowl, now and then, and Brearley got the best out of him that season. He took more wickets than any other Middlesex bowler. That championship might have made an appropriate ending to Brearley's career, but the best was yet to come.

The events of the last few years, especially of his England captaincy, are still vivid. He came to the job as the Packer controversy began, at a time when such an appointment cannot have been in the forefront of his thoughts or plans. He was never tempted to take Mr Packer's side, but was much less abusive of the new departure than many senior cricketing authorities. He saw it was more than a dispute about television rights, and reflected a real and justified discontent

among leading cricketers that their rewards were not commensurate with those of other comparable sportsmen. Nor was he uncommercially-minded himself. He decided to enjoy his England captaincy while it lasted, and had no objection to making a few bob out of it, if he could, both for himself and his players. His purposeful care for his teams' financial needs was not the reason for his popularity with them, though it did him no harm. He simply foresaw the likely development of the international game and if the interests of cricket coincided with his own, so much the better.

Lest this makes him sound a touch cynical, his attitude towards South Africa, prompted by his early understanding of the problem, has been brave and consistent, though often out of tune with that of higher English cricketing circles. I remember another distinguished Test player once saying, moodily, "All cricketers are Fascists", and there is no doubt that they tend to be conservative. This is only to be expected in a game which has become an English tradition. But there is a touch of the radical in Brearley. It is good news that he is to be a member of the Cricket Committee of the Test and County Cricket Board.

His highly successful England captaincy, culminating in his dramatic recall last year after Botham's unhappy spell in office, had one disappointment: his own batting. He never scored a Test century, and an average of 22 did no justice to his talents. This was odd, because if he never quite lived up to the immense promise of his youth he continued to score plenty of runs for Middlesex. Indeed, one of his best seasons was his last, which he crowned by taking them to another championship. He also marked the year by publishing an excellent book about the 1981 series. He had written two earlier, in fully-acknowledged collaboration with Dudley Doust, but this was his first solo effort.

A variously-quoted remark about him was made by the Australian fast bowler, Hogg, to the effect that whatever else Brearley had degrees in, he certainly had one in people. This is true, though not a complete explanation of his success, for it takes no account of his acute tactical judgment. He is now resuming an academic career, though I dare say we shall see him again in the occasional match. He intends to concentrate on psychology. I have always been a little doubtful whether psychology is a true science, or even a moral one, but it involves dealing with people, so I am sure he will be good at it.



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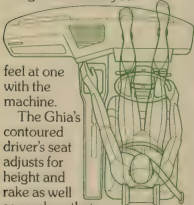
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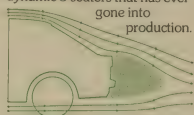
Rear wheel drive: better on balance.

For reasons of space, most small cars, our own Fiestas and Escorts included, have front wheel drive. But, in a car as big as Sierra, this advantage is outweighed by other considerations.

Rear wheel drive gives well balanced handling because the weight of the car is distributed equally over the front and rear wheels. It's also easier to service, gives better traction with big powerful engines, and, incidentally, more grip when towing.

Low drag and straight roads save fuel at 70 mph.

Sierra is one of the most aerodynamic 5-seaters that has ever gone into production.



Sierra's aerodynamic shape minimises drag. Airflow keeps back window clean.

Its average drag coefficient is 0.34 – 24% better than the Cortina's.

It also has an optional 5-speed gearbox, with a high overdrive top which allows relaxed cruising.

The result is that Sierra is not only faster than the Cortina was, but also uses less fuel.

The figures are especially impressive at speed, when aero-

dynamics and high gearing have their greatest effect.

Take the 2.0 litre Sierra 5-speed for example.

At a constant 56 mph it does 49.6 mpg – while, at a constant 75 mph, it still manages a remarkable 38.2 mpg – real motorway economy.

Government fuel consumption figures – mpg (litres/100km)			
Saloon Model	Constant Speed (90km/h)	Open Road (120km/h)	Urban cycle
2.0 5-speed	49.6 (5.7)	38.2 (7.4)	26.9 (10.5)

The body: lighter but stronger.

A car no longer has to be built like a tank* to be durable.

These days, there are more sophisticated ways of making a long lasting car.

In Sierra, we've made extensive use of lightweight materials like

High Strength Low Alloy Steel (HSLA) which is as strong as steel but 10% lighter.

Sierra's bumpers are made from another lightweight material – a polycarbonate.

The benefits of light weight are brisker acceleration and better fuel economy.

Equipment:

Ford gives you more.

As you'd expect, the Ghia is very well equipped.

It has a ventilation system that can supply hot air to your feet and cooler air to your face so that it doesn't make you drowsy.

Both front seats have adjustable lumbar supports to ease the small of your back on a long journey.

The Ghia also has heated and electrically controlled door mirrors. Electric front windows

and central locking are standard.

You get a glass sunroof which tilts or slides and has a sliding sunblind.

The radio/stereo cassette player has four speakers and an electric aerial.

There's a multi-function

clock with analogue and digital displays – or an optional trip computer which, amongst other things, can give you your average speed and fuel consumption.

You'll even find a tiny torch built into the ignition key so you



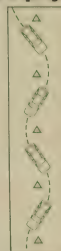
can find the lock in the dark.

In fact, there's everything you could ask for to make driving easier and more enjoyable.

The suspension: sporting handling without hard springs.

Sierra is an agile car. It corners quickly and accurately with hardly any body roll. And even when it's heavily laden it feels light and positive. But it doesn't have a hard ride.

This is because it has a very supple all-independent suspension system – McPherson struts at the front and semi-trailing arms at the back. It strikes just the right balance between sporting handling and comfort.

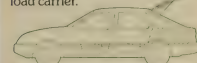


Same size outside, more space inside.

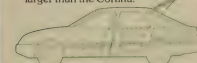
Although Sierra is virtually the same length as the Cortina was, it has more headroom and legroom.

It also has more luggage room.

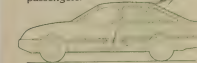
Like most hatchbacks it has folding back seats. But, unlike most, they're split 60/40! This makes the car a very versatile load carrier.



With both back seats in place the boot capacity is 12.5 cu. ft. 6% larger than the Cortina.



With one back seat folded† you can still carry two back seat passengers.



With both back seats folded the load capacity is 51.7 cu. ft.

If, by any chance, the Sierra hatchback isn't big enough for you don't give up.

There's always the Sierra estate. That has a load capacity of 69 cu. ft.

This then is Sierra. Solidly built yet light in weight. Aerodynamic yet spacious. Taut and positive yet smooth and comfortable. Powerful yet economical. Man and machine in perfect harmony.

*Ford computed figures. †Except base model.

Car illustrated is 2.3 Ghia with 5-speed manual transmission and optional metallic paint.

FORD SIERRA



Oscar de la Renta knows what makes a woman beautiful.



London's bridges by Edna Lumb 11: Holborn Viaduct



The Holborn Viaduct bridge is constructed ornately of cast iron and decorated with four bronze statues representing commerce, agriculture, science and fine art. It was built by the City Corporation as part of work between 1863 and 1869 to carry a roadway over the valley of the Holebourne part of the River Fleet.

Cordon Bleu

by Martell



decanter by Baccarat

Computers in the home

by Bruce Page

As the price of micro-electrical devices continues to fall and the range to broaden buying a computer for the home has become feasible, but because of the complexity of the market you must consider your needs carefully.

"Buy a personal computer. It will run your tax affairs, teach your children French, catalogue your fuse-wire collection and sing to you when you're hungry..."

The silly thing is that the personal computer—micro-computer, or "home" computer—does not need over-selling. It is one of the most significant new devices our civilization has produced, and it is fascinating and useful in its own right. And it will help you manage your financial affairs. There seems little doubt that it will become as universal as today's telephone and television set. Car or dishwasher may seem marginal to some future household, but not the micro-computer.

There are three things that existing micro-computers do with varying degrees of efficiency: word-processing; data-processing and calculation; games-playing. But what all of them do, which is far more important, is teach you and your children about computers. Remarkable as it may seem, the "democratization" of the computer is still only just beginning.

Forecasting the way computer technology and computer markets will go is a high risk task but it is safe to say that the benefits of the next couple of generations' development—computer generations, not human generations—will go to people who have been able to learn something of their workings.

Mathematics, traditional mechanical skills and a knowledge of electronics are not necessary requirements for dealing with computers. If you enjoy learning languages this will probably help you write your own "programs". Otherwise, the one essential for micro-computers is some rough-and-ready typing ability.

It is not easy to give a good definition of a computer. Long before micro-electronics the term was applied to simple mechanical devices used to calculate answers to well defined problems in navigation and gunnery. Today we always mean an electronic device but, more important, we almost always mean one that is non-specialized. A computer is a machine which, given suitable instructions, can tackle many different kinds of information-processing tasks. This generalized capacity is what differentiates it from the electronic calculator, even if the existence of devices like programmable calculators blurs the division a little.

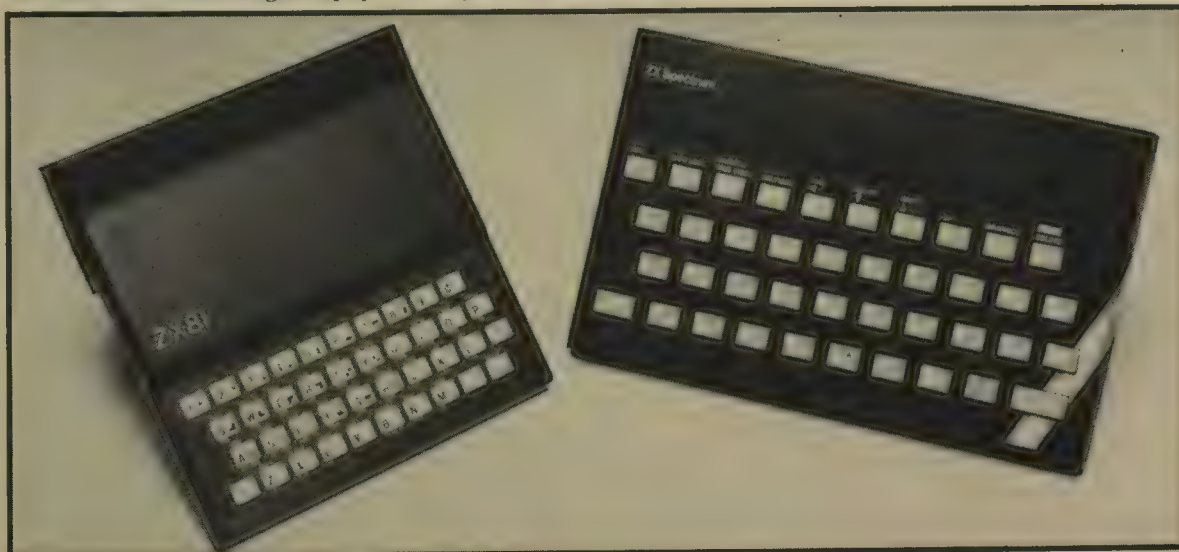
This all-round capacity is



From Sinclair's personal computers range: the ZX-81 at £49.95 and the ZX Spectrum which comes with 16K memory capacity at £125 and with 48K at £175.



You would have to be a strong chess player to beat your computer at the game.



Computers in the home

a function of speed. The limiting factor of our own mental and physical transactions is the top speed of nerve-impulses: around 2,200 mph, or three times the speed of sound. The electronic computer's limiting factor is the speed of light, some three million times faster. The effect of the last few years' design advances in micro-electronics has been to shorten dramatically the internal distances across which these already extremely fast impulses have to move with each transaction.

This is why we are beginning to have extremely small and cheap general purpose digital computers. For £100 you can buy equipment which gets more done in a given fraction of a second than the whole Univac set-up of the US Census Department was using in 1951.

But what can you do with such things? A quite basic point is that the term "personal computer"—about the best one we have—covers devices which are almost as different in performance as boats, cars and bicycles. For £3,000 or so, depending on extras, you can buy something like the ACT-Sirius which can handle the data-processing needs of a substantial business, and work as a scientific computer with several years development life ahead of it. It will also fit neatly into your home. But unless you have some professional employment for it, this is a bit like putting a Bechtstein into the football-club bar.

At the other end of the scale the Bina-tone bedside-alarm people are promising to bring out a computer for £30 or less—its performance is as yet an unknown quantity—and the trade magazines vibrate with rumours about still more ultra-cheap competitors.

Sorting out the lush growth of options between these two extremes depends on deciding whether you want to undertake all, or only some, of the three basic operations.

If you and your children want to learn about computers and play games with them, the celebrated Sinclair ZX-81—saving, for the moment, Bina-tone's presence—is astonishing value for money. Its capacity for handling quantities of data-processing, including personal financial management, is real and capable of development. It is a lot more than an up-graded programmable calculator.

First, there are some problems not visible in the glossy advertisements. Visible, the bare computer which you get for £49.95 has limited working memory: only "1K" (pronounced "one kay"), and just like hp, it does not need to be able to define it to see that it is a yardstick of power). Experts can program a computer so that their operations are economical in memory-power, and there is a kind of minimalist art in this.

Thus there are things that can be done with the unadorned ZX-81. But what the beginner needs above all is power to be inefficient and wasteful of

power. This is provided by the "16K-Ram pack", which provides a 16-fold, but takes the price up to £79.90. It is doubtful whether the ZX-81 is worth buying without it: the effect on a child, for instance, will be counter-productive if he or she runs up against a blank wall immediately after learning the elements of computer handling.

Sinclair's advertising, in its anxiety to put the smallest possible price in large print, conveys that the 16-K pack is something you do not need until you have acquired some initial expertise. Actually, it is the other way around, and this is quite a good example of the kind of trap one can run into in buying a computer.

Assuming, however, you have £80 and a television set and a cheap cassette tape-recorder, the joy of the Sinclair system—which includes a really excellent manual, not the commonest of things—is that you can begin writing simple programs quickly.

Writing programs has almost exactly the same relationship to using computers that doing your own mechanical work has to using a car. It is wonderfully rewarding if you enjoy it, and it may be essential in getting the ultimate performance from a machine. But the majority of people who get pleasure out of cars are not familiar with more than a few basic mechanical operations.

Different people bring to program-writing different skills, derived from literary or linguistic flair, logical analytic power, mathematical knowledge, and usually a dash of crossword-puzzler's obsession. But you should not feel humiliated or put-off by the discovery that you cannot do it beyond survival level. The Sinclair team, who must be among the world's most brilliant micro-computer designers, have never had much success with producing good programs, or "software".

This caused a weakness in the Sinclair system, because if you did not want to write your own programs the "off-the-peg" stuff was uninspiring. However, Sinclair have now decided to concentrate on what they do well and let others create programs, so you can now get some zippy ZX-81 software.

To declare an interest immediately, this happens to be written by friends of mine who run an outfit called Pison Computers. One program, called Vu-Calc, puts inside the computer a table-matrix of 26 rows by 36 columns, capable of containing 936 labelled numerical entities. This will record continuously any household budget, short of the Aga Khan's, provided you have the self discipline to copy in cheque-book stubs at regular intervals.

But the real beauty of it is that it will swiftly re-calculate your finances, through time, on different assumptions. Given a 1 per cent drop in the mortgage rate, what extra spending-power will we have by next August? Suppose we switch from oil-fired to gas-fired central heating, at what point are the interest payments cancelled out by lower fuel bills? (And how sensitive is all this to guesses about inflation?)



Top, interested youngsters go round a home computer fair and, right, learn history from a ZX Spectrum at Sutton Primary School, Cambridgeshire.

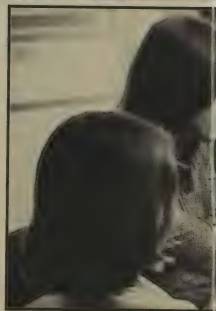
Prodigies apart, few human beings can handle such multi-dimensional calculations, except at the price of inaccuracy or lengthy drudgery. Suitably programmed your micro-computer will shuffle and re-shuffle "what-if?" questions faster than you can think of them.

A different program, Vu-File, enables you to have the equivalent of a large card-index filing system which can be searched instantaneously under several different headings. This is big enough to list the name, area, population, gross domestic product and language group or groups of every country in the world. Depending on the detail used for each entry, this might well cover much of the record-keeping needs of a one-person business.

Certainly a ZX-81 with Vu-File and Vu-Calc will reduce the paperwork and drudgery of household finances almost to vanishing point, and will introduce whole new dimensions of accurate projection and comparison.

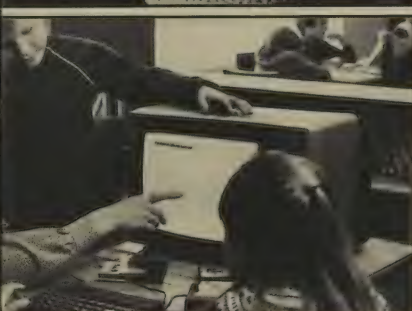
But could you run a business, in practice as against theory, with £120 worth of hardware and software? Possibly, but this introduces the awkward and expensive question of peripherals.

Crafty programming will stuff enormous amounts of data-processing capacity into a tiny computer, and this



can be displayed on any black-and-white TV screen. (If you do not want your regular TV set turned permanently into a visual display unit it is worth remembering that a set too generic to receive broadcast signals will probably understand a computer.)

If you want to use a calculating program, you will have to remove a filing program, or perhaps your daughter's favourite game, from the computer and store it. A piece of luck for the micro-computer industry is that most people have or can get powerful off-line information-storage-and-retrieval equip-



ment in the form of a portable cassette-recorder.

This provides a simple, cheap means of handling personal computer software. You buy it as cassettes, load from the recorder into the computer, and store the program—laden, shall we say, with the entire client list of your semi-mercenary business, or the records of your work as union branch treasurer—by running it back into the tape-recorder.

This can be horribly unreliable and cumbersome. Cassette recorders do not like acting as computer peripherals and

they extract their revenge by failing to load heavy programs, and sometimes by failing to store them. A few seconds malfunction with magnetic tape can be the equivalent of quite a large fire in a paper filing system.

Any serious business application for a computer like the ZX-81 probably requires a printer capable of turning some of the computer's output—if only for safety's sake—into paper. Adding together computer, RAM-pack, recorder, software, printer and spare TV, you may have spent £250. It remains amazing value for money, but

you still have not got a really flexible and reliable storage-system for data-processing, and you cannot do any word-processing.

Paradoxically, cheap cassette-recorders tend to work better with computers than expensive ones. But printers capable of good quality output cost £200 and upwards—more than many of the computers capable of giving them such sophisticated instructions. The Sinclair printer is an ingenious little beast, but its uses do not go beyond turning out notes to keep track of operations you are performing with the computer. Eye strain would result from prolonged consumption of its output.

However, before looking to the next, potentially rather costly steps, there are some lovely games you can play. You will need to be a strong chess-player to beat your ZX-81 when it is loaded with chess software. People make versions of Adventure, the classic computer story-game, to run on very small computers. Their literary root is *The Tinder Box* or *The Marsh King's Daughter*, or maybe the *Odyssey*. You are on an enchanted island, and you must rescue a princess, find buried treasure, and escape to freedom and felicity. You are confronted with choices like going through, or not going through, doors, mountain passes or cave entrances. According to how the computer randomizes things, you may encounter the other side a troll, a furry mouse or the princess herself. You can choose to "fight, run or bribe", again with unpredictable results each time.

It is possible to imagine remarkable developments for computer-based literature, when the notion of a single narrative line becomes obsolete—perhaps a direction in which Joyce and Kipling were pushing the literature of an older technology.

My own children are riveted by a Pison concoction called Flight Simulation. Filling the screen about an £30, and with a menu display and a remarkably convincing view of horizon and runway, the program conveys what it feels like to navigate and land a light airplane.

If you move up the scale, you soon run into machines which have—or will have—disc-storage, which is costlier than tape, but faster, more reliable and handier. You will also encounter fascinating options like colour display, high-resolution graphics, joystick control and sound-reproduction. Various, this is the territory of the famous Apple II, the BBC's Acorn, Commodore's Pet, the Vic-20, Sinclair's Spectrum, the Tandy TRS-80 up to Sirius or the IBM Personal Computer.

To move up through this market involves dealing with some quite complicated trade-offs. For instance, there are some versions of the Sinclair Spectrum to choose between (assuming you can get your hands on one at all, because production has not yet caught up with demand). The 16K version is amazingly cheap at £125, but the 48K version costs £175. However, you can not assume that the 16K Spectrum will

do all the things that the £80 version of the ZX-81 can. For instance, the Yu-Calc financial-planning programme which was mentioned earlier is available also for the £125 Spectrum but in the reduced form of an 18 x 13 matrix. The reason is that the much fancier, high-resolution full-colour display system of the £80 version soaks up a lot of memory—which is available for throwing figures around in the less brilliant, black-and-white world of the ZX-81. However, if you want to learn about computers and their graphics systems the 16K Spectrum has ample room for them. And by spending £50 later you can have your machine up-graded to 48K.

Two things rule every choice. First, the computer industry is a wasteland of broken promises, so believe nothing until you have your hands on it. Second, the decision that matters is whether you are going to need word-processing, and if so will you do much.

By "writing" on the computer's screen, you combine the speed, ease and precision of typing with the beautiful flexibility of manuscript. You can cross out, add, and take away and substitute with immense freedom, and you can be a lousy typist, because it will always clean up after you.

Once you have the text you want, a single command causes flawless text to be produced at 1,000-plus words per minute. This introduces the "letter quality printer". Nobody knows quite what this is, except that it is not cheap. Furthermore, being a mechanical device, it is not likely to experience the rapid price-reduction seen in micro-electronic devices. The only savings to be made are the less spectacular ones which occur because of the economies of scale in an expanding market.

A fashionable idea is to link up one of the new portable electronic typewriters, such as the Olivetti Praxis 35, to a computer. This, with conversion-soft-ware, will cost about £300, and will produce quite grand looking letters. But do you need them? If your aim is domestic and personal correspondence, postgraduate theses and drafts of the great novel, a dot-matrix printer as cheap as £200 might do the trick. But the real separation point is that you must have a computer which will accept one of the word-processing packages, such as Appewriter or Wordstar. You would have to have special talents and need before creating your own word-processing program became worthwhile.

This means, for the moment, a computer which accepts the CP/M operating system, or something like it. In practice, the result is that if you do not want to do any serious quantity of word processing, you can range much more widely and cheaply over this fascinating market place.

Sometime soon a neat little package of micro-computer, word-processing software, printer and disc-store will come along for £600 to £700. Perhaps it will arrive along with the software that defeats the Inland Revenue. ●



New Signed Edition.

Remarkably, Daimler engineers and stylists have now managed to improve the specification of one of the most refined and comprehensively equipped cars in the world.

The two Daimler signatures give you the first clue: they embellish a new, more comfortable steering wheel and an ergonomically re-designed centre console, both standard on all models.

An optional digital trip computer (standard on the Vanden Plas 5.3) provides a continuous visual check on average speed, fuel consumption, elapsed mileage and the time.

All models are now equipped with electric height adjustment on the front seats, rear inertia-reel seat belts and rear head restraints as well as several discreet styling improvements.

And of course, all the traditional hallmarks of Daimler craftsmanship, luxury and comfort continue to distinguish this superlative motor car.

The interior is furnished throughout in finest Connolly leather, burr walnut veneer and deep-pile carpeting.

The range of standard appointments looks more like the list of extra-cost options available on other cars: features

like electric remote control door-mirrors, rear reading lamps and a host of other refinements are fitted as standard on most models.

And the effortless performance, supreme ride comfort and almost uncanny silence have rightly acquired a legendary reputation among connoisseurs of fine cars.

If you number yourself among them, we suggest a visit to your Daimler specialist.

One test-drive will tell you more than words ever could.



BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
AND HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES
DAIMLER JAGUAR AND ROVER CARS LTD
MANUFACTURERS OF
DAIMLER JAGUAR AND ROVER CARS AND
LAND ROVERS

LOUIS HEREN'S URBAN RIDES : 2

Cardiff

Photographs by Richard Davies

Cardiff is the capital of Wales but is not a Welsh city like Swansea. Anglicization is deep rooted despite the bilingual street signs. Many citizens are of Irish origin which explains, one of them said, why the local rugger team is so good.

The Cardiff Language Society is determined to defend the local patois, which is English with Irish and other intonations. Cardiff is pronounced Kairdiff. The city's premier family, the Butes, are Scottish.

Mind you, as they say in the valleys, the city centre looks like a national capital with the castle, city hall, law courts, national museum, university college and the Welsh Office. The public parks are spacious and the arcades, a feature of the old town, attractive. The national shrine, better known as the National Rugby Stadium, juts above the rooftops. The trophy room of the Cardiff Rugby Club next door attracts pilgrims from all over the world, and the new St David's concert hall is a monument to another Welsh passion.

That said, Cardiff is a lost city. A place of habitation since before Roman

times, when it had to be defended against Irish pirates, it was created by the Industrial Revolution and the Marquises of Bute. For many years the largest coal-exporting port in the world, the reason for its existence went with the last collier to leave Tiger Bay in the 1960s.

It was all over, dead as a worked-out coal seam; deader because while the miners' union could blackmail the National Coal Board into keeping uneconomic pits open, not enough coal could be delivered to keep the docks alive.

Cardiff grew with the mounting exports of coal and coke. Shipments rose from less than five million tons in 1838 to nearly 30 million tons in 1913. The population increase was no less phenomenal, and a terrible price was paid.

The city remained within its medieval boundaries during the first decades of expansion, and every available inch of ground was built on to accommodate immigrants pouring in from other parts of Wales, the West Country and Ireland. The Irish, escaping the Great Hunger, were shipped across free of charge because living ballast was

cheaper than the usual shingle.

Most of them lived as lodgers in two-roomed cottages lining narrow and insanitary courts. One such cottage was inspected in 1850 by a police superintendent, who reported that he counted "36 persons, men, women and children, in the house. The privy was full and filthily dirty; the ashpit was also full. There are 15 stump beds in this house, all placed close together; in addition to this, all the floor and under the bedsteads are occupied by lodgers at night, who go away in the morning."

Other immigrants were African, Arab, Asian and West Indian seamen who first came to Cardiff in the 1870s because it was a signing-on port. Many of them settled down in Tiger Bay and other dock areas and married local women. Some were girls from the valleys who had come down to Cardiff to work as domestic servants and had then escaped from drudgery into prostitution. Tiger Bay became notorious for its brothels, opium and gambling dens and violent pubs. The police patrolled in pairs, and on Saturday night stayed inside the station.

A local dignitary described the newcomers as "the rakings and scrapings of every Asiatic dosshouse or beach... and their presence is a danger to the nation and a positive disgrace". Earnest evangelicals formed a citizen's union to purify the city. The Chief Constable urged blacks to play cricket, but said that they should not wear white flannels which made them alluring to women.

Public outrage over vice, violence and mixed marriages coincided with a slump in the coal trade and considerable unemployment. The struggle for jobs and berths took on a racial coloration, and riots swept the dock area in June, 1919. Three people were killed.

There were no riots last year although Cardiff's black, brown and mixed population is larger than most. It has also been established much longer than the West Indian community in Brixton. The old dockland neighbourhoods have been integrated for years, and have become part of the larger community.

I met Mrs Betty Campbell, a coloured headmistress of a primary school, whose father was Jamaican and ➤➤➤



Civic Centre buildings include the Renaissance-style City Hall and adjacent Law Courts. Both were built at the beginning of this century by Lanchester and Rickards.

You'll never forget who gave you gold.



For that
perfect touch
of gold
go to a shop
displaying the
'J' sign of the
Jewellery
Advisory Centre,
the hallmark
of a good
jeweller.



Cardiff

mother Welsh. She regards herself as Welsh. She said that Wales was her country, and she was working with white neighbours to keep the old friendly and tolerant spirit alive.

A local journalist had earlier suggested that Cardiff might not escape trouble in the future because reports of the riots had made some black citizens racially conscious for the first time. Mrs Campbell admitted that she had been hardly aware of colour before reading about Bristol and Brixton. She was now interested in West Indian culture, but did not like the West Indians she had met in London. It was about time they learned to come to terms with their new country.

The coal-owning Marquises of Bute, safe in their castle, were once as rich as the sheikhs whose oil ruined Cardiff's steam coal trade. The third marquis spent some of his millions on the several castles owned by the family in Scotland and Wales, and transformed Cardiff castle into a medieval fantasy. He also imported Tunisian craftsmen to create a harem in one of the tower rooms. There is no evidence that it was populated with houris but the gold leaf still glows. A fireplace covered with gold nuggets was put in another room.

This was done when the men who created the wealth slept 20 to a room, but in 1947 the meek inherited the castle as well as the city's problems. It is now the property of the City Council, and the Lord Mayor presides over civic functions in the banqueting hall while the citizens eat in the restaurant below.

The castle could be seen as a symbol of the evolution from feudalism and Victorian capitalism to democracy and egalitarianism, a diorama of British history, but history took a wrong turning. The final blow was the closing of the East Moors steelworks, and a former steel worker said that Cardiff was now a parasite living on a national dole.

A slight exaggeration no doubt, but the city has slipped slowly and genteelly into a decline which will be difficult to reverse. The major employers now are local governments—Mid and South Glamorgan also have their headquarters in Cardiff—the regional offices of nationalized industries and large concerns, and the Civil Service. Being capital of Wales is Cardiff's largest industry.

Presumably this satisfies the wives of miners and dockworkers who wanted to keep their children out of the pits and the coaling berths. These were terribly dirty; one old docker said that he had only to wave a shovel in the air to col-



lect enough coal dust to keep his fire burning through the night.

Cardiff and its environs are a living monument to the early history of trade unionism and the Labour movement; to Keir Hardie, who was elected Independent Labour Member for Merthyr in 1900, and to the Taff Vale dispute which won the trade unions their first major immunity from the law.

The Labour movement, it was once said, owed more to Methodism than to Marxism, and this was certainly true of south Wales. The chapels were centres of political discussion, and the New Theology movement tried to rationalize religious belief and work towards socialism. Its leaders confidently predicted that the twin flags of the new theology and socialism would one day fly defiantly over Cardiff Castle.

Methodism is now in decline, but the flag of socialism still flies over the city. The men who hoisted it can be proud of their achievements: the Welfare State, the National Health Service and much that is good in modern Britain.

The people of Cardiff are infinitely better off than their forbears, but the old reforming zeal went with Methodism. The Labour majority on the City Council consists of old-fashioned socialists, well-meaning men who probably cannot understand why the Wel-

Left, the ornate Pierhead building is the office of the Port Director. Top, Jimmy Silvestros, a Greek immigrant, makes music in his fish shop in Bute Town, Tiger Bay. Above, Cardiff Arms Park, the home of Welsh rugby.

fare State and nationalization have not brought about a new Jerusalem.

I sensed sadness as well as perplexity. I suppose it was in part due to the deserted docks. Tiger Bay was not a pleasant place to work and live in, even during its later years of respectability. The post-war achievements were beyond the dreams of the early immigrants, but the collective pride of any city is diminished when the reason for its existence is lost.

The council now pins its hopes on making Cardiff a centre for tourism, conferences, sport and Welsh culture. There is little else. Whether or not cities exist to serve the countryside or the other way about, Cardiff is dependent on its hinterland. It once flourished because of coal, but now the valleys have nothing to offer.

The Welsh Development Agency has tried hard to attract new industry, and with some success. Sony and GEC-Hitachi have factories in Bridgend, where engines for Ford Escorts are also made. Colt, Ferranti and other ➤



Cardiff

companies have joined them, but apart from government grants and a willing labour force there is no reason why industry should move to Wales.

Welsh Nationalists who belong to Plaid Cymru always avert their gaze. They do not want to know. They were not deterred when the 1979 referendum revealed little support for the proposed Welsh Assembly. Graffiti still proclaim their devotion to independence, although one which said "Make your man happy, burn down a holiday home" was unlikely to attract tourists.

They believe that an independent Wales could do as well as the Republic of Ireland by joining the European Economic Community. This is less persuasive since the Republic ran into economic difficulties.

The secession of the Celtic fringe would rid us of decaying industries and social attitudes which arguably have smothered us for too long.

But enough of dreams. An independent Wales is a non-starter, and in any case the Tudors were Welsh and Fluelen was one of the happy few at Agincourt. And what would ambitious Welshmen like Roy Jenkins and Neil Kinnock do in an independent Wales?

We are stuck with Wales. We must try to revitalize Cardiff although I do not know what can be done without an abundance of coal or a new industrial hinterland ●



Top, Cardiff Castle, transformed by the 3rd Marquis of Bute in the 1870s into a medieval fantasy and given to the city by the 5th Marquis of Bute in 1947. Above, shoppers inspect the goods on sale in the covered market which dates from 1886.

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*DOE TEST: MPG (L/100MILE): 924 5 SPEED: URBAN: 22.8 (22.4); CONSTANT 56MPH: 42.8 (6.6); CONSTANT 75MPH: 34.9 (8.1). 924 AUTO: URBAN: 22.1 (22.8); CONSTANT 56MPH: 38.2 (7.4); CONSTANT 75MPH: 30.7 (9.2).



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The Thames Barrier is ready

by Tony Aldous

Nov 82

If, under certain weather conditions, a tidal wave entered the Thames estuary, much of London would be flooded. The Thames Barrier, which has been built to hold back the water, is operational this month.

Photographs by Charles Milligan.



The barrier is sited in the Woolwich Reach between Silvertown and Charlton.

If someone were to claim that south-east England was sinking 1 foot every 100 years; that the way to stop central London from being flooded was to erect a structure in the Thames which looked like a series of miniature Sydney Opera Houses; and that the man whose letter authorized the scheme was the author of *Watership Down*, you might reasonably question his seriousness or his sanity. Yet all these claims are true.

The threat to London from freak tides is no empty one. In 1236 a medieval eye-witness reported a flood in which "in the great Palace of Westminster men did row with wherries in the midst of the hall". In December, 1663, Pepys recorded in his diary "the greatest tide that ever was remembered in England to have been in this River all Whitehall having been drowned". In 1928—the last time central London was flooded—14 people drowned. And if the disastrous 1953 floods, which cost 300 lives on the east coast and in the Thames estuary, had reached London's low-lying and more densely populated areas, the toll would have been many times higher and the damage to the economy severe. Yet it was the real possibility of such a disaster that persuaded the Heath government to agree in 1971 to provide the funds which have enabled the GLC and the Thames, Anglian and Southern Water Authorities to construct the

barrier and build the associated downstream defensive works. Richard Adams was the civil servant whose letter, on behalf of the Minister of Agriculture, authorized the scheme.

The risk of a tidal surge overtopping the river walls—in 1970 put at one in 10—results from a combination of England's south-eastward tilt, the fact that London is sinking on its clay bed, and the risk of a very high tide coinciding with a depression entering the North Sea and strong north winds. In these circumstances a tidal wave could funnel into the English Channel and up the Thames estuary, where 20th-century development of former marshland and more comprehensive flood defences give it little room to escape.

If that happened, the government was warned, large areas of London would be under water. Apart from loss of life which, even if minimized by an effective warning system, could still be horrific, the disruption, damage and suffering would be appalling: homes and workplaces flooded and unusable; roads full of water and debris; the Underground flooded and out of action for several months at least; damage to property and the economy running to an estimated £4,000 million.

The scale of the devastation can be gauged from GLC maps (see over)

showing two areas liable to inundation if the interim flood defences were topped. The first area, coloured orange, shows land below Trinity High Water (11.4 feet above Ordnance Datum): it covers 24 square miles, mostly in the dockland boroughs of Newham and Barking, but includes Thamesmead and parts of Westminster, Pimlico and Battersea. The second area, coloured brown, indicates a further 21 square miles prone to flooding if the defences were topped by a higher tide than that of February 1, 1953 (a once in 500 years event): mostly a strip up to 1 mile wide along the Thames riverside with much larger areas in the valleys of the Rivers Lea, Roding and Ravensbourne, considerable sections of Lambeth and Westminster, virtually the whole of Barnes, and more than half the Borough of Hammersmith and Fulham.

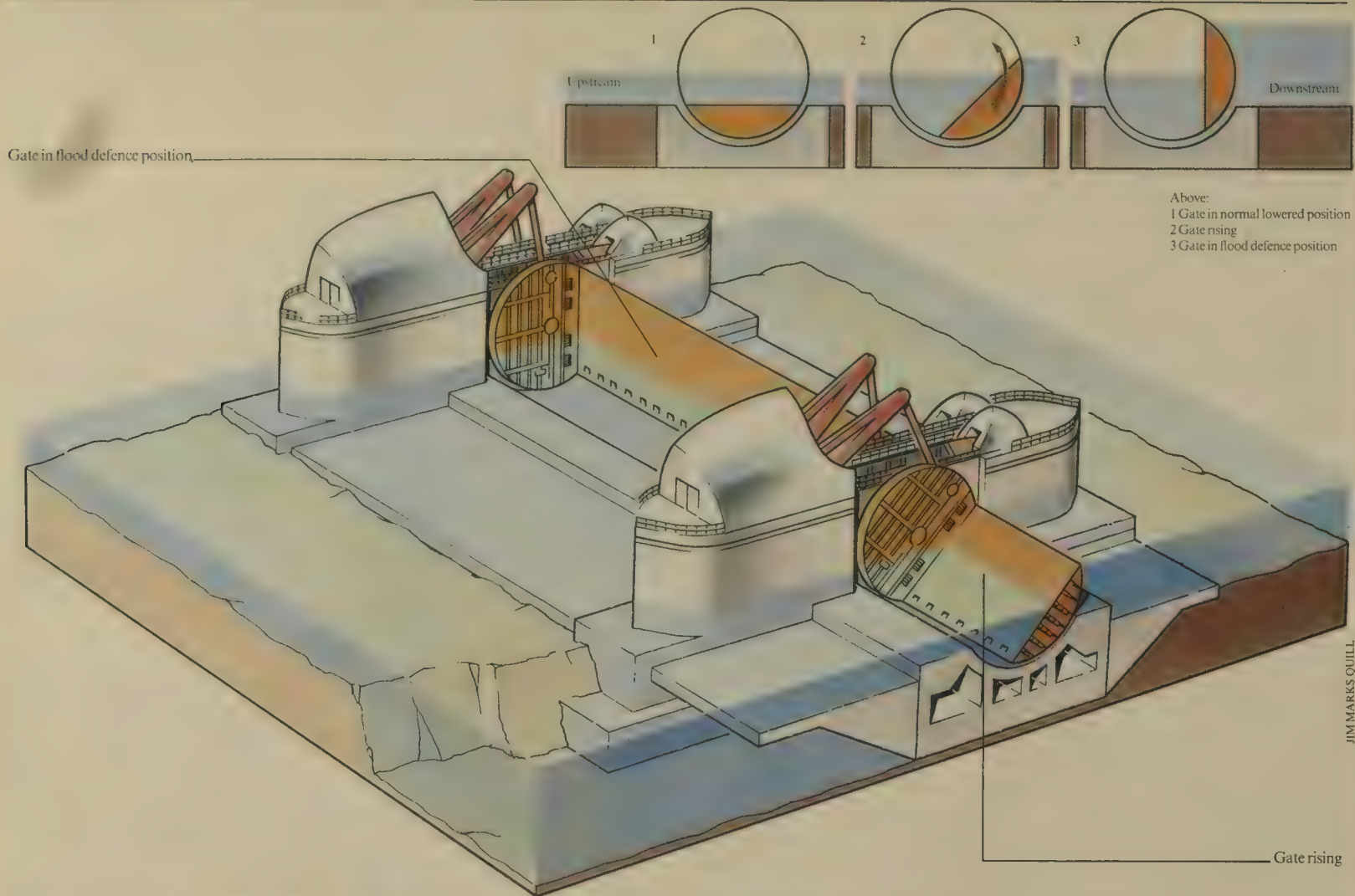
Faced with the increasing risk of such a catastrophe, the authorities in 1971—as a short-term measure—set about raising river walls by 18 inches, as unobtrusively as possible. These temporary works, completed in 1972, gave London a breathing space: the risk of over-topping was reduced from one in 10 to one in 55 in any one year.

But the main recommendation of the 1970 report was that a tidal barrier should be built in the Thames. The

committee, chaired by Lord Kennet, concluded that the traditional approach of progressively raising and strengthening banks along the river would no longer suffice. Quite apart from the aesthetics—imagine the Palace of Westminster screened by 10 foot high walls or the Victoria Embankment reduced to a cutting—such a solution would become disproportionately more difficult and expensive the higher you needed to build. Some kind of a barrier across the Thames downstream from central London, allied with bank-raising and strengthening on the lower tidal reaches, seemed called for. For some people this opened up the possibility of a non-tidal river in London, its level maintained by a barrage and lock gates, with plentiful scope for water-based recreations and for incorporating a much needed new road crossing.

But the experts would have none of it. The Port of London Authority insisted on keeping an unimpeded navigation channel through to the Pool of London and the upper river—though in 1981, a decade later, the last enclosed dock still active above the barrier was declared redundant. What weighed more heavily was the possibility that removal of twice-daily tides, with their strong scouring action, would lead to silting up of navigation channels and serious pollution.

Hence the solution, sanctioned ➡

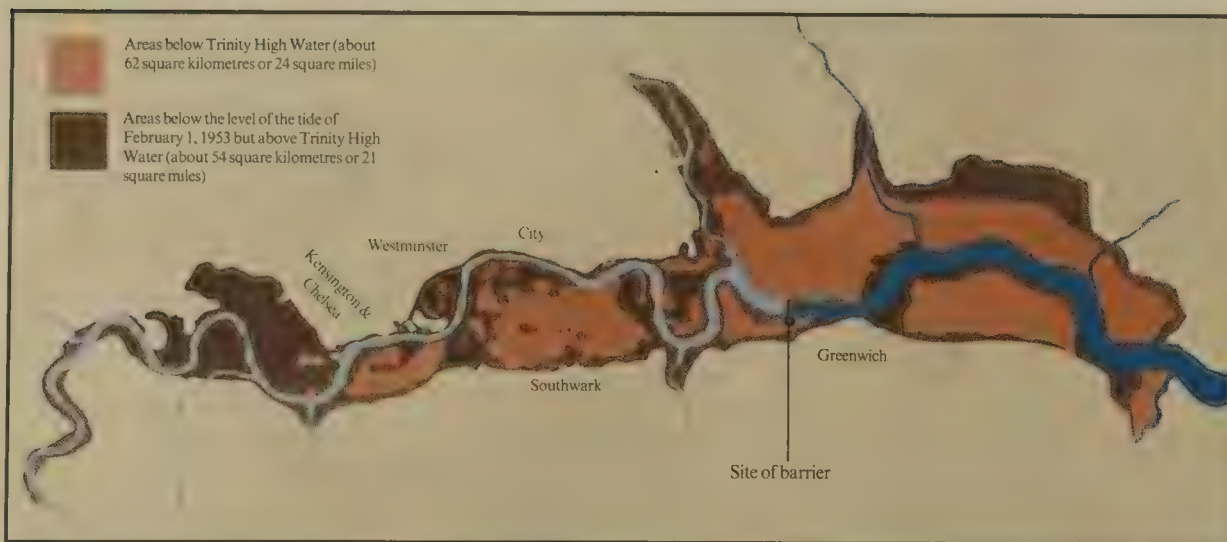


The Thames Barrier is ready

by an Act of Parliament passed in August, 1972, of a barrier restricting navigation and tides only when it operates—in response to imminent flooding, or with due notice on a limited number of occasions each year in order to “exercise” the machinery and the staff operating it.

The building of the barrier has been an immense task with few if any precedents. Engineers had had more experience with the type of flood barrier known as “guillotine”, in which a gate suspended between tall towers falls to block the incoming tide. One such is installed in Kingston-upon-Hull (at the entrance to the River Hull); others protect Thames tributaries downriver from the barrier at Barking Creek (the entrance to the River Roding) and on Dartford Creek (the River Darent). On the wide lower reaches of the Thames, with the navigational needs of relatively large vessels in a fast-running tide, a different solution had to be adopted—the “rising sector” gate.

The barrier has four of these, each one 61 metres long and weighing 3,200 tonnes; two further similar but smaller gates (31.5 metres and 900 tonnes each); and, on either side of these, four “falling radial” gates (also 31.5 metres across, but weighing a mere 200 tonnes each, three on the north bank of the river, one on the south).



So the chosen design was a hybrid, with six gates rising from concrete sills in the bed of the river, four rotating downwards guillotine-like from between towers. The site chosen for this arrangement of rising and falling gates lay on Woolwich Reach, between Silvertown on the north bank and Charlton on the south. The river here is straight and wide (about 600 yards across), giving ships the maximum help in manoeuvring to clear the barrier's openings; on both banks large working sites were available.

Some of the components were huge. Each of the piers between which the gates rise required the construction in the fast-flowing tidal river of cofferdams formed with sheet steel piles, with

concrete laid under water and divers using explosives to clear chalk which could have let in underground springs. In these coffer-dams men then worked 60 feet below Ordnance Datum level—with the pumps on occasion barely keeping their dark and often icily cold workplace clear of water—to construct piers on concrete foundations already placed under water. The gates were built on Teesside and floated down by sea. The contractors who submitted the winning tender for the main civil engineering work are CTH—a joint-venture consortium made up of two British companies, Costain Civil Engineering and Tarmac Construction, and the Dutch firm Hollandsche Beton Maatschappij (HBM), experienced in work-

Top, the barrier's gates are supported between concrete piers which house the operating machinery and control equipment. When not in use they lie in curved recesses in concrete sills in the river bed. In 30 minutes they can be rotated up through 90° into a vertical defensive position forming a continuous steel wall.

ing with concrete in difficult waters. A consortium formed by Davey Loevy of Sheffield and Cleveland Bridge Engineering of Darlington won the contract for gates and operating machinery. Consulting engineers Rendel Palmer & Tritton, working for the GLC's own Department of Public Health Engineering designed the barrier; and the GLC Architects Department designed



One of the concrete piers nears completion. Left, part of one of the barrier gates is lifted into position at an earlier stage in the construction programme.



the superstructures of the piers and various shore buildings.

It works like this. Early warning of conditions likely to lead to a tidal surge racing up the Thames would come from the Storm Tide Warning Service. The decision to close the barrier would be taken by the engineer in charge of the barrier and relayed to the Port of London Authority in order to warn shipping. Although there is to be a staff of 55, this includes maintenance staff and 24-hour control staff cover. A handful of trained men will actually operate it. With warning, staff at the control centre on the Charlton shore can have all the gates closed within 30 minutes.

Each rising sector gate is raised by two arms, one from each adjoining pier, but in the event of failure of one set of machinery, a single arm on one side only can raise its gate. The electric power for the motors on the piers can come from three possible sources: the national grid north of the Thames, the grid south of the Thames, or the barrier's own 4.5MW power station on the Charlton bank of the river.

When the barrier is operational this November, the risk of the tide overflowing Thames embankments in London will have been reduced from about one in 50 to better than one in 1,000. This will give London effective protection until 2030, when the southeasterly tilt will start to raise the odds

again to an unacceptable level.

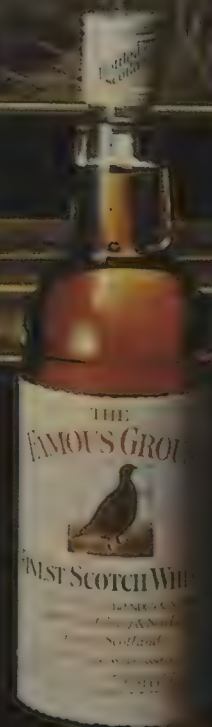
Inevitably, the barrier has taken longer to build and cost more than the £92 million originally estimated. Much of the increase to the present £435 million results from inflation in building costs and materials, but GLC engineers estimate that 40 per cent can be attributed to a combination of design changes, site and foundation difficulties, and management and labour problems: protracted strikes at one stage threatened to add another winter of peak tides to the years of risk.

But now it is ready, and there is an unexpected bonus: thanks largely to the GLC's architects, the barrier is a thing of beauty. Its nine barge-shaped piers and their superstructure could have been dull or ugly. But each set of gate-lifting machinery is clad in a shell-like covering of stainless steel, and images of huge silver birds or a string of small Sydney Opera Houses are not too fanciful.

Provision has been made for those who come to admire. By the autumn of 1983 there will be car parks on both banks, viewing platforms, a landing stage on the Charlton side for passenger launches, an information centre and a snack bar. Visitors will not be disappointed. The Thames Barrier is, in my view, the most spectacular and beautiful addition to the London riverscape for at least half a century ●



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Edna Lumb

The Thames Barrier in the Woolwich Reach of London's river, drawn by Edna Lumb in early June while it was still under construction.

London's new police chief

Sir Kenneth Newman, a former Chief Constable of the Royal Ulster Constabulary, took over as the 20th Commissioner of London's 26,148-strong Metropolitan Police force on October 2. His two most obvious tasks will be to convince the public that corruption has been eliminated from his own force, and to implement a form of community policing which effectively fights crime without increasing social tensions. Nobody who knows him doubts that he is at least as highly intelligent as his predecessor but one, Sir Robert Mark, and at least as potentially tough as his immediate predecessor, Sir David McNee. Doubts centre on his apparent lack of warmth, his shortcomings as a communicator, and the influence on his attitudes of his formative days in the Palestine Police and, much later, in Ulster, which he sometimes seemed to regard as a social laboratory for Britain as a whole.

It is characteristic of the man that he should maintain a fierce reticence about his private life. An only child and son of a builder, he was born in rural, southern

England and entered RAF Cranwell on leaving school at 16, in 1942. Two years later he joined South-East Asia Command and served as a wireless operator in Ceylon, India, Burma, Malaya and Singapore. Returning to London in 1946, he soon headed back to the sun, to join the Palestine Police. His gifts were rapidly recognized there and he was transferred to Intelligence work. With Britain's somewhat humiliating withdrawal from Palestine two years later, he found himself back in London, and decided to join the Met. In 1949, while on the beat from Bow Street, he married a childhood friend, Eileen, a warm personality well liked by his colleagues. They have two children, both now married. Working his way up to the rank of Commander, he decided to make good his lack of a university degree and rose at 5am each morning to achieve an honours degree in law at London University. This formidably tenacious and disciplined man, and the problems he faces, are analysed here by Terence Hart, editor of *Police Officer Magazine*.

It took a war in the south Atlantic to force news items about the police from the headlines, and the police are now back on the front pages of national newspapers. "Revelations" about the Metropolitan Police predominate. The trend started with the riots in Brixton and Lambeth during 1981 and Lord Scarman's report on their causes. Since then there has been regular news media commentary on the "Countryman Inquiry" into alleged corruption, and the cover-up of corruption, by the Metropolitan Police. Events at Buckingham Palace involving the security of the Queen and the royal household have cast doubt on the efficiency of the Met. Inevitably, all this unfavourable publicity has had its effect on the morale of the force.

How Sir Kenneth Newman acquires himself at New Scotland Yard is of the utmost importance to public and police, not just in the metropolis but throughout the UK. It will be important to the men and women with whom he will have to work that Sir Kenneth, unlike any of his predecessors, is a Met man. He began his career as a PC on the beat in London and progressed through the ranks to become a Commander before moving away from the capital to widen his experience. As Sir Kenneth puts it, "You can only really know what makes the Met tick if you have been involved with the working of the Met on a daily basis."

At one stage of his service in the Metropolitan Police Sir Kenneth was the head of Department A7 which deals with ethnic minorities. He says of this experience: "An extensive involvement led one to empathize with them and to become understanding of their problems." Characteristically Sir Kenneth's A7 experience led him not simply to vague, sympathetic understanding, but also to a thoroughgoing analysis of the difficulties of policing communities with large ethnic populations.

In 1978 London had been the scene of major outbreaks of public disorder. Notable among these were the disturbances around the US Embassy in Grosvenor Square. Sir Kenneth did not have an overall operational command at that time, but he was in charge of a sector and was responsible for producing a new plan which dramatically changed the Met's public order strat-

egies. The plan refined police tactics and ensured more efficient command co-ordination. It was presented in sufficient detail to include a training film and comprehensive instructions on the em-bussing and de-bussing of police at the scene of public disorder.

Sir Kenneth learnt much of his trade in Palestine during the late 1940s when he was involved in the prevention and detection of terrorism. There the new Commissioner had his first taste of major outbreaks of rioting, and what he describes as "a robust introduction to public disorder problems". There, too, he learnt the value of sound intelligence, careful surveillance and the importance of directing the activities of policemen to well targeted objectives.

Much of Sir Kenneth Newman's reputation derives from his command of the Royal Ulster Constabulary—a task he undertook when the morale of that force and its public standing were at a very low ebb. "It was," he said, "my inclination to go, rather than an

invitation to go." He knew it would be a formative experience and that Ulster "would provide a laboratory for the study of problems which mainland forces might have to face in times ahead." Looking back to those days, Sir Kenneth says that he learnt two vitally important lessons in Northern Ireland. The first was that the chief officer had regularly to make time for planning, and ensure that it was a co-operative process, from which all those involved would emerge with a clear understanding of their tasks and responsibilities. The second was that the preservation of law and order was not something that can be imposed. "It must be clear from the ratio of troops and police to citizens in Northern Ireland that without the co-operation of citizens attempts to enforce the law are futile," he says.

During Sir Kenneth's last three years, as Commandant of the Police Staff College at Bramshill, he has encountered a high proportion of the

senior policemen who aspire to become chief police officers—many of them from the Metropolitan Police. At Bramshill he has attempted to modify the pragmatism of operational policemen by exposing them to the social, political, budgetary and management problems which they will have to face in the complex society of the late 20th century.

Acutely aware of the whole range of problems which he will meet as Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, Sir Kenneth arrived at Scotland Yard with the philosophy that policing activity was to do with dealing with problems, and that what was needed was a rational method of addressing such problems. He is adamant that he has not been appointed to preside over the dissolution of the Met, and that the present division of the force into four areas, each commanded by a Deputy Assistant Commissioner, represents a reasonable devolution of command.

His first task will be to analyse what everybody does and then to consider how appropriate their jobs are to what he wants to achieve. "Non-appropriate activities will have to be eliminated," he says. Then he will devise a plan based on a broad view of the priorities, and establish performance indicators so that he can assess progress.

An early priority, he says, will be to examine those well publicized allegations of corruption. He points out, however, that his men are indignant that these charges should continue to be levelled at the Met when they believe that those who might dishonour the force have already been routed out. "If I find their indignation justified," he says, "I will say so."

The new Commissioner wants his men to be as anxious about human rights as they are about catching criminals. The phrase summarizes his approach to policing, which puts sensitivity to maintaining public order top of police tasks, but it should not be interpreted as indicating that Sir Kenneth Newman is likely to be soft on enforcing the law. He believes that the police have many options open to them in preserving the Queen's peace, and in preventing crime, and he does not preclude the use of any of the sophisticated equipment available to a modern police force.



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THE COUNTIES

Rachel Billington's

DORSET

Photographs by Sarah King



Ten years ago I made a film about the village where I live in Dorset. I called it *A Country Dream*. More than a dream, it was an idyll. A celebration of a love affair that started one rainy afternoon 14 years ago.

The year before I had been married, inheriting with my husband a tiny top-floor flat in London. Almost at once I pointed out we would surely need a country home as well. My certainty was based on my own privileged childhood in which a London day school had been combined with country holidays. Just as marriage should start with the highest ideals, so, I felt, should the circumstances around it.

Our friends were sceptical, pointing out that although at present—young marrieds, film director and aspiring novelist, unburdened by children or an office schedule—we might manage, soon we would be returned to reality. Why waste time on what was only a fantasy? Since it was the fantasy that drew me, I ignored them. The question then arose, whither? The process of deci-

The Billingtons' search for a house in Dorset ended in this village. They bought the manor house next door to the church.

sion reminded me later on of that fascinating poker game known as "choosing a name for baby". Almost always husband and wife have a favourite, a trump card, kept secret until lesser alternatives are safely cleared away. In this case what neither of us knew was that we both had Dorset as our trump. My husband, it transpired, had come south from the verdureless streets of Warrington at the age of 13. He attended Bryanston School and had the happiest memories of long misty afternoons on the playing fields and punishment runs alongside the River Stour.

I had been brought up in Sussex, the wooded and cultivated area so far east that it looks over the shoulder of Kent into hop-fields and oast-houses. I loved it there but never thought of making it my adult choice. I can remember giving the reason to my slightly disconsolate mother. Sussex, I declared (grandly ignoring the existence of the Downs),

was claustrophobic. Dorset, on the other hand, was like a painting by Gozzoli or some other early Italian master. All those little valleys and conical hills and mellow stone villages. It was an ancient landscape, suggestive of mysterious fictional pasts—my sister had just written a book about King Arthur. It was a westerly county making easy access from our W11 flat. And then there was Thomas Hardy. At the mention of Hardy my mother knew she was beaten. He had always been my most beloved writer, novelist and poet. The possibility of actually inhabiting his landscapes, meeting my own reddelman on Egdon Heath, coming face to face with my own gargoyle, was clearly irresistible. The search for an appropriate home was on.

What strikes me now about the whole search-and-find operation was the high element of good luck. For the

truth was, I did not know Dorset proper at all. My physical experience totted up to occasional visits to friends who lived north of Bridport in a house which opened on to one of the swooping hill-sides that I so admired, and some vague childhood recollections of the glories of the coastal region.

Now I wonder that I was not more attracted to a house within the influence of the sea. Perhaps it seemed too exciting, the pounding of the waves too much competition for my own fledgling voice. It strikes me as I write this that the first "sin" in my new novel takes place in a little grassy field somewhere along the Dorset coast. And afterwards my heroine runs into Dorset's cold purifying waters... Perhaps I am, therefore, only recording a childhood conviction that a seaside house is a holiday house and a *home* is placed four square within settled land as far as the eye can see.

At any rate, estate agents sent alluring if untrustworthy slips ("secluded but not isolated" described a ➤➤➤



Dorset

house on the main road to Dorchester) and we made two- and three-day sorties. It was the end of summer, really autumn, a green and rainy time, when the Ham stone in the north glowed an over-deeper gold and the grey flint of Purbeck had a distinctly mournful look. Estimating countryside through windscreen wipers is always a dismal experience. In the course of such journeys we came to the disquieting realization that both of us cherished ideas above our means. Our dream house, rather like a small child's drawing, was square with large regular windows and a long driveway and entirely surrounded by its own well stocked garden. This description perfectly fitted the elegant Georgian rectories with which Dorset is well supplied. But, others having the same dream, they were always well beyond our pocket.

To cut short a story that threatens to anti-climax, what we found on that rainy afternoon 14 years ago was a

house hilled, somewhat eccentrically, as "the oldest continuously inhabited house in Dorset". It was an early manor house built by William de Cheyne, a knight who lies in stone effigy in the church next door. (As I had spent the London part of my childhood in Cheyne Gardens this was an odd coincidence.) It was not square at all, having two jutting wings at the back and an irregular gabled piece at the side of the front. Moreover as its front and back door were both at the front it had the look of two cottages stuck together.

We bought the house from a majestic, white-haired widow of the sort that abounds in Dorset. Queen Motherly charm barely disguising a dynamo of energy, she inspired me to write a short story entitled *Last of the Empire*. The subject did not, however, suit the outlets for short stories in the 1960s. London editors always find it difficult to believe in country life. When the "Last of the Empire" passed over the house to me she left a list of recommended "tradesmen" in Sherborne.

Until the neatly written list with "delivers" alongside nearly all (an era, now past, alas) I had not appreciated the need for a country town—despite the obvious fact that our village had no shops. I certainly had not appreciated that by sheer chance we had chosen a village within bicycling distance of one of the least spoilt small towns of north Dorset, all built in my favourite golden stone and possessing the most ravishing abbey with positively exalted (and exalting) fan vaulting. This was Hardy's Sherborne Abbas, with Sir Walter Raleigh's Sherborne Castle over the railway line and the remains of his original castle on the other side of the Capability Brown lake.

But that I learnt gradually, buying the house for the gargoyles on the stone tower of the church that shadowed the garden, for its position halfway up one side of my Gozzoli valley and for the feeling of ancient history. I knew no facts. Only lately I found a history of the village, written in 1928 by the then vicar, which linked us to Sherborne in

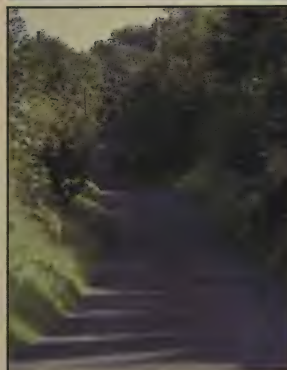
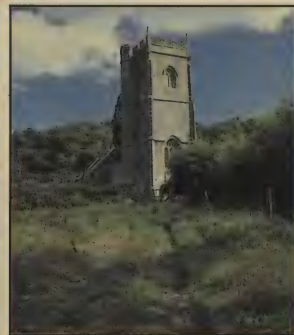
the most satisfactory way. Apparently the monks from the abbey used our house as a "rest-house". They also planted our valley with delicious wine-producing vines—the patterns of the terraces are still visible to this day. Since I and my family are Catholics it is nice to think of this Catholic involvement.

Of course Dorset had a continuing Catholic history with the future Charles II hiding for 19 days in the beautiful old village of Trent before he sailed away from Brighton. And endless battles and skirmishes were fought all over it during that troubled period. Now, in these ecumenical days, I like the fact that there is an Anglican friary not many miles away at Hilfield and the monks still take constitutions across the hill-sides. Farther south there survive a few of the old Catholic families. Recently the son of my friends above Bridport married into one of them and the service took place in the sort of private chapel that is generally supposed to have died out with *Brideshead Revisited*.

Above, the view from Abbotsbury towards pebbly Chesil Beach. Top right, carved on a hillside in Cerne Abbas, the 180 foot high Cerne Giant. Centre, the strange stone Cross-in-Hand stands 1 mile east of Batcombe Priory. Far right, part of ruined Sherborne Old Castle which belonged to Raleigh and, beyond it, Sherborne Castle where he lived.

Catholicism apart, the churches of Dorset offer a mellow feast of variations on a stone tower. Even those spurned by the guide books for Victorian additions or clumsy restoration are usually in situations which make such architectural niceties hardly relevant. Sad though it is in one way, the obvious lack of clientele (the names on the flower rota recur with ever greater frequency) makes them all the more romantic. Yet someone usually cuts the grass and last thing at night turns the iron key in the heavy oak door.

Approach, of course, is everything. I now spend most summers car-less ➡



Dorset

in Arcady. Choosing the mellowest days and times for my outings I thus imagine all Dorset villages bathed in a golden evening light. Batcombe is one of my favourites, set eccentrically under Batcombe Down so that its square tower arises against a sky of grassy green. Almost directly above it pokes up the strange stone "hand" where Hardy makes Tess swear she will never tempt Alec d'Urberville again. Last time I was there, having reassured myself of the way from a friendly, cigar-smoking farmer, I had barely started my literary communing when a helicopter rose from the field behind. It was an interesting conjunction of the romantic and the modern which I suspect Hardy himself could have used to effect. This is a very Hardyesque area, with the nearby church of Leigh sporting some of the best gargoyles.

My sun-gilt vision of churches does break for one sad but memorable afternoon at Powerstock Church. There Kenneth Allsop was buried. Julian Bream played the guitar and Henry Williamson spoke with sonorous majesty, while outside the rain fell in silver sheets over the green. Ken had lived in one of the most secret areas of Dorset behind the small town of Beaminster (with the only shopping centre I would consider a rival to Sherborne's). He owned an old mill and in front of his home rose one of those magic conical hills, turning back the landscape a few thousand years. From there he wrote about his beloved birds, fought oil pipe-lines (with the splendidly endowed Cerne Giant on the stickers) and celebrated all things country.

I have never wanted to dwell on the dark side of Dorset. Hardy's Egdon Heath no longer seems to me a place of terror. It is outside the (rather unenergetic) range of my foot or bicycle so I cross it, too quickly, too safely, by car. It lives best on the printed page. Even Portland, that grim grey place of rock, is gradually losing, with its prison hewers and toilers, its prison air. But my sanguine humour is threatened by a strange visitor we have in spring or early summer. Old houses have long histories, particularly when the house has a "court room". Judge Jeffreys, the dreaded hanging judge, certainly took his circulating court into this area. The visitor is a large black bird. Raven, crow, rook? At dawn he comes knocking at the court room window, tearing at the wistaria in his anxiety to get in. Nothing turns him away for good, not even a bluffing gun. Face bloodied by his battering, he merely retreats to better advance. Lost soul wrongfully convicted? Or the guilty judge himself? Either way, it seems a sinister act, unbecoming to my idyll. Lately I have found happier connotations. Maiden Castle, the great ringed and ancient fortress, is said to be the last home of the wild raven. And it is into one of these ravens that the soul of King Arthur is supposed to have flown. That is a black



bird I would welcome to my home.

Happily Dorset gardens and hedges are frequented by many more charming winged creatures. In late August this year I counted 12 butterflies of four varieties basking with lazily flapping wings on a stone arch in my garden. An even odder sight was a Large Tortoiseshell sucking at a plum fallen ripely to the ground. The hedges beside tracks where the council cannot take its electric razor froth over with thorn, oak, wild rose, elderberry, blackberry and honeysuckle. When I take a walk up our hill I am often accompanied by a halo of butterflies, though they tend to lose enthusiasm after a mile or so. Just like children.

Children have become very much part of my Dorset. Four now. Just as our friends predicted, burdening us with the responsibility of school terms. But also giving me at least as an independent writer the gift of school holidays. They grow up as I did with the split of London values and country. In one life they gawp at police cars screaming down Holland Park Avenue. In another they gape at the devastation of stubble-burning, echoing against the church tower like the crackle of damnation. As one sort of person they board double-deckers for glass-sided class-rooms, as another they race out for their camp in a twisted willow over the River Yeo. All summer they play, unwilling to make trips farther than Sherborne Old Castle—which is the only ruin to have grown in the 10 years since I have known it. They take the once weekly bus to town as if it were some kind of modern invention. Dorset has that effect. So does carlessness. I know no one in Dorset except those who live in my village: the dynamos who help me in house and garden; the Bishop, the Major, the Commander, the Doctor, the three farmers and the generous and hard-working Lady of the Manor. A pattern repeated, more or less, all over the county.

When I do step outside, it usually seems to have something to do with filming. We discovered Milton Abbas when looking for a location for a film set in a minor public school. While my husband surveyed rows of boys' tin baths, I marvelled at the row of identical white-washed houses built by

Lord Milton in the 18th century when he banished and razed to the ground the original village which he considered too close to his own house. Absolute power is clearly a designer's first requisite. Lulworth we went to, looking for I forget what location—a drowning, perhaps. It was a winter's morning, the day after a great gale. Tempest-tossed boats and even cars lay all up the main street. The wind still blew strongly, tempting us to climb above Durdle Door and watch the waves crash and break and curdle. On the same kind of day we took the children to the eternally rolling pebbles of Chesil Beach and told them terrible tales of wrecks and smugglers until they begged for ice-creams and pin-ball machines at West Bay. In fact my favourite story is the cheerful one of the great ship that was about to be wrecked on Chesil Beach in a violent storm and instead found itself lifted by a giant wave right over the land break and into the quiet waters of the Fleet. The ship could never be sailed out.

Recent filming, this time of actors reading Shakespeare's sonnets, led me to Athelhampton, that queen among manor houses. The garden, or an area of it deemed more Elizabethan than medieval, sang sweetly to Ben Kingsley dressed in mole-coloured velvet:

"Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?

Thou art more lovely and more temperate..."

We knew the traffic had to be stopped on the road outside and the darling buds of May were falsely affixed to a railing in this rather wet July, but the film, true or false, cast us back a few hundred years.

This year, ashamed of my parochialism, I allowed myself longer southward sorties. Sherborne passes in a flash. Then the head of the Cerne Giant. My first visit to this famous god of fertility resulted in a son, but only after five dreary months in bed caused by my losing my foothold on the Giant's magnificent organ... On to Dorchester, made memorable for me by my discovery some years back that the three public houses figuring in *The Mayor of Casterbridge* still exist in recognizable form. Soon after the town, on the road east to Wareham, I was delighted to see the tents of the famous fair going up

Dorset

Area

655,745 acres

Population

578,993

Main towns

Dorchester, Bournemouth, Poole, Christchurch, Weymouth, Portland.

Main industries

Agriculture, tourism, marine and defence electronics, aerospace.



with the "furmity" tent discernible.

On a glorious, cloudless day I soon lost my image of the wet, grey Purbeck stone. Corfe Castle gleamed like large pearly teeth between its two great jaws of green. Beyond beamed a sea so blue that the sky seemed now a pallid effort. A quick drink at The Square and Compass, which seems the West Country's answer to the low, white-washed pubs of the west of Ireland, and then on ever southward to St Aldhelms Head, which actually is the most southern point apart from Portland Bill. The church there, a four-square, four-arched mass of cool grey Norman rock, could not be much farther from my north Dorset churches nestling cosily in their little valleys. This is a foreign country. A splendid country. Lying on a patch of grass under the cliff with the sea glittering far below, a butterfly as blue as the sea tickling my toes and the only interruption the put-put of a paddle-steamer taking trippers back to Poole, I had to admit that Dorset had nothing to offer much more fair.

Perhaps I will inaugurate a whole new era of exploration. I could follow more than the few miles I know already of the various and wonderful Dorset coast paths. I could visit Weymouth, Lyme Regis, Bournemouth—no, not Bournemouth. I did visit Weymouth once for an *Any Questions* programme, but George III was not in the news that week so I had no time for more than a quick admiring glance at the famous 18th-century sea-front. Too many cinema-goers know about Lyme Regis just at the moment, so I will wait for a barren winter's day for that one. In fact in my imagination it lives as the town where Jane Austen placed one of the best scenes in *Persuasion*.

The truth is that Dorset is made up of at least four countries—geologists for example lecture about the land formation and nature of the soil. I found my dream in the far north of the county. If the truth were told my village was only removed from Somerset in 1896. But the feeling of that changing land spreading south and west and east is what makes it special. And if when we drive away to London a faithless fear of no return takes hold, I am reassured by the letters on our number-plate: DOR ●

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Neapolitan perspectives

by Edward Lucie-Smith

The current major exhibition at the Royal Academy (until December 12) supplies the art-lover with a new and up-to-date map of a thoroughly confusing piece of territory. Seventeenth-century Naples is historically and culturally unfamiliar for a number of reasons—the chief of them being, perhaps, that it belonged to a time before the full flowering of the Grand Tour, and we therefore lack a cloud of northern European witnesses, scribbling their journals and writing amusing letters to their friends back home. But our neglect of it is curious nonetheless, since Naples was in the first half of the century the third most populous city in Europe, surpassed only by London and Paris. Unlike these two cities, however, it was not the capital of an independent realm; it was the seat of a viceroy who ruled on behalf of the Habsburg King of Spain. Viceroyal tenures were always fairly brief (they averaged five years) and one consequence of this was a comparative lack of secular patronage for local artists. Naples was, in any case, fiercely Catholic, and its art always had a strongly religious orientation. Local taste was for religious scenes at their most spectacularly gory—martyrdoms which seemed to match the violent nature of the city itself. The end product was a kind of art which was immensely appreciated in its own day, but which later generations have found difficult.

The story of Neapolitan art in the *seicento* splits into two halves. The first of these runs from Caravaggio's arrival in the city in the year 1606 until the great plague of 1656, which killed more than half the inhabitants of Naples. Caravaggio was one of the great meteors of European art. He was born in the north of Italy and trained first in Milan. In 1592 he came to Rome, and after a fairly slow start established a major reputation with his paintings in the Contarelli Chapel in San Luigi dei Francesi. His radical reinterpretation of traditional sacred subjects, his unsparring realism and his insistence on painting from life without using preparatory drawings made him the talker of artistic circles in Rome, though his work was quite often refused by those who commissioned it as undignified or even indecent. His dramatic use of chiaroscuro was copied by a host of his contemporaries.

Caravaggio's private life was even more disturbed and violent than his painting, and he was constantly in trouble with the authorities. He fled to Genoa in 1605, then once again returned to Rome. In 1606 he killed a man after an argument during a ballgame, and fled for a second time. After taking refuge for some months on the country estates of the Colonna family,

he came south to try and remake his life. His two stays in Naples—he went to Maltia, got into trouble there, and returned to the mainland via Sicily—were extremely brief, but during them he seems to have painted with feverish intensity, evolving a new and headlong style. Its immediacy was designed to appeal to the fiery temperaments of his Neapolitan hosts.

He gave the initial impulse to a kind of art which reproduced many of his own characteristics. It was fierce, rough, aggressively realistic, fascinated by drama and often scornful of dignity. One sees these characteristics in the work of Caracciolo, who was a native-born Neapolitan, and in that of Ribera, who came from Spain to live in Naples. Some of Ribera's more unsettling works, the sadistic *Apollo and Marsyas* and the deliberately grotesque *Drunken Silenus*, are included in the show.

Together with a third artist, Belisario Corenzo, who was of Greek origin, Caracciolo and Ribera were the leading members of a kind of artistic junta. Their aim was to keep rivals out of the city, and to secure as much patronage as possible for themselves. Neapolitan patrons tended to have an inferiority complex—they always suspected that artists from elsewhere, and especially from Rome, could do better work than those available to them on the spot. The viceroys, too, tended to be prejudiced in favour of the leading artists (many of them originally from Bologna) who had established big reputations in Rome, the reason being that they themselves had often served as ambassadors to the Papal Court before taking up vice-regal office. A number of these Roman successes were lured to Naples by the promise of big commissions and large sums of money.

Despite the violence of Neapolitan art-politics, painting there was more various in style than it was anywhere else in Italy. One has to contrast the force and animal energy of Ribera with the delicate grace and sweetness of Cavallino, who is one of a number of Neapolitan artists to show the influence of the great Flemings of the period. Rubens and Van Dyck. Rubens himself never came in person, but he sent a picture which became famous locally—the beautiful *Feast of Herod*, which now belongs to the National Gallery of Scotland. This was in the collection of, and was probably originally commissioned by, a great merchant and ship-owner called Gaspar Roemer. Roemer, like Rubens, came from Antwerp, but settled in Naples where he made an immense fortune ("rich as Roemer" was a local proverbial phrase) and amassed an almost equally huge collection of paintings—about 1,500 items in



Above left, *Tobias and the Angel* by Caracciolo, 202 by 154 centimetres. Above, *Judith with the Head of Holofernes* by Cavallino, 88.9 by 76.2 centimetres. Left, *Kitchen Still Life* by Giovanni Battista Recco, 128 by 183 centimetres.

all. He preferred contemporary artists, and he liked them extrovert.

A change overtook Neapolitan art at the end of the great plague, in which more than 250,000 people died, among them a number of leading painters. The minor artist Micco Spadaro painted an astonishing canvas, which can be seen at the RA, showing Turkish slaves and convicts shovelling away the heaped bodies of dead pitchforks, after they had been thrown outside the walls. It gives a vivid impression of the horror of the event. Thereafter Neapolitan painting lost some of its intensity, and became more homogeneous. At the same time it came more and more into line with what was happening in the rest of Italy. Because of Caravaggio's influence Neapolitan art had almost missed out on the baroque, if one interprets that word to mean something light, easy, colourful and rhetorical. Now the baroque came in with a rush.

The first beneficiary of the change of taste was the much-travelled Mattia Preti. He arrived in Naples in the year

of the plague and stayed for a comparatively brief time, about four years. He was immensely prolific, in a sumptuous neo-Venetian style, and this was the style he handed on to Luca Giordano, the most successful Neapolitan artist of the second half of the century.

Giordano did not confine himself to any one manner; he was able to take all the styles then current in Italy and make them his own. This was part of his fascination for his contemporaries, who admired both virtuosity and versatility, two qualities Giordano possessed in abundance. Giordano became a specialist in grandiose decorative schemes, which he executed at such a rate that he was nicknamed "fa presto". He was born in 1634 and lived until 1705, and during the course of his long career he evolved all the way from imitating Ribera (the manner in which he had begun) to a kind of painting which anticipated the rococo in its glitter and lightness. Fragonard was one of his admirers. If Ribera tended to shock later generations by his coarseness,

Giordano shocked by his apparent superficiality. It is these twin reputations that the Neapolitan art of the 17th century has had to live down.

There was one specialist department in which Neapolitan artists excelled. Like the Dutch, at the other end of Europe they were often brilliant painters of still lifes and of flower-pieces. This, too, was due to the historical accident of Caravaggio's presence in the city, since he was the true founder of the Italian tradition of still life. He emphasized the extreme facility of what he painted. For Caravaggio painting was first and foremost the mirror of nature, and his own surviving *Still Life with Fruit* in the Ambrosiana in Milan is an almost didactic statement of that principle. His Neapolitan followers did not take things quite so seriously. They revelled in the sheer lushness and juiciness of what they were depicting: the bloom on the petals of a flower, the slipperiness of a freshly caught fish. Still life is one of the areas of Neapolitan painting in which one can most easily detect a current of Spanish influence. The Spanish *bodegón* with its almost sacramental quality, its hushed inspection of ordinary objects, was transformed by Neapolitan artists into something much less introverted. The two greatest Neapolitan practitioners of the still life genre were members of the same family—Gi. B. Recco and Giuseppe Recco. It is sometimes hard to distinguish the work of one from that of the other. What is not in question is its quality.

The fascinating thing about Neapolitan still life is the way in which it seems to bridge the gap between one sort of realism and another—in one step it takes us forward from Caravaggio to Courbet. But then the whole show is filled with surprises of this sort. Neapolitan art seems to have rebelled constantly and by instinct against facile categorization. It seems always ready to offer answers to the generalizations which are made about Italian art taken as a whole in the 17th century. The chief of those generalizations is about the gradual academization of Italian painting, and its loss of sincerity and purpose. Neapolitan art, on the contrary, is often eccentric and awkward. When, after long hesitation, it adopts the rhetorical mode typified by Giordano, it does something very strange with it. Giordano is really the first artist to concentrate our attention on the act of painting, rather than on the subject—what is being painted. In this sense he is already abstract: a quality which emerges particularly clearly in his sketches and projects.

There is a unity-in-diversity in the history of Neapolitan painting during the period the RA exhibition covers. It shows us a swing from one way of looking at art and its possibilities to another which is the mirror-image and opposite of the first. This is just one of the characteristics which makes the show exceptionally important. ●

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ARCHAEOLOGY 2986

Cave art discoveries in southern Spain

by Lya and Marcel Dams

Unusual drawings found recently in the great cave complex at Nerja, near Malaga, are described by two archaeologists who have made a special study of prehistoric cave art in western Europe.

The cave of Nerja is beautifully located in a limestone outcrop on the Mediterranean shore, 54 kilometres east of Malaga. We have already described its discovery in 1959 by a group of local boys (*ILN* November, 1973); subsequent exploration of its upper galleries by speleological groups in 1969 and 1970 disclosed a huge cave-complex, in which one single hall of enormous proportions, the Hall of the Mountain, is larger than the whole lower cave. The lower galleries, which were opened to the public soon after their discovery, are visited by some 350,000 people every year and in the summer are the site of a festival of concerts and ballet.

The present entrance 180 metres above sea level was artificially cut, as the original opening was blocked by rock fall about 4,500 years ago. At that time the lower cave was being used for burials, both group and individual, which were accompanied by abundant grave goods including a large quantity of marble, slate and limestone bracelets of beautiful workmanship. Excavations have been in progress since the year of the cave's discovery near the primitive blocked entrance as well as inside the cave. A considerable depth of habitation deposits with several occupation layers going back to 10000 BC has been found, while a Solutrean level with burials, which may date from around 15000 BC, has been reported in the Hall of the Cataclysm at the rear of the lower cave, where chaotic heaps of limestone formations point to past geological upheavals.

We have worked for several years in Nerja, compiling the corpus of its Palaeolithic cave art which totals 490 figures for both levels; 19 of these have been mentioned previously. The cave art of Nerja contrasts strongly with most known art-caves: the greater part consists of symbols and signs, while animals are relatively scarce—several stags, deer, ibex and horses, a possible bison, two anthropomorphic figures and several fish. This schematic tendency may form a characteristic trait of the cave art of southern Spain, as the recently discovered cave of Navarro 4, not far from Nerja, has only one bovid and many complicated symbols.

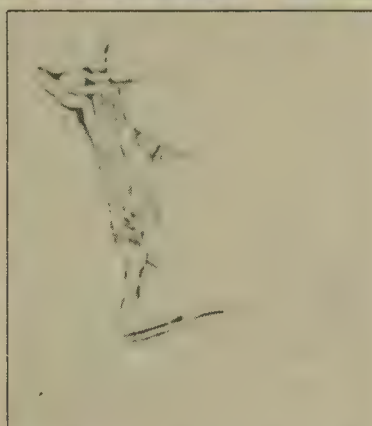
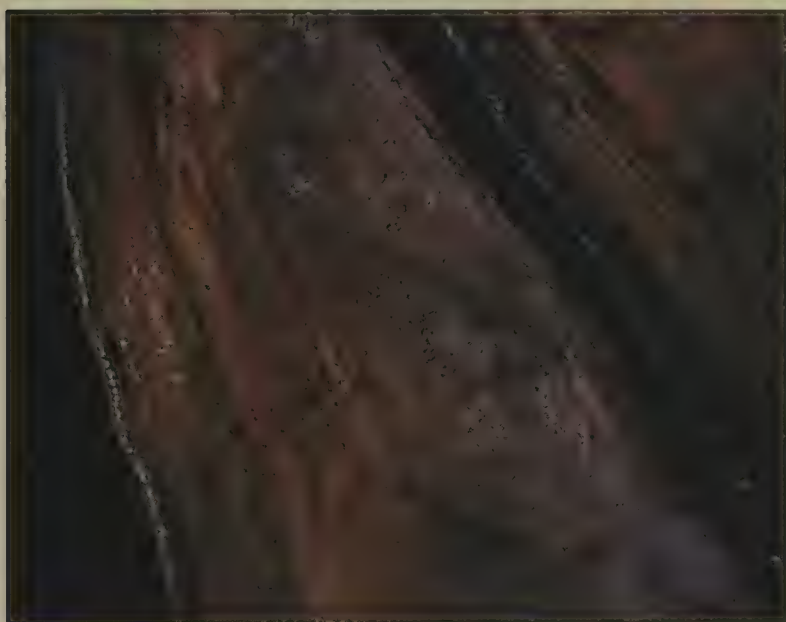
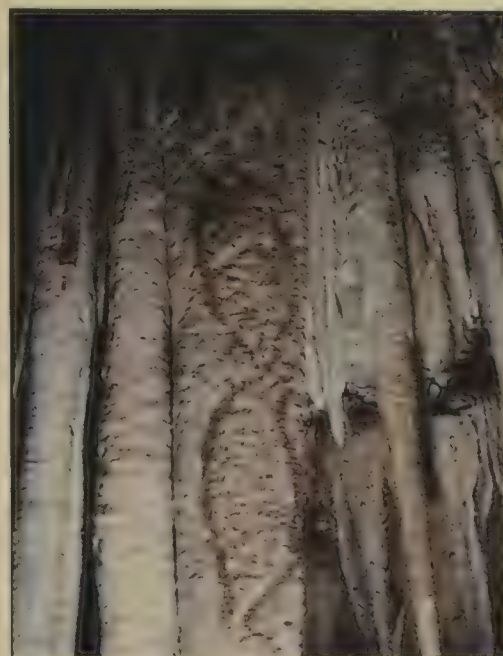
In the lower cave, Nerja I, the paintings are mainly in a red colour though a few are in black wash, while Nerja 2, the upper cave, has an overwhelming

majority of black paintings; several engravings are to be found in both levels. The cave artists probably did not visit the entire upper cave, as the passages leading to its larger halls, the Hall of the Lance and the Hall of the Mountain, were artificially opened by modern explorers.

After passing through part of the primitive rock-shelter at the entrance, where excavations are still in progress, the visitor descends into the Hall of the Nativity and then into the Hall of the Elephant's Tusk; the two actually form one single great hall, with several smaller upper cavities. In a small, central alcove we have found the faded remains of a red painting depicting a striped horse falling down headlong, surrounded by an ibex and several symbols. Through an artificially cut staircase the descent continues to the Hall of the Waterfall: this is a magnificent cavity with huge pillars and stalactites, where the summer festival is held. Continuing through the Hall of the Ghosts, you reach the Hall of the Cataclysm, at the rear of the lower cave.

In the Hall of the Waterfall a group of red paintings consisting mainly of signs and symbols, and one hind, is located above a small platform against the right-hand wall. Farther on, against the left-hand wall, in a low area where all the stalactites were broken at man-height in prehistoric times, there are some more red paintings. The most intriguing is located on a broken stalactite: it shows a climbing goat, above which can be seen the head of a stag facing towards the right. There may be a second stag head below the first, where a natural fissure served for the outline of the jaw and a cup-like hole for the eye, while the unrealistic and meander-like antlers were ambiguously used for both heads.

Most of the paintings of Nerja I are to be found inside the Hall of the Cataclysm; we consider the most important group to be concentrated in the Sanctuary of the Organ. This is a small platform enclosed by a wall of tightly packed limestone folds tilted at an angle of 45° by tectonic upheavals. The folds have been covered with numerous symbols of a type not previously encountered in other caves, and there are also one ibex and a climbing hind, painted in red. All these figures are hidden in the hollows of the folds, and while some are located at ground



Top left, the tilted limestone folds of the Sanctuary of the Organ. Top right, three of the six fish vertically drawn in red. Left, painted on the face of a stalagmitic fold, a striped stag and, above, a drawing of the stag.

level others are at a height of more than 3 metres, where nobody would immediately look for them. We believe that the positioning of the paintings was not haphazard but a planned arrangement in which no visual effect seems to have been sought; this is confirmed by the fact that the entire complex can never be seen as a whole due to lack of viewing space. This emphasizes our conviction that the cave artists' work was not motivated by aesthetic appeal. The symbols are mainly variable combinations of strokes and dots, with a few rectangles and spirals.

The importance of the Sanctuary of the Organ is increased by the musical effect that can be obtained by striking the edges of the folds with a hard object, which produces several resonant, harp-like notes. The whole wall may have been used as a huge percussion instrument, accompanied by other sounds like the clapping of hands or a flute. The trace of a dried-out source at the rear of the platform leads us to assume that the cave artists were induced to express themselves in this particular place by the triple combination of sound effects, the presence of

water and the spectacular aspect of the tilted limestone formations.

Below the Sanctuary, towards the bottom of the hall, there is a painted panel of several large hinds with the remains of one or two horses, one stag and one ibex. Contrasting with the hidden paintings of the Sanctuary, this panel can be seen at some distance and must have had a great impact when properly lighted and when the paint was in good condition. At the very bottom, below a heap of huge boulders, a small recess contains several red paintings, one of which shows a characteristic "duckbill" horse.

The walls of the Hall of the Cataclysm, which has a mean height of 30 metres, are honeycombed with small alcoves, platforms and ledges, most of which can be reached only with great difficulty. Several of these contain paintings in both red and black, the most interesting of which is a small red anthropomorphic figure on the Ledge of the Crevice.

The upper cave, Nerja 2, is reached by an arduous, long and perilous climb which starts with an almost vertical wall and passes over several projecting

platforms and ledges with minor paintings, mostly in black. No means of access has been found other than a small and narrow tunnel-like hole at the top of a wall, where there is an almost sheer drop into the Hall of the Cataclysm below. The huge Hall of the Pillars of Hercules has only two red paintings located on the opposite faces of a stalagmitic fold: a striped stag on the front and a striped horse falling headlong at the rear. The latter is an almost exact replica of the red horse at the entrance to the lower cave.

Farther on, in the Hall of the Goat, there is only one red horse, together with a few black signs and a panel of several beautifully drawn animals in black; the incomplete figure at the centre may be a stag. Most of the paintings of the upper cave are concentrated in the vicinity of the low, tunnel-like hole giving access to its galleries. Numerous black signs and schematically drawn fish surround an engraved anthropomorphic figure in the small Chamber of the Anthropomorph. A small rotunda cluttered with stalagmitic pillars has been decorated with six vertically drawn fish in red at the rear of

the Hall of the Fish. The huge Hall of the Immensity has only three black signs, which may indicate the end of the cave artists' itinerary, as there is no further natural passage to the following galleries and halls.

Completion of the analysis and comparative study of the cave art of Nerja will still take some time, but a few preliminary conclusions can already be drawn. The style of the red paintings points to the Solutrean period, around 15000 BC. The intense pre-occupation of the cave artists of Nerja with signs and symbols may represent an alternative iconographic system, in which the symbol replaces the image as an effective reminder, a mnemonic device or a notation system, possibly telling a story comprehensible only to a few initiates. No human group has been known to be without what can be held to be a religious belief or similar practice of some sort. These beliefs or practices may perhaps have been expressed at Nerja by the concentration of strokes, dots, spirals, and so on found at both levels in the upper and lower caves.

The paintings and engravings of fish, both realistic and schematic, may be due to the location of the cave on the sea-shore and indicate a preoccupation with a food source. On the other hand, in the cave of Pileta (*ILN* April, 1976) fish figures are also relatively abundant, notwithstanding the cave's location some 65 kilometres from the sea-shore, or more than 100 kilometres by the present roads.

Finally, we must emphasize the general deterioration of the cave's limestone formations due to temperature and humidity changes brought about by the large number of visitors. The temperature inside the cave was already abnormally high at the time of its discovery, mainly because of the blocked entrance and a general lack of natural ventilation fissures and crevices; if no steps are taken towards its preservation the cave with its unique and original cave art will be irrevocably ruined ●

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What's new in watches

by Eric Bruton

This is the age of the extreme. Ideas in the middle are assailed by people on the fringe. You have to be right or wrong, left or right, athletic or aesthetic, a townie or a country lout, a cat lover or a dog lover. Public opinion does not accept that you can be both or all. This dubious dichotomy is evident everywhere, even in the watch business. There are bitter boardroom battles over whether production should be based on digital or analogue watches, quartz or mechanical, fashion or classical, orthodox or novelty. Importers try to make up their minds whether to aim well up market or well down.

The pressure has come from the electronic chip. It is possible to buy a quartz digital watch in a street market today for £2 or £3. Only a few years ago the technical equipment to provide the time of day electronically would have filled a large room, and a government grant would probably have been needed to meet the cost.

But the very cheap product has its disadvantages. Although the buyer may realize that the guarantee, if any, is questionable, he usually forgets that when he needs a new power cell it will probably cost him as much as he paid for the watch—if it is still going. The main problem with production of electronic devices of high precision and reliability is the high proportion of rejects, needing 100 per cent quality control. Doubtful products find their way into markets and cut-price houses.

The demise of the mechanical watch has been foretold many times since the quartz crystal watch module appeared. Currently just over 30 per cent of watches sold in the UK are mechanical, which shows the huge inroad made by electronics. Of the total sold today about half are analogue—they have hands. But there are still many more mechanical watches around, because people change their watches, on average, only about every five years. One thing is certain. The mechanical watch will still persist in poorer countries which decide there are many more vital imports than watch batteries on which to spend their sparse reserves of foreign exchange.

The problem will eventually be solved. There are already several watches that need no batteries. They run off accumulators that are recharged by daylight, and even artificial light. You just have to be sure your watch is not covered by your sleeve. But they have not been successful enough to make the battery obsolete. The latest no-battery electronic watch, still under development, is powered by

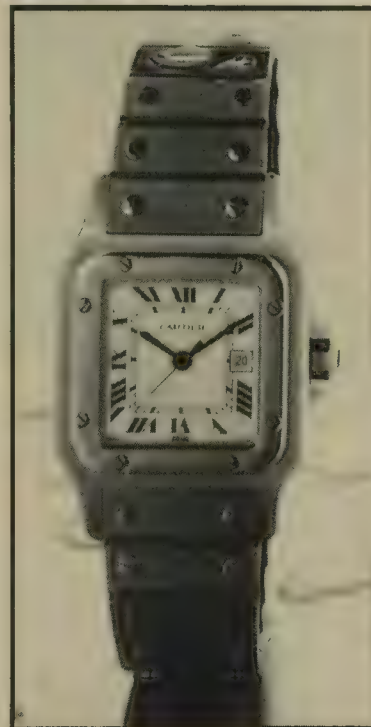
the heat of the body. Improved power cells are possibly the answer. Some already last two years and the latest lithium cells will last about seven.

While the high technology, extremely accurate, quartz watch is now within nearly everyone's reach, there has been lessening interest in having more accurate time than anyone else. Some interest has turned back to high technology, high craftsmanship mechanical watches. Top level Swiss firms like Patek Philippe and Audemars Piguet will sell you a watch at the extreme end of this range. The latter recently announced a pocket watch with perpetual calendar, moon dial, and minute repeater for £35,000. You will have to wait two years for one and there is no sample to see beforehand.

Most extreme in such perfection are the pocket watches made by George Daniels, London, which cost much more and are entirely hand made (except for the springs), including the engine-turned gold cases and engine-turned silver dials. His style is reminiscent of the famous early 19th-century maker A.-L. Breguet, but Daniels's watches keep time as well as many quartz watches and need no oiling, unlike mechanical ones, which means the timekeeping remains accurate. One of Daniels's favourite stories is of the time he lost a tiny steel part he was making. He found it a couple of days later under his thumbnail. He has designed a special escapement for a Patek Philippe high-precision mechanical watch and is currently trying to perpetuate his skills by organizing a competition to encourage young craftsmen to follow his lead.

Such treasures are for the very few, but there are many pocket watches back on the market at prices to suit anyone. Some makers have discovered that the models they made back in the 1920s and 30s are popular again, so are reproducing them. The reason is a fashion revival in men's waistcoats. The Stuart long waistcoat, introduced in the days of Charles II, which coincided with the invention of the hair-spring which made watches much more accurate, was the reason for the introduction of the pocket watch in the first place. Previously watches had been worn on the belt or on a neck chain.

The wrist watch is a comparative newcomer. Although the Swiss makers, Girard Perregaux, produced wrist watches for German naval officers in 1880, they did not offer them to the public until 1904, some years after Benson's were selling wrist watches in the UK. They were thought effeminate



Girard Perregaux jewelled pocket watch with visible "skeletonized" movement. Left, the Cartier "nuts and bolts" look.

why the gold watch became the favourite gift on retirement—to encourage the retiring employee to think he had been successful. Many successful men are not now so conservative, for to be successful they often have to be original, which makes them less conservative about design. They will not resist the jewelry watch with, say, a lapis lazuli, malachite, or onyx and mother-of-pearl dial, or a diamond-set bezel. But some people have no taste anyway. It is not uncommon to see a man—or woman—who has taken great care with dress and appearance, yet who shatters the illusion with an ugly lump of stainless steel ironmongery around the wrist.

Styles in women's watches have also swung back half a century. The twin cord strap of the 30s, threaded through single lugs on a platinum or gold watch case, is chic again. Pendant watches are stylish, on a brooch for lapel wear or on a chain around the neck. Ring watches, too—for the few.

Watch cases for both men and women are usually anything but round today, and that applies to the dials as well. There are ovals, cushion shapes, rectangles with rounded corners, octagons and other shapes, often with knobs on. The knob decorations are sometimes shaped like, or are, screws and bolts. It is curiously ironic to have a sophisticated electronic module in a case decorated by nuts and bolts.

Because electronic modules have dropped in price their makers have been looking for more ways to "sell up", and one of the most exciting is in novelty. There are several wrist watches with computers (operated by the end of a ballpoint pen), and already Casio have watches with electronic games on the dial. Seiko announce that in the New Year they will have a television watch, selling for about £200. The dial is the screen; the headphones carry the aerial; the receiver is a small pocket device with two batteries to power it.

It is difficult to see where watches can go next. But someone, somewhere, will think of something ●

and sales were small until artillery and front-line officers on both sides in the First World War demanded them because of the inconvenience of their pocket watches. Today wrist watches are generally in one of two extreme categories. They are either, as Ron Smith, of Garrard the Crown Jewellers, puts it, "a piece of ironmongery or a piece of artistry".

For "artistry" most people would substitute "jewelry", because the aesthetically designed watch case and bracelet is just that. But his word includes also the watch that is made with great design and practical skills, even if assisted largely by machines. In some the movement (the "works") is so beautiful that it has been skeletonized and is visible in a transparent case.

Watches have a long history as status symbols, too, although their popularity as such waxes and wanes. It has waned in recent years in competition with the motor car and high-fi equipment, as well as the holiday in an inaccessible place. It has, however, staged a comeback in north America, and our ideas tend to follow theirs a few years later.

The symbol of success used to be a gold watch on a gold bracelet. That is

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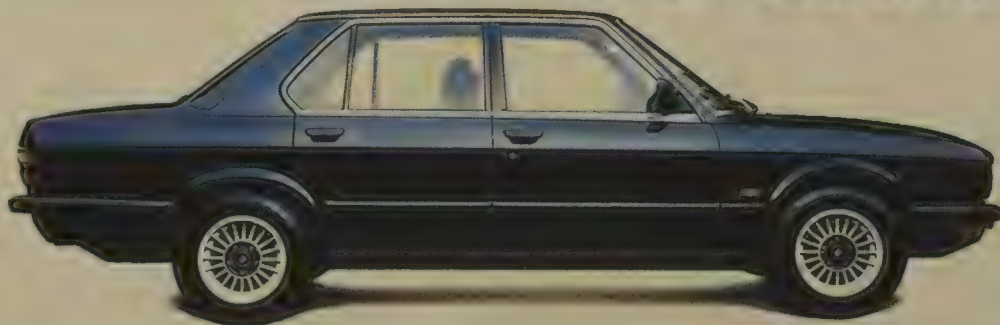
If you've just bought a family-sized saloon for about £9,500 without any of these features, let alone an in-line six cylinder engine with fuel injection, you haven't bought a BMW 520i.

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An indulgence of jewels

by Ursula Robertshaw

"You have been a very good girl," said my Fairy Godmother, "so I have decided to allow you to go to a dozen jewellers and choose from each one item for yourself." My FGM knows my taste in jewelry. Pieces I choose are essentially wearable—not for me the grand tiaras or the glittering parures that come out of their cases only once in a blue moon, or for that matter the whopping great "investment" diamonds that have to be housed at the bank and require an armed guard when worn. I like jewelry that does not reveal itself entirely at first glance, that has some detail that rewards closer inspection, or that includes some cunning device that converts the piece and makes it work hard for its living. I love stones that change with the light, such as opals, or unusual ones such as tourmalines. I admire fine craftsmanship and appreciate designs that reflect their period.

With a grateful curtsy to FGM and with covetousness aroused, I made a bee-line for one of my favourite shops, Richard Ogden in Burlington Arcade. There I dithered a little, being sorely tempted by a Victorian pearl and diamond necklace with a pendant that converts to a brooch or a hair ornament; but I settled finally on a superb range of diamonds whose central cluster converts into a magnificent ring. The diamonds are the colour of palest champagne, or winter sunshine, much prettier than white diamonds to my mind, with all their brilliance but none of their brashness.

Next I visited Boucheron in New Bond Street, where I chose a necklace of sapphire beads with an attached pendant of pavé diamonds and cabochon emeralds, the beads interspersed here and there with rounds of pavé diamonds. This turned out to be the most expensive item in my collection, but it was entirely discreet.

I am particularly fond of rings, because the wearer herself can see and appreciate them. I selected three: a real dazzler in emeralds and pavé diamonds, in the domed style known as bombe, which I found at Kutichinsky in Brompton Road; an all-purpose, go-anywhere ring in 18 carat gold by Stuart Devlin in Conduit Street, composed of contiguous pairs of tiny human figures, a larger embracing a smaller, from his romantic "caryatic" suite which also includes chains and brooches; and an Art Nouveau ring, probably French, in 18 carat gold carved in the form of a lioness or panther leaping to embrace a diamond of about 1 carat in weight, which came from Young Stephen of Burlington Gardens.

At Asprey's I was able to gratify my passion for opals with a double string of beautifully matched stones, interspersed with rock crystal roundels and with a Victorian diamond and opal clasp; and at Wartski I indulged my delight in exquisite workmanship and period jewelry with an Italian cameo brooch, dated from about 1860, set in a frame of black enamel and diamonds.

A watch can be a jewel, and I found one at Garrard's that certainly is. It has 18 carat yellow gold and blue enamel and dating from the turn of the century, it hangs from a bow brooch and decorates as it tells the time.



I found a most unusual brooch at John Joseph at the Bond Street Antique Market. Of tourmaline with pavé diamonds and emeralds, it consists of a green bar from the ends of which, via chain links, a pink tourmaline drop is suspended, the triangle thus formed being defined by round cabochon stones. It bridges in style Art Nouveau and Art Deco.

The sole pair of ear-rings I chose—they are an impediment for someone who has to spend much time on the telephone—were modern but from their design could have been early Victorian. In 18 carat

yellow gold and diamonds, three little cascades of leaves fall from a trefoil top, moving most prettily as they are worn. These came from Collingwood at Harrod's. I succumbed entirely to another modern piece by one of today's most talented jewellers, Inge Bratman. At Hennell's of Davies Street I found her necklace in 18 carat gold, satin finished, set with diamonds and marquise-cut andalusites, those lovely stones which can appear pink or green or mauve according to the angle from which you view them.

Finally, speeding with my booty down Brompton



Road, my eye was caught by the pretty, heavily beaded and highly ornamental evening bag by Fiori (and FGM had said "... any item" I wanted); so I rounded off my haul with that.

It was all a dream, of course. I have no Fairy Godmother. But I had a lot of fun making my choices.

Double row of graduated opals with rock crystal roundels and opal and diamond clasp, £12,000 from Asprey's, 165/169 New Bond Street, W1. Victorian diamond bangle, with central cluster convertible into a

ring, £2,500 from Richard Ogden, 28/29 Burlington Arcade, W1. 18 carat gold figure ring, £318 from Stuart Devlin, 25 Conduit Street, W1. Art Nouveau ring in 18 carat gold with diamond, £2,500 from Young Stephen, 1 Burlington Gardens, W1. 18 carat gold, diamond and emerald bombe ring, £11,250 from Kutichinsky, 73 Brompton Road, SW3. Sapphire beads, diamond and emerald necklace, £31,570 from Boucheron, 180 New Bond Street, W1. 18 carat yellow gold and diamond drop ear-rings, £3,100 from Collingwood at Harrod's, SW1. 18 carat gold, diamond

and enamel bow brooch watch, £1,350 from Garrard's, 112 Regent Street, W1. Italian cameo brooch with black enamel and diamond setting, £2,500 from Wartski, 14 Grafton Street, W1. Tourmaline brooch set with emeralds and diamonds, £1,050 from John Joseph, Stand no 30, Bond Street Antique Market, New Bond Street, W1. Satin-finished 18 carat gold necklaces set with diamonds and andalusites, detachable central pendant, by Inge Bratman, £7,000 from Hennell's, 1 Davies Street, W1. Bead-embroidered evening bag, £149.95 from Fiori, 27 Brompton Road, SW3.

High tech jewelry

by Ursula Robertshaw

If I had to select one British jeweller as representative of the space age, it would have to be Wendy Ramshaw, internationally acclaimed for her superbly crafted, or perhaps one should say engineered, geometric jewelry. Sophisticated, spare, uncompromising, it has found its way into public collections which include the Victoria and Albert Museum, the Philadelphia Museum of Art, the Australian National Gallery in Canberra, and the collection of the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths; and it is worn by some of the smartest women in the world.

At the Victoria and Albert Museum from October 6 Wendy Ramshaw's latest and most exciting development is revealed: a collaboration with Wedgwood to produce a collection of more than 100 designs for neckpieces, necklaces, pins, brooches and ear-rings, some individual, some in a series to form limited editions, some in unlimited editions. The exhibition shows 70 of these designs. In a 200-year tradition of patronizing contemporary artists and craftsmen, this is the first time Wedgwood has ever collaborated with a jeweller; the nearest approach was in the 18th century when Matthew Boulton supplied attractive metal mounts for small objects made from Jasper ware.

Jasper is again being used for the Ramshaw jewelry, but here it is as beads, specially made in various geometric shapes to the designer's specification. The smallest beads are 3mm by 2mm, the largest 6cm across. Scaled drawings were provided for each bead, the production of which included hand-throwing and turning on a lathe, together with, in some cases, hand-application of slip to produce two-colour beads. The beads are used with gold, silver and other metals, and sometimes with semi-precious stones, to create some of the most startling jewelry seen for some time.

One of the most important pieces is a one-off creation worn on the neck; Ramshaw herself calls it a neckpiece, I call it a neck sculpture. Made from 18 carat yellow gold with white Jasper hand-pressed forms and hand-turned beads, it is three-dimensional and, rather like a mobile, the components change their position with relation to each other according to whereabouts round the neck they are worn.

The collaboration has proved doubly fruitful, for if Wedgwood has inspired Ramshaw, equally Ramshaw has inspired Wedgwood. Among the designs are five unique pairs of ear-rings, each based on a central disc of five new kinds of Jasper ware. 'All are speckled, reminiscent of birds' eggs, in subtle, delicate colours. Wedgwood are at present unforthcoming about these



Neckpiece, £1,380. Left, necklace in white Jasper of hand-turned beads (with one lilac Jasper bead) with silver gilt beads and catch, £425; ear-ring in 18 carat gold with a pink and white Jasper hand-pressed disc embellished with cornelians and citrine, £632.50 the pair.

new ceramics, but betray excitement and the fact that they will be developing them to extend their use. For the ear-rings the ceramic discs are highlighted by the gold setting, soldered into position around a central hole.

The most wearable pieces are delightful long bead necklaces, like the one which has blue hand-turned and dipped Jasper beads combined with gold and silver beads inlaid with vitreous enamels; and several long pins in Black Basalt combined with gold.

Because of the hand processes involved, the limited edition pieces are expensive, ranging up to about £3,000; but small unlimited pieces start from about £50.

Celestial Catherine-wheels

by Patrick Moore

It has long been known that the Galaxy, of which our Sun is such an undistinguished member, is a flattened system. It is made up of about 100,000 million stars, some of which are a great deal more powerful than the Sun, together with clouds of dust and gas known as nebulae. When we look along the main plane of the system we see many stars in almost the same line of sight, producing the lovely Milky Way band. The centre of the Galaxy is a somewhat mysterious place; we cannot see it directly because there is too much obscuring material in the way, but its distance from us is of the order of 30,000 light-years. The entire Galaxy is rotating. The Sun takes approximately 225 million years to complete one journey round the galactic nucleus.

Seen from above or below the Galaxy would look like a vast spiral; the Sun lies near the edge of one of the spiral arms. Such a shape is not unexpected. Many galaxies also show spiral forms, sometimes face-on to us (like the lovely Whirlpool Galaxy in the constellation of the Hunting Dogs) and sometimes placed at a narrow angle (like the Andromeda Galaxy, which is decidedly larger than our own and at its distance of 2.2 million light-years one of the nearest of all external systems).

Some of the spirals are tight-wound, others are so loose that the spiral arms are difficult to trace. There are also many galaxies which show no trace of spirality and are either elliptical, globular or even completely irregular in shape.

Since our Galaxy is rotating, it would seem that the spiral arms should wind up and disappear in a relatively short period because the regions closer to the nucleus revolve faster than those farther out (just as in the Solar System the innermost planet, Mercury, has the quickest orbital motion and the outer planets, Neptune and Pluto, the slowest). The age of the Galaxy is certainly over 5,000 million years and therefore we have to find some way of explaining the present Catherine-wheel shape.

It seems that the essential key is to be found in the movement of rotation. Elliptical and globular galaxies have almost no interstellar material left: all of it has been turned into stars, which is why these galaxies are often more luminous than the spirals. In the irregular galaxies, such as the southern Magellanic Clouds, there is still a good deal of interstellar material left, but the systems are not rotating rapidly. Presumably those differences between types of galaxies are concerned with their original mode of formation. We have to admit that the basic causes are as yet poorly understood, but at least we are learning something about the evolution of the spirals.



Plan and side elevation of our Galaxy.

What apparently happens is that as the system rotates, waves of density are set up in the gas, having some of the characteristics of sound waves. The density wave pattern rotates more slowly than the actual stars, therefore new stars form in these denser regions, and mark out the spiral arms. The arms begin to wind up; the massive, luminous stars which have been produced in them soon use up their nuclear fuel and disappear, either by exploding as supernovae or by losing their mass more gently in the form of what may be termed stellar wind. As the luminous stars disappear, the density wave pattern moves on and the optimum conditions for star formation move along with it.

Consequently no spiral arm is a permanent feature, but as old arms vanish as their luminous stars cease to shine, new spiral arms are formed. Triggering-off of star formation may also be due to the death throes of the previous generation, when supernova outbursts produce regions of compression.

All these ideas are comparatively new; the old theory—that elliptical galaxies evolved into spirals, or vice versa—has to all intents and purposes been given up, though recent results from the Siding Spring Observatory in Australia indicate that in some cases there may be a complicated evolutionary story. In any case our overall knowledge of the life stories of galaxies is far from satisfactory, and all branches of astronomy have to be used, ranging from radio astronomy down to researches in the very short wavelengths. We have come a long way since 1845, when the third Earl of Rosse used his home-made 72 inch reflecting telescope to observe the first spiral forms in galaxies, but we still have a long way to go.



Blue bead necklace, £552; bead necklace of 18 carat yellow gold beads with white enamel bands and two-tone blue dipped and hand-turned Jasper beads, £1,035.

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The attractive enamel on copper box illustrated above has been specially produced for readers of *The Illustrated London News* in an edition of only 200 by Halcyon Days, the firm responsible for the renaissance of Bilston enamels.

The Yeoman Warder of the Tower of London, "Harry the Beefeater" as he was affectionately known, decorates the lid of the box. He holds in his hand the first page of the first issue of *The Illustrated London News*, dated May 14, 1842. He was during the 1920s and 30s the paper's symbol, and his effigy in plaster was to be seen on the counters of newsagents who sold it. He was also made in china by Royal Doulton between about 1924 and 1938, in limited numbers.

On the box lid our Yeoman Warder has been specially drawn for us by Michael Elleswei. Round the side of the box appears a delicately coloured panorama of the London skyline, centred on St Paul's, which is still the magazine's masthead. Inside the lid are the words "The Illustrated London News Collector's Box", and its number in the series, for example 32/200.

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PEOPLE WHO DRINK BEEFEATER
AREN'T GREEN ABOUT GIN.

A cottage garden for today

by Nancy-Mary Goodall

Early this century the ideal garden was a cottage garden, with dovecotes, sundials and maybe topiary; and it would be crammed with flowers such as hollyhocks, roses, lavender and Sweet Williams. Then, a few years later, "olde worlde" gardens were laughed at and superseded by sophisticated, non-upkeep gardens, all shrubs and lawns, and later still by smart paved patios, outdoor rooms with a minimum of shrubs, and ground cover tricked out in summer with bright bedding plants.

Now there is a swing back to the growing of flowers in lush profusion. There is a new interest in cottage gardening and even a Cottage Garden Society (write to Mrs Judi Kay, 3 Halkyn Hall, Pentre Halkyn, Holywell, Clwyd). But just what cottage gardening means is difficult to define. The garden of the genuine cottager was a hit-and-miss affair; a straight path would lead up to a front porch which might or might not be wreathed in honeysuckle and roses. The path was edged with a rough collection of bright flowers which could include such treasures as madonna lilies, while rhubarb, gooseberry bushes and cabbages lurked at the sides. The back garden at

its best was full of apple trees with whitewashed trunks growing in rough grass. There might be a potato patch and currant bushes, children playing on a swing, or beehives, or a goat. There might be a functional well. But the garden was a working area and if you found it beautiful it was through no calculation on anybody's part.

Today farm workers prefer modern houses and the old, low-beamed cottages have been modernized by retired commuters and their like. How will these newcomers plan their gardens, and how can their contemporaries in suburbs and estates, perhaps a little bored by non-upkeep gardens, recapture the exuberance of the cottage garden of the past?

To sustain a tumbling mass of colour takes forethought. There is nothing harder to achieve than an unstudied effect, where poppies and love-in-a-mist spring up unheralded in new places every year. You need all kinds of plants: shrubs, perennials, bulbs, annuals and biennials, so it is a help to have a reserve bed where plants can be rested or brought on from seed. Roses are essential but many, not all, of the old classic roses bloom only once a year and may not pull their weight in a small garden. Study the catalogues of David Austin, Bowling Green Lane, Albright-

on, Wolverhampton and Peter Beales, Intwood Nurseries, Swardeston, Norwich for old roses, and modern ones with the old shapes, fragrances and soft colours but with stronger constitutions. Two of my favourite big shrub roses are Fritz Nobis and Sarah van Fleet and I have just noted a new one from Le Grice Roses, Norwich Road, North Walsham, Norfolk, which lives up to its name, Pearl Drift.

When choosing shrubs for a cottage garden avoid recent introductions from the east such as rhododendrons and go for the really old ones: lilac and philadelphus, tree mallows, brooms and hypericums, *Daphne mezereum* and the old shrubby herbs, sage and rue, lavender and rosemary. Bay and box are both splendid for topiary. A topiary bird in yew took me only three years to establish on a framework of wire coat hangers and bamboo. A cottage vegetable garden need not be hidden if it is prettily edged with pinks, or thrift, or chives, or wild strawberries, and it could be entered through a rose arch.

Here are some perennials for a cottage garden. I would choose delphiniums if they can be protected from slugs, fed, and staked in time. Among the summer daisies, *Anthemis tinctoria* is yellow, *Chrysanthemum maximum* is white, erigerons are pink or mauve. For

spiky shapes at the front *Salvia superba* is purple-blue, *Sisyrinchium striatum*, pale yellow, *Stachys lanata*, silver. For clouds of tiny, acid-yellow stars plant *Alchemilla mollis*, for large dark blue ones tradescantia, for massed low-growing pink flowers *Oxalis articulata*, *Geranium endressii*, or prunella. *Lychnis chaldeonica* and monarda Cambridge Scarlet are the reddest red. *Lilium regale* is the purest white. Favourite biennials would include wall flowers, stocks, double daisies, forget-me-nots, penstemons and Canterbury Bells. But how can I list them all? I suggest you go and see them.

By a paradox there is superb cottage gardening at one of our stateliest homes, Hatfield House, 21 miles north of London on the A1 with a station at the gate connecting with the London Underground. The Marchioness of Salisbury has made a Tudor knot garden as it would have been, with the old cottage flowers. There is also a scented garden, a west garden, an east garden (open Mondays only) and a maze. All are relaxed, carefree and luxurious. Foxgloves and mulleins, pansies and violas seem to have come up at random in just the right places. Only when you have tried it yourself will you appreciate the artfulness that goes into it and the fun when you succeed ●

THE TEASET THAT WAS TREASURED BY THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.



Index-linked gilts

by John Gaselee

A few years ago, when inflation was running at exceptionally high rates, most people wanted their investments to be "index-linked" so that the "purchasing power" of capital could be maintained. At that time the fixed returns available from gilt-edged securities, building society deposits and other safe forms of investment did not keep pace with inflation, especially after tax deductions. Insurance companies and others realized there was a keen demand for index-linking, but were generally unwilling to offer it because in turn there were no suitable areas of investment giving an index-linked guarantee.

The government was seen as the only agency which could offer such a guarantee. It had in mind the interests of taxpayers (who, in the long run, meet such guarantees) and was unwilling to introduce index-linked securities while it could borrow on terms lower than the rate of inflation at the time.

In June, 1975, the government introduced an index-linked issue of National Savings Certificates, popularly known as Granny Bonds, since they were available only to those over State retirement age. Later the age limit was

reduced to 50 and in September, 1981 it was removed altogether. As the rate of inflation dropped, so index-linked certificates became less popular.

In the 1981 Budget the Chancellor of the Exchequer announced the first issue of index-linked gilt-edged securities. For most people this was of only academic interest as these stocks could be bought only by pension funds, operating on a tax-free basis. But the 1982 Budget opened up investment in gilt-edged stocks to everyone. So far there has been no wild rush by the investing public, but that may be because inflation has not been at a high level. Once it takes off, index-linked securities are likely to become much more popular since fixed interest rates, though they can be expected to rise, are unlikely to keep pace with inflation.

Index-linked gilts do not work in quite the same way as index-linked National Savings Certificates. In common with other gilts they are bought and sold in the market and their prices are therefore determined by supply and demand. In practice, prices of index-linked gilt-edged securities are often likely to move in the opposite direction to those of fixed interest gilts. If inflation appears to be falling, there is likely to be greater demand for gilts giving a guaranteed return in excess of

the rate of inflation at the time. When, however, inflation is rising, there is more demand for index-linked gilts since their return will match inflation, which may well exceed the return obtainable from fixed interest stocks.

The principle behind index-linked stocks is not as complicated as some people suggest. As with other gilt-edged stocks, you are thinking of each £100 nominal of stock—irrespective of its price at the time in the market. The government provides two guarantees throughout the lifetime of any particular index-linked gilt-edged stock. First, during the term the nominal value of the stock will be increased in line with inflation, as measured by the Retail Price Index. It is important to remember that the guarantee of index-linking applies only on the final redemption date. If stock is sold in the market at any time before redemption there is no guarantee that the appreciation will match inflation; it may be more, or less. In exceptional circumstances the value of the stock can drop.

The second guarantee is that the initial modest yield (2 or 2½ per cent calculated on the nominal value of stock) will increase to keep pace with inflation. For both capital and income it is not the current RPI figure which is used but that of eight months earlier.

Capital appreciation is not subject to capital gains tax unless any stock is sold or redeemed within 12 months of acquisition. In that event capital gains tax may be charged, although total gains of up to £5,000 a year are exempt (we have been told this limit will be increased each year in line with inflation). The rising income is taxable, as investment income, in the normal way.

Perhaps the greatest impact made by index-linked stocks is that they have set a standard by which other investments can be judged. Any investor now knows that it is more or less possible for the purchasing power of capital to be maintained without any tax deduction.

An important change concerning other forms of investment is that capital gains up to the rate of inflation will be free from capital gains tax, apart from the first year of ownership. Many investments should be able to beat inflation, but there is a risk involved. Index-linked gilt-edged securities provide a cast-iron guarantee until redemption; 1988 is the first year in which such a stock will be redeemed.

The introduction of index-linked stocks has meant that a wide variety of index-linked contracts are now available, including index-linked pensions. Obviously the cost is high, but the peace of mind could be great.

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Royal Crown Derby

Automatic growth

by Stuart Marshall

The gearbox as we know it today has been around for nearly 90 years. The maker of the first car to use one, Panhard Levassor, is said to have commented that it was a brutal mechanism but it worked and would do until someone invented something better.

For early automobilists changing gear was difficult and often noisy. The popularity of the steam car in the first 20 years of this century had a lot to do with avoiding the need for gear changing. Silent changes demanded skill in matching the speed of the engine to that of the transmission. Older motorists will remember double declutching; you accelerated the engine momentarily with the gear lever in neutral and the clutch engaged when changing down, or paused to let the revs drop when changing up.

Synchromesh, which eliminated the need for double-declutching because it synchronized the engine speed with that of the transmission, began to make life easier for the less skilful motorist in the 1930s. At first it assisted changes only between top and third, then it spread to second gear in four-speed boxes. Even in the 1960s there were still cars with unsynchronized first gears which needed as much skill for silent engagement as vehicles had half a century earlier.

Except in the USA, four- or increasingly five-speed synchromesh transmission remains the norm. However, the goal of the automotive industry is automatic transmission which relieves the driver of the need to shift gear without increasing the car's fuel consumption. Automatics have been in use for 50 years in the USA, where very large engines and dirt-cheap petrol made their relative inefficiency acceptable. A whole generation of American drivers emerged who accepted that a car had two pedals, not three, and did not understand the function of a manual gear shift.

The great majority of automatic transmissions in use today are basically similar. The clutch is replaced by a hydraulic torque converter, which gradually takes up the drive as the engine is accelerated and also increases the power the engine feeds through to the wheels over a limited speed range. Because of this limitation the torque converter is linked to a three- or four-speed gearbox which changes up or down automatically according to the road speed of the car and the load on the engine.

Automatics are smoother than manual gearbox cars and, given normal driving techniques, accelerate as quickly, but they use more fuel because of slippage in the hydraulic torque converter. Attention is being concentrated on eliminating this slip-

page so that in top the automatic works with the same efficiency as a manual transmission. A new BMW with a mechanical clutch which "bridges" the torque converter in overdrive fourth is even more economical than the manual gearbox model. That is because it has been found possible to combine the automatic transmission with a fourth gear so high that it would be inappropriate for a manual gearbox car—a careless driver might try to use it at too low a speed. With automatic transmission, that cannot happen.

The richest prize will go to the manufacturer who produces a two-pedal transmission efficient and cheap enough to go into the smallest-engined, lowest-priced family car. The torque converter transmission is a complicated device. With its control mechanism, its value is equal to that of the engine and clutch of a cheap car and its slippage losses have made it unsuitable for cars of less than about 1,200 cc. But the smaller the engine, the greater need there is to change gear to achieve satisfactory performance, and thus the greater the desirability of having automatic transmission.

It is a classic dilemma which will be resolved by advancing technology. DAF of Holland thought it had the answer 20 years ago with a very simple transmission using a rubber belt running over a pulley which varied in diameter according to driving conditions. It is still used in improved form by Volvo (who bought DAF's car interests) in the 3-series car. Though convenient, it is fussy in stop-start traffic and can be rough when selecting forward or reverse. Fiat and Borg Warner were hoping to develop a much more sophisticated form of this transmission for the medium-size Strada, but things have not run as smoothly as the partners anticipated.

But the cheap automatic will come. Larger cars (over 1.5 litres) will probably continue to have automatic transmission developed from existing torque converter and self-changing gearbox types. The small car's transmission will be different in principle and might well be based on a centrifugal clutch and the good old synchromesh gearbox, in which shifts are made when a micro-chip *knows* it is the best moment and not when a driver thinks it is.

This will be part of a bigger programme of change in which the micro-chip will take over all the work of driving a car with the exception of steering and stopping it—and even these functions will be aided by some tiny, unseen electronic hand.

Opponents of automatic transmission still argue that it takes the fun out of driving. I am sure the diehards of the 1930s said the same of synchromesh. What really matters is that it makes driving less fatiguing if you do not have to change gear.

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**"What a bit of luck.
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Little-known Fronsac

by Peta Fordham

Fronsac, one of the most pleasing areas of Bordeaux, lies downstream from Libourne on the north bank of the Dordogne. It is a charmingly varied landscape of gently rolling hills and green fields against the darker tones of the vineyards. The hills are part of the same outcrop which rises to the sudden perch of St Emilion; and there are similarities of soil and climate which often produce wines resembling both this well known appellation and some of nearby Pomerol. The eyes of the visitor who approaches Fronsac from the Médoc (which is, frankly, scenically dull) will light pleasantly on different surroundings and, if he troubles to climb the steep ascent to La Tertre, the highest point in the Côtes de Fronsac, he will find what is probably the finest panorama in Bordeaux.

The vineyards which clothe these gentle slopes are among the oldest in France. They made wine which was well known to medieval Europe and it seems to have reached our shores. There is evidence that wines were being shipped to many destinations from Condat, now merely a suburb of Libourne, long before the Roman Occupation; for it was only later, when the Gironde estuary had been dredged, that Bordeaux became the main port of the area. It was Charlemagne who, when he liberated Aquitaine from the barbarians in 769, built the fort, now destroyed, which stood on the rise of La Tertre. When Aquitaine passed into British hands in the 12th century by the marriage of Henry II to Eleanor of Aquitaine, we garrisoned both St Emilion and Libourne and it would have been mainly the local wines of Fronsac which Henry drank.

After such connexions, it was sad that these wines went into oblivion with the English. They have been consistently of high quality (Charlemagne recognized this—he issued a protective edict that the barrels should always be protected by iron hoops when transported) and there seems no explanation for the decline. The region acquired an unpleasant notoriety when it was among the first to be devastated by the phylloxera which subsequently spread rapidly to the Médoc. A few wine merchants have continued to list a Fronsac wine or two; and, as Edmund Penning-Rowsell points out in his book, *The Wines of Bordeaux*, Berry Bros supplied a regular order to George V's physician, Lord Dawson, who "liked a reliable bottle of claret a day". Some St James's clubs have also had them on their lists. But if the autumn auction at Sotheby's is successful it looks as though the public will have a chance of trying many more of these wines.

Their characteristics (and I speak only of the reds, since there is no com-

mercial production of white wine) are those of extreme fullness and roundness and a peculiarly powerful bouquet, and they are a rich ruby colour. They include a number which, owing to a full tannin content, lend themselves especially to laying down. I had the opportunity of tasting a number of these recently and was immensely impressed by their quality. The region is divided into Fronsac and Côtes Canon-Fronsac (the Côtes, as usual, being considered the superior) and among the latter I was able to follow through a number of vintages of Château Dalem (not, I think, one of the best known) which were quite delicious and supple, and which looked like a very good buy. This château showed another interesting characteristic of the region—a remarkable "sweet" nose; not connected with sugar, for the wine is dry, but with an underlying fruitiness which is one of its most endearing features. Château Rouet is old established and better known, though it was destroyed wantonly by the Germans in 1940 and rebuilt by the owner, M Danglade, with great care.

It showed consistently well and out of 25 houses it was difficult to find a wine that was not extremely acceptable. The main differences lay in the stage of the wines' development and in assessing at which point they would reach their top. In almost every case they need quite a lot of bottle-age to show at their best. I still remain puzzled as to why they have not been around before, a view apparently shared by much greater authorities than myself. Alexis Lichine, for instance, in his *Guide to the Wines and Vineyards of France*, writes that "though the quality can be uneven, as is true in all of the less frequented vineyard regions, the best of Fronsac can be very good indeed. In many cases they surpass St Emilion's wines, displaying unusual fullness and ability to age well." And David Pepper-corn's new book, *Bordeaux*, describes them as "the finest wine outside the great districts".

The difficulty of writing in advance (in the hope that readers may profit by getting ahead of publicity) is to direct to a stockist. By the end of October some of the wine now lying in bond should be getting around. Meanwhile, it is worth trying La Reserve, 17 Walton St, SW3 (01 584 5170), where there are a Château Plantey 1964 at £5.95 and an extremely choice Château Junayme 1955 for £11.95.

Wine of the Month

Quarles Harris *Old Tawny Port* is one of those "easy", universally liked ports which are an invaluable standby. About £7.25 a bottle from Phipps Johnson, 24 South Road, Amersham, Bucks (02403 21311) or Arkell's, Kingsdown Brewery, Upper Stratton, Swindon (0793 823 026). Carriage according to quantity ●



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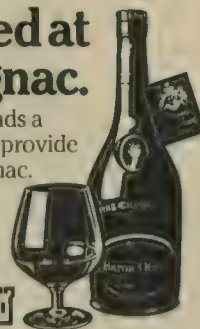
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TRAVEL

Taking a short break

by David Tennant

One of the most successful promotions of the English Tourist Board is its guide to short (mainly over a week-end) off-season holidays at bargain prices in hotels all over the country. Produced in collaboration with the hotel industry the guide celebrates its 10th anniversary this year. Called simply *Let's Go*, the 1982/83 edition lists in detail over 1,000 hotels in cities and towns, in the countryside and around the coast.

The guide is divided geographically into the 12 regional tourist board areas, with a general information section explaining the ETB's hotel bedroom grading scheme which applies to all entries. Prices are per person with two sharing and include VAT and where applicable the service charge. The holidays are available from now to the spring, except for the Christmas and New Year periods when special rates normally apply. The guide is obtainable free of charge from tourist information bureaux or post paid from the address at the end of this article.

One of the most charming and unusual small hotels in which I have stayed is the Lord Crewe Arms at Blanchland, a picturesque village in County Durham. Parts date from the 12th century and it is reputedly haunted. Its bar was once part of the next-door abbey crypt and in winter log fires burn in the huge medieval fireplace. With 17 rooms (half with bathroom) any two nights from Friday dinner to Monday breakfast with half board plus Sunday lunch cost between £40 and £45.

I am pleased to see that The Judge's Lodging in York, is in the guide. This 12-roomed Georgian building in the heart of the city has been turned into a beautiful hotel, superbly furnished with modern amenities and a first-class cuisine. Any two nights through to early May cost £49 for accommodation and Continental breakfast with a daily allowance of £9.50 towards the à la carte dinner.

Ever since my national service when I was stationed in Hereford for six months I have had a great liking for this town. One of my favourite hostels in those days was the Green Dragon Hotel, a former coaching house which is now part of the Trusthouse Forte group. It has kept its charm and high standards. All the 88 bedrooms have a bathroom, colour TV and tea- and coffee-making equipment. Here a two-night weekend with dinner, bed and breakfast costs £45 until the end of February, with three- and four-night stays also available *pro rata*.

A hotel which I enjoy returning to (not least for its cooking) in summer or winter is the White Hart at Dorchester-on-Thames, a few miles south of Oxford. Originally a 17th-century inn

with well preserved wooden beams and open fireplaces, it is owner-managed and offers both top-grade comfort and service with every modern amenity. From Friday dinner to Sunday breakfast the cost is £55, which includes a daily £9 allowance for the à la carte dinner and a Saturday snack lunch.

Early this summer I spent a night at the Greenbank Hotel in Falmouth, which is right on the harbour's edge and has magnificent views from all the public rooms and many bedrooms. Although the port's oldest hotel, it has been discreetly modernized and all the rooms have a bathroom or shower and lavatory. Any two nights from Friday dinner to Tuesday breakfast with half board cost £42.50.

Set in 14 acres of parkland, the Lythe Hill Hotel at Haslemere in Surrey has long been regarded as one of that county's leading hostels. Based on a 14th-century house which has been much extended and modernized, it has 34 rooms with a sauna, tennis courts, a croquet lawn and both fishing and golf near by. And if you come by train a courtesy car picks you up at the station. Any two nights here with dinner, bed and breakfast (or lunch as alternative) cost between £58.50 and £63.50.

And finally in the London area there are more than 80 hotels listed with bed and breakfast only, giving maximum freedom. The hotels range from the 85-bedroom Edwardian in Kensington (£16 for any two nights with Continental breakfast) to the Ritz itself, where you can luxuriate over any two nights between Friday and Monday with a full breakfast for £64.

But the ETB is not alone in promoting these holidays, for the Wales Tourist Board has produced a similar guide called *340 Great Little Breaks in Wales* which is now in its eighth year.

In addition to the hotels, guest-houses and self-catering accommodation listed, there is a colour section on the country, activity holidays and "attractions that never close", and booking forms are included. The country is divided into three tourist regions—north, mid and south Wales—and there are details of the holidays available from now through to the spring or early summer. As 1983 is the "Year of the Castles" in the principality some of the short breaks include visits to a number of these.

Again, I am favourably impressed with the moderate prices. For example, one medium-sized country house hotel at Betws-y-Coed in north Wales offers free golf with its £31 to £33 two-night, half-board stay. And the long-established Imperial Hotel at Llandudno, which has a sauna, gymnasium, games room and solarium, charges a reasonable £37.50 for dinner, bed and breakfast for any two nights.

In mid Wales the Lake Hotel at Llangammarch Wells (about 6 miles

from Builth) has its own 2½ acre lake (trout fishing throughout the season, salmon from late January), small golf course and beautiful grounds. A two-night stay here with full board costs £38 until the end of March.

One of the most pleasant and best run hotels in south Wales, the St Brides at Saundersfoot near Tenby, is charging either £27.50 or £37.50 according to season for a two-night, half-board week-end to include a dinner dance on Saturday evenings. Their *de luxe* week-end at £50 a head guarantees a room with a sea view (quite spectacular) and an à la carte menu at dinner.

The guide book is available free of charge from main travel agents or post paid from the address below.

Regrettably the Scottish Tourist Board has not published a similar guide for Scotland. But there are many such week-ends being promoted by the hotels, details of which can be supplied by leading travel agencies. A good example is the "Lazydays" programme of the Ladbroke group of hotels (they have seven in Scotland from Wick in the far north down to Moffat on the edge of the Borders). A two-night week-end with half board ranges from £43 to £51 including VAT. At their splendid new Dragonara Hotel in Edinburgh, overlooking the Water of Leith, they are running a series of "Heritage Week-ends" throughout the winter to the end of March. The cost is £48 for half board and includes free entry to the castle, the "Edinburgh Experience" (an effective audio-visual show) and a not too strenuous guided walking tour of part of the city. And with this they also offer substantially reduced rail fares (both first and second class) from all over the UK.

One of the most comprehensive programmes for Christmas is that of Trusthouse Forte under their "High-time" label, with a special brochure. They have divided the 130 or so participating hotels from Aviemore to Plymouth into two main groups—"celebration" with lots of activity and entertainment and "peace and quiet" with the accent on relaxation. Costs, which range from £33 to £70 a night for a minimum of three or four nights, include full board (with traditional Christmas fare), entertainment as outlined, VAT and service. In London, however, five hotels charge £20 to £30 a night for bed and breakfast with other meals as required. The brochure is available from travel agencies and all THF hotels.

Let's Go, Admail 14, London SW1W 0YE. *Great Little Breaks*, Wales Tourist Board, PO Box 1, Cardiff CF1 2XN. Trusthouse Forte, Paramount House, 71 Uxbridge Road, London W5 5SL. Ladbroke Hotels, Lazydays Holidays, PO Box 137, Watford, Herts WD1 1DN.

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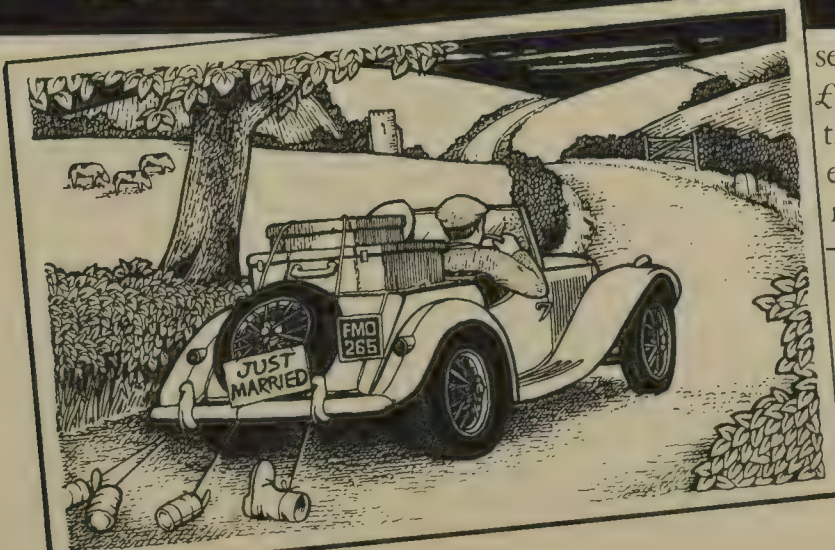
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DO/ENI



BY JAMES BISHOP



Recent fiction

by Sally Emerson

Monsignor Quixote

by Graham Greene
Bodley Head, £5.95

Chronicle of a Death Foretold

by Gabriel Garcia Marquez
Cape, £5.95

Father Quixote is the gentle, unworldly parish priest of a small village in—where else?—La Mancha. His quiet life pottering round the village listening to the problems of the garagist and the butcher is interrupted by the arrival of a worldly Italian bishop, who is so impressed by the horse-meat steak Quixote gives him and by the priest's skill in starting up his Mercedes (Quixote fills its tank with petrol) that on his return to Rome he elevates the Father to Monsignor. Quixote's own bishop is enraged and suggests he leave the village to find "a wider scope for your activities". The bishop has always been dubious about Quixote—"How can he be descended from a fictional ancestor?" he grumbles.

Mournfully, Quixote takes to the road like his ancestor before him. His companions are the communist ex-mayor, whom he nicknames Sancho, and his senile car, a Seat 600, affectionately known as "my Rocinante". Instead of outdated books on chivalry, this Quixote carries with him the works of St John of the Cross, St Teresa, St Francis de Sales, Father Heribert Jone and the Gospels. The goodness and innocence which make him live out the instructions of these works of the saints lead him into much the same trouble in the 20th century as Don Quixote's reading led him into three centuries earlier. While the former Quixote freed a galley-slave, this one hides a bank robber in the boot of his beloved old car: "He asked me to help him. He said he was falsely accused and confused with another man." The Mayor Sancho responds incredulously: "With a revolver hole in his trousers?"

The windmills with which Quixote battles are La Guardia, the police who wave their arms around and keep turning up like clockwork to try to arrest the kindly old gentlemen. Our heroes manage to get themselves into hilarious scrapes which become less hilarious and sadder as the tone of the novel darkens and we are led towards some understanding of love, and of the nature of goodness as embodied in the character of Quixote.

But this is not a sombre book. It is funny and wise and never ponderous, although it would make dangerous matter in the hands of almost any other writer: discussion between the communist and the Catholic about the relation between fact and fiction, doubt and faith, and about how Marx is misunderstood and Catholic law interpreted.

These dialogues are informed throughout with humour and with a certain air of bewilderment: both men are questioning, seeking to understand, delighted to find something good to be said for the opposite point of view, and yet both solidly behind their own doctrines.

The deepest pleasure lies in the characters of Sancho and Quixote. As I read I tried to think of whom Quixote reminded me so strongly, for it certainly was not his ancestor Quixote. The character is Mole from *The Wind in the Willows*, wide-eyed, unworldly, interested in Ratty's surprising opinions and sophisticated fare as Quixote is interested in the wines, Marxist ideas, sucking pigs, and the blue movie (*A Maiden's Prayer*—he thought it would be quite a different kind of film) provided by Sancho. Quixote's innocence is impregnable. He tastes of the world but is not tainted. He chuckles at contraceptives which he blows up like balloons, laughs at the idea of his sleeping in a brothel (of course he locks the door) and is angered only by grosser sins—a priest encouraging an image of Our Lady to be covered with money to make himself rich.

This is a profound, questioning novel, far more of a whole than Graham Greene's last two, *The Human Factor* and *The Honorary Consul*. In spite of his scrapes and the ridiculous purple nylon socks Sancho insists he wears, Quixote gains in tragic stature as the novel progresses, in part because he remains the man he is, someone without sin, with humanity, whatever happens to him. *Monsignor Quixote* ends in a shiver, after its hero's death, as his old friend the mayor wonders, "Why is it that hate of a man—even of a man like Franco—dies with his death, and yet love, the love which he had begun to feel for Father Quixote, seemed now to live and grow in spite of the final separation and the final silence—for how long, he wondered with a kind of fear, was it possible for that love of his to continue? And to what end?"

The style of Marquez is equally spare and powerful. *Chronicle of a Death Foretold* has a restrained tone which understates the horror in his portrait of a town waiting for a man to die: dusty almond trees, the heat, the apathy of the people, are all re-created by an unnamed narrator who goes there to reconstruct the details of the violent murder which occurred 23 years before in the small South American community. We learn the reason behind the killing: on the night of her wedding a young woman was discovered by her husband not to be a virgin and so the next morning her brothers brutally killed the man she named as her lover. But we never know whether or not the dead man really was her lover. It is a puzzle without a solution. Time has altered memories, made people add details to that morning, made the truth quite impossible to find.

Other new books

The Mary Rose

by Margaret Rule
Conway Maritime Press, £12.50

How We Found the Mary Rose

by Alexander McKee
Souvenir Press, £8.95

The Story of the Mary Rose

by Ernie Bradford
Hamish Hamilton, £9.95

Here are three books on one of the most exciting archaeological projects of the decade, all written and published before the remains of the hull of Henry VIII's flagship were successfully brought to the surface. Margaret Rule is director of the project and her book, which describes the work of excavation and the plans for the raising of the vessel, is the most comprehensive and authoritative, and also the most moving, mainly because of her personal involvement with this dramatic story. Alexander McKee also has a personal story to tell, for it was his obsession and determination that led to the discovery of the wreck, and he writes vividly. Ernie Bradford presents a more impersonal account of the whole project, including the problems of fund-raising, which are inevitably less exciting than those of ship-raising.

Brief Lives

by Alan Watkins
Hamish Hamilton, £8.95

Alan Watkins has borrowed John Aubrey's title and one or two of his stylistic devices to present pen-portraits (many supplemented by Marc's lively caricatures) of 29 contemporaries, most of them politicians or media people. The three criteria the author adopted were that he should know or have known them personally, that he should have a certain affection for them, and that they should have had some influence on his life. As profiles they are entertaining enough but tend to be superficial and lack the bite which the choice of title suggests.

No Turn Unstoned

compiled by Diana Rigg
Elm Tree Books, £6.95

It is unkind perhaps to dig out and republish old reviews of theatrical disasters, but it certainly provides plenty of laughs, and as many of the most waspish critical comments have been sent to the author by the subjects themselves there is probably no harm done. The author includes the comment made in *New York Magazine* after her appearance in the nude in *Abelard and Heloise*, "Diana Rigg is built like a brick mausoleum with insufficient flying buttresses", and there are many examples of the brief comments that American reviewers seem to specialize in ("If you ask me what *Uncle Vanya* is about, I

would say about as much as I can take", and "the play opened at 8.40 sharp and closed at 10.40 dull") as well as some biting and sometimes desperate examples from the longer reviews.

My Mad World of Opera

by Harold Rosenthal
Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £10.95

This is a critic's account of how he contracted the disease of operamania, how it developed into an obsession and finally became a complete way of life. Harold Rosenthal is editor of *Opera* magazine and as such is undoubtedly a personality of the operatic establishment in this country—the Royal Opera House threw a party to celebrate his 25th anniversary in the editorial chair. But this is not to say that he has ever echoed the establishment viewpoint in *Opera*; his own forcefully expressed opinions about the changes and improvements he has thought necessary have led him into major feuds and minor skirmishes with many figures in the opera world. But these have merely fuelled a passion which started in the 1930s when, as a student, he was already recording his opinions of performances heard live and on radio and scouring newspapers and magazines in order to compile cast lists of performances all over the world. These labours of love stood him in good stead when for six years he worked as archivist at Covent Garden, and ultimately laid the foundations of his history of the house and his encyclopedic knowledge of opera. As well as a personal memoir, this book is also a highly informed commentary on the progress of opera in the past 40 years.

Victoria de los Angeles

by Peter Roberts
Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £8.95

This authorized biography of one of the leading sopranos of the post-war years is largely the singer's own account of her long career, which now spans nearly 40 years. It paints a vivid picture of the hardships of life during the Spanish Civil War for a working-class family in Barcelona, where her father was a porter at the University, and the early years included overnight train journeys with her mother to fulfil engagements in Madrid and Lisbon and a tour to South America with her husband undertaken in the expectation that she would earn enough money to pay for their return tickets to Spain. Though success came relatively quickly, she never took it lightly and seems to have shunned the limelight even at the height of her career in the 1950s when she was one of the principal sopranos of the Metropolitan Opera. It is a pity that the author did not talk to some of the people with and for whom Victoria de los Angeles worked whose contributions could have filled out what must inevitably be a one-sided and therefore inadequate biography.

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CHESS

Interzonal progress

by John Nunn

The present world championship cycle, which will culminate in a world title match in 1984, has just reached the interzonal stage. There are three interzonal tournaments, each of 14 players, and the top two from each will join Korchnoi and Hübner to make up the eight players for the candidates' matches. During 1983 there will be a series of knock-out matches between these eight to find the challenger who will attempt to dethrone Karpov in the 1984 match.

The first interzonal to be completed was the Las Palmas event and the two qualifiers were Ribli (Hungary) and Smyslov (USSR). These two are at opposite ends of the age spectrum: it will be 31-year-old Ribli's first experience of candidates' matches, but Smyslov, who is 61, has already achieved every honour in the chess world and was briefly world champion some 25 years ago.

The second interzonal was held in August at Toluca, Mexico, where the pattern of youth and experience was repeated in the qualifiers Portisch (Hungary) and Torre (Philippines). Portisch is 45 and one of the most experienced grandmasters in the world, with an amazing record of first prizes spanning 20 years of tournament play. Torre is 30 and is perhaps the biggest surprise so far in the world championship cycle. He has an inventive and original style of play, but until this event has been too erratic to be really successful. This time, however, he mastered his nerves, won five games in a row at one stage of the tournament and his joint first prize with Portisch was fully justified. The final scores at Toluca were Portisch, Torre 8½ (from 13), Spassky (USSR) 8, Ivanov (Canada), Jusupov (USSR), Polugaevsky (USSR), Seirawan (USA) 7½, Nunn (GB) 7, Adorjan (Hungary), Balashov (USSR) 6½, Hulak (Yugoslavia) 5½, Rodriguez (Cuba), Rubineti (Argentina) 4, Kouatly (Lebanon) 2½.

As I write, the third interzonal in Moscow is in progress and it will be interesting to see whether the pattern of the other two is repeated here.

The following game was the most spectacular played at Toluca.

A. Adorjan K. Hulak
White Black

English Opening

- | | |
|---------|-------|
| 1 P-QB4 | P-QB4 |
| 2 N-KB3 | N-KB3 |
| 3 N-B3 | N-B3 |
| 4 P-Q4 | PxP |
| 5 NxP | P-K3 |
| 6 P-KN3 | B-B4 |

6... B-N5 is preferred by many players since the text move leads to a somewhat passive position for Black.

- | | |
|--------|------|
| 7 N-N3 | B-K2 |
| 8 B-N2 | O-O |

- | | |
|---------|------|
| 9 O-O | P-Q3 |
| 10 B-B4 | N-R4 |

Black's development is hampered by the pressure against his QP, so this move, although wasting time with the knight, is essential.

- | | |
|---------|---------|
| 11 B-K3 | N-B3 |
| 12 R-B1 | N-N5 |
| 13 B-B4 | P-KN4!? |

Black gains space at the cost of weakening his kingside—an ambitious but risky idea.

- | | |
|-----------|-------|
| 14 B-Q2 | KN-K4 |
| 15 N-N5 | N-N3 |
| 16 P-B5 | P-Q4 |
| 17 P-K4 | P-Q5 |
| 18 N-Q6!? | |

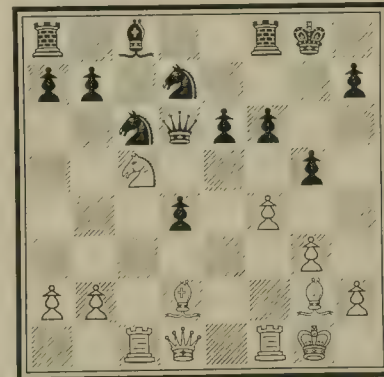
After this move White is committed to sacrificing material. A quieter move such as 18 P-B4 allows Black to activate his pieces by 18... PxP 19 PxP N-R5 20 B-R3 K-R1 21 K-R1 P-B4!

- | | |
|--------|---------|
| 18 | ... BxN |
| 19 PxB | P-B3 |

Threatening 20... P-K4 followed by ... QxP, so White must invest another pawn.

- | | |
|----------|-------|
| 20 P-K5! | KNxP |
| 21 N-B5 | QxP |
| 22 P-B4 | N-Q2? |

This is refuted by an elegant piece offer. 22... PxP 23 BxP Q-K2 was much better since after 24 Q-R5 N-N3 25 B-R6 R-B2 it is not clear how White can successfully continue the attack.



23 PxP!

Black wins a piece but his position is cut in half by the White pawn at KB6.

- | | |
|---------|---------|
| 23 | ... NxN |
| 24 PxP | P-K4 |
| 25 Q-R5 | R-B2 |

25... RxP 26 B-Q5ch QxB 27 Q-K8ch K-N2 28 B-R6ch! RxB 29 Q-B8ch K-N3 30 Q-B6ch K-R4 31 R-B5ch mates, as does 25... N-K3 26 P-B7ch and 27 B-K4.

- | | |
|---------|------|
| 26 B-R6 | N-K3 |
|---------|------|

After 26... B-K3 27 Q-N5ch K-R1 28 B-N7ch K-N1 29 RxN! QxR 30 B-K4 P-Q6ch 31 R-B2 Black cannot prevent BxPch.

27 B-K4

Threatening 28 R-B5 and 29 R-N5ch.

- | | |
|----|----------|
| 27 | ... N-B1 |
|----|----------|

Black allows a forced mate but he had no defence in any case.

- | | |
|------------|---------|
| 28 Q-N5ch | K-R1 |
| 29 Q-N7ch! | Resigns |

Divergent judgments

by Jack Marx

One aspect of the international bridge scene that continues to astonish the impartial observer is the widely divergent judgment shown even by top performers in face of competition from the other side in the bidding or even only by minor interference. This is a hand that arose in the course of an encounter between Italy and USA in a World Championship of some few years ago.

♠ 10 8 5	Dealer North
♥ 10 8 4 2	Game All
♦ 7 4 3	
♣ Q 10 9	
♠ A K Q 9 7	♠ J 6 4 3 2
♥ K 6 3	♥ void
♦ K J 6 5	♦ Q 10 8
♣ 4	♣ K 8 6 5 3
♠ void	
♥ A Q J 9 7 5	
♦ A 9 2	
♣ A J 7 2	

The Italian South after two passes opened Two Hearts. This bid on his system did not necessarily denote a hand quite as strong as this, but it did affirm at least a good five-card suit with a subsidiary club suit attached. North's lone top honour, the Club Queen, had therefore some definite significance for him and he outbid the Americans' Four Spades with Five Hearts, a contract that can be made failing a diamond lead. But East-West would not wear it and went on to a successful Five Spades.

This was the auction where the Americans were North-South:

West	North	East	South
	No	No	1♥
DBL	1♠	DBL	2♥
4♠	No	No	DBL
All Pass			

North's puerile psychic One Spade bid had proved self-defeating, but when East-West's bidding had shown it up South's judgment in doubling Four Spades seemed decidedly faulty. If North is so defenceless that he has been driven to this desperate course, South's own defensive potential scarcely warrants a double.

A so-called tragedy of the bridge table is often self-induced, and from the outsider's viewpoint is therefore more truly a tragedy-comedy. In a British international trial for the European championship the Souths gazed upon a perfect specimen of a Yarborough:

♠ 6 4 3	♥ 8 7 5	♦ 7 5 4 2	♣ 7 5 4
---------	---------	-----------	---------

At Game All West dealt and opened One Diamond, North doubled and East passed. One North-South were using a device borrowed from the Italians known as an "exclusion bid", requiring responder to a take-out double to bid his worst suit. This had quite a vogue for a time and strayed across various international frontiers. Among the advantages claimed for it is the absence of need by responder to

jump on the first round to show genuine values. Obviously doubler would not leave his partner in his worst suit, so the bid is in effect forcing.

It must have been a big thrill for South to be able to make a forcing bid on this splendid hand. Hearts were not his worst suit but they were the cheapest, so he forced with One Heart. West rebid Two Diamonds and North now crucified his partner with a cue-bid of Three Diamonds. South knew he was expected to name either clubs or spades as his best suit, but this he could not bring himself to do. He thought he might call North's attention to there being something really odd about his hand if he repeated his hearts; in other words this suit was both his best and his worst. This piece of subtlety was apparently wasted on North, who now launched the side into Four Spades. A six-card suit was not enough to avert a penalty of 1,100.

This last hand from a European Championship match between Britain and France found one East-West pair content with a part-score and the other aspiring to the slam level.

♠ K 10 8 6 5	Dealer West
♥ void	East-West
♦ 9 8 5	Game
♣ Q 6 5 4 3	
♠ Q	♠ A 9 7 2
♥ K 10 6 4 2	♥ A 7 3
♦ Q 6 2	♦ A K J 10 3
♣ A 9 8 7	♣ 2
♠ J 4 3	
♥ Q J 9 8 5	
♦ 7 4	
♣ K J 10	

With no opposing bidding the British East became declarer at a reasonable contract of Six Diamonds. West No 1♥ 2♣ 4♦ 5♣ East 1♦ 1♠ 3♥ 4♠ 6♦

Perhaps the bidding seems unduly complicated, West's Two Clubs being the "forcing fourth suit", often purely artificial, but in this instance representing a positive holding. Eventually East-West took some trouble to sort out their choice of trump suit. Without a trump lead he might have won through by ruffing three spades in dummy; with it he had to rely on the heart suit, whose lay-out proved too unruly for him.

With the French East-West the bidding went:

West	North	East	South
No	No	1♦	1♥
DBL	1♠	DBL	No
2♦	All Pass		

Things had not been going well for the French pair, this apparently not being the day for adventure or even enterprise. But their loss of nerve in face of North-South's gentle murmurings was astounding. West's bid of only Two Diamonds is inadequate, but few Easts would want to accept a penalty at the one level at this vulnerability ●

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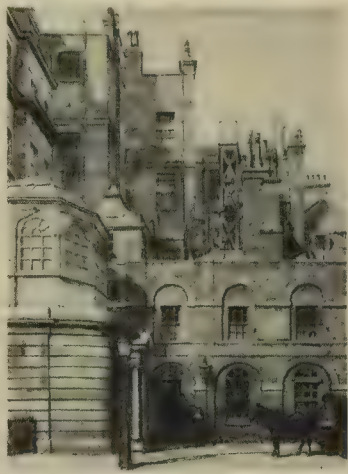
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NOVEMBER BRIEFING

Channel Four reaches the screen on November 2 — the nation's first new television network for 18 years. It is followed by more traditional occasions — the State Opening of Parliament, Guy Fawkes Night fireworks, the Lord Mayor's Show and Remembrance Sunday. There are first nights in the theatre for Paul Scofield, Richard Harris, Felicity Kendal and Peter O'Toole. The 26th London Film Festival gets under way on November 11. There is a royal concert in the presence of the Queen Mother at the Barbican. Elton John and Wayne Sleep start tours. The Van Dyck exhibition opens at the National Portrait Gallery. There is Wightman Cup tennis at the Albert Hall, Russian gymnasts at Wembley, the RAC rally and the London-Brighton Car Run.



Charles I from three angles by Van Dyck: exhibition opens November 19.



State occasion: November 3.



Classical marbles for sale: November 4.

MONDAY

November 1
Mose Allison plays at the Canteen (p97)
Children's bottle bank posters on show at the Barbican (p99)
LSO under Colin Davis perform *The Damnation of Faust* at the Festival Hall (p96)

Full moon

TUESDAY

November 2
Channel Four begins transmission (p94)
Before Suburbia, a photographic exhibition, opens at the Museum of London (p104)
Sale of Oriental & Islamic costume at Christie's South Kensington (p95)
First performances of *Dick Terrapin*, a play for children, at the Lyric, W6 (p99)

WEDNESDAY

November 3
State Opening of Parliament (p99)
Two landscape exhibitions open at the Tate: Gordale Scar & Richard Wilson (p101)
Woodcuts by Edward Gordon Craig go on show at the Gillian Jason Gallery (p100)
Concert performance of *Turandot* at the Barbican (p96)

THURSDAY

November 4
The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas opens in the West End (p92)
Tom Keating, forger, talks about painting on C4 (p94)
Wightman Cup tennis at the Albert Hall & Russian gymnasts at Wembley Arena (p95)
Sale of classical marbles at Christie's (p95)

FRIDAY

November 5
Guy Fawkes Night: fireworks at Battersea Park, Crystal Palace Park & Burgess Park (p99) & at Beaulieu Abbey & Lewes (p103)
International exposition of arms & armour at the Dorchester (p95)
Ballroom of Romance on BBC2 (p94)
La fanciulla del West opens at the Royal Opera House (p98)

SATURDAY

November 6
Monteverdi Choir perform *Messiah* at the Barbican (p96)
Football: Tottenham Hotspur v Watford (p95)
Final day of Lucian Freud exhibition at Anthony D'Offay (p101)
RSPB films at the Queen Elizabeth Hall (p99)

SUNDAY

November 7
RSC's version of *Nicholas Nickleby* on C4 (p94)
London to Brighton Veteran Car Run (p95)
The English Concert perform Brandenburg Concertos at the Queen Elizabeth Hall (p96)
Films about Tippett & Berlioz at the Barbican (p99)

<p>November 8 Benson & Hedges tennis at Wembley Arena (p95) Wayne Sleep opens in Glasgow with <i>Dash</i> (p98) Last day of Richmond Trophy ice skating competition (p95) Sale of inexpensive wines at Christie's South Kensington (p106)</p>	<p>November 15 Piat Beaujolais nouveau rally in Covent Garden (p99) Exhibition of 18th-century silver at Goldsmiths' Hall (p100) London Symphony Orchestra play music by Tippett & Berlioz at the Barbican (p96)</p> <p>New moon.</p>	<p>November 22 Start of UK Professional Snooker Championships in Preston (p95) Janet Baker with the LSO at the Barbican (p96) Sale of Victorian paintings at Phillips (p95)</p>	<p>November 29 Screening of Kenneth Clark's <i>Civilization</i> at the National Gallery (p99) Sotheby's sale of conjuring material (p95) Vienna Master Orchestra under Eugene Sarbu play Mozart & Vivaldi at the Festival Hall (p97)</p>
<p>November 9 Claude exhibition opens at Agnew's (p100) Photographic survey of the village green opens at the Polytechnic of the South Bank (p101) Muti conducts the Philharmonia Orchestra in a Beethoven programme at the Festival Hall (p96)</p>	<p>November 16 Felicity Kendal opens in <i>The Real Thing</i> at the Strand (p90) London Contemporary Dance première Taylor's <i>Esplanade</i> & Kuch's <i>The Brood</i> at Sadler's Wells (p98) Two new exhibitions at the Crafts Council Gallery: <i>Lights</i> & <i>The Well-dressed Christmas Tree</i> (p101)</p>	<p>November 23 Richard Harris opens in <i>Camelot</i> at the Apollo Victoria; first night of <i>Waiting</i> at the Lyric Studio (p91) Evening lecture on Van Dyck at the National Portrait Gallery (p99) Harry Holland's lithographs on show at Robin Garton Gallery (p100). Royal concert in the presence of the Queen Mother at the Barbican (p96)</p>	<p>November 30 Adaptation of Nijinsky's journal at the Cottesloe (p99) Sale of tribal art at Sotheby's (p95) John Pilger's investigation into The Bomb on ITV (p94) Royal re-opening of the Theatre Royal, Bath (p90 & 103) A tribute to Tippett at the Barbican (p96)</p>
<p>November 10 <i>A Handful of Dust</i> opens at the Lyric, W6 (p90) <i>The Barchester Chronicles</i> on BBC2 (p94) Lecture on Boswell's London Journal at the Museum of London (p99) <i>The Italian Girl in Algiers</i> opens at the Coliseum (p98)</p>	<p>November 17 First day of Show Business at the V&A (p104), Jennifer Bartlett at the Tate (p101) & Lubetkin & Tecton at Camden Arts Centre (p100) Dr Hook appear at Wembley Arena (p97)</p>	<p>November 24 The City's Pictures go on show at the Barbican (p100) Lectures on race relations at the RSA & on contemporary American jewelry at Whitechapel (p99) London Handel Orchestra & Choir perform Bach's Christmas Oratorio in the Queen Elizabeth Hall (p97)</p>	<p>Information correct at time of going to press. See listings for telephone numbers and further details. Add 01- in front of seven-digit numbers when calling from outside London. Credit card booking facilities are indicated by the symbol cc.</p>
<p>November 11 <i>Hiawatha</i> revived at the National Theatre (p99) First day of the Caravan Camping Holiday Show at Earls Court (p99) London Film Festival begins at the NFT (p92) Martin Offord plays Messiaen's Catalogue d'oiseaux at the Purcell Room (p97)</p>	<p>November 18 Peter O'Toole opens in <i>Man & Superman</i> at the Haymarket (p90) <i>Privileged</i> opens in the West End. Brendel plays Beethoven at the Queen Elizabeth Hall & the RPO under Groves play Messiaen's Turangalila Symphony at the Festival Hall (p97) Sale of fine claret at Christie's (p106)</p>	<p>November 25 <i>Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid</i> opens in the West End (p92) <i>A Midsummer Night's Dream</i> opens at the Cottesloe (p90) American glass on show at Coleridge of Highgate (p101) Handel's <i>Semele</i> opens at the Royal Opera House (p98)</p>	
<p>November 12 Exhibitions of work by Edward Seago at the Marlborough (p100) & John Monks at the Paton Gallery open (p101) Alan Bennett's play <i>Our Winnie</i> on BBC2 (p94) English Chamber Orchestra play Bach at the Barbican (p96)</p>	<p>November 19 Van Dyck in England opens at the National Portrait Gallery (p100) & A Festive Table at the British Crafts Centre (p101) British Ice Dance Championships in Nottingham (p95) London Bach Orchestra play works by J. C. Bach at the Queen Elizabeth Hall (p97)</p>	<p>November 26 <i>The Sixties Remembered</i> on C4 (p94) Tony Haygarth reads to children at the National Theatre (p99) Ruggiero Ricci gives a recital in celebration of the bicentenary of Paganini at the Queen Elizabeth Hall (p97)</p>	
<p>November 13 Lord Mayor's Show (p99) International Ski Show opens at Earls Court (p99) Rugby: A Welsh XV play the New Zealand Maoris at Cardiff (p95) Horse racing: Mackeson Gold Cup at Cheltenham (p95)</p>	<p>November 20 National life-saving championships in Coventry (p103) Collectable English Ceramics go on show at the Church Farm House Museum in Hendon (p104)</p>	<p>November 27 First day of Raymond Mason exhibition at the Serpentine (p101) Horse racing: Hennessy Cognac Gold Cup at Newbury (p95) Hans Hotter talks at the Festival Hall (p99) Walton 80th birthday concert at the Albert Hall (p96)</p>	
<p>November 14 Remembrance Sunday: The Queen & Duke of Edinburgh lay wreaths at the Cenotaph (p99) London Philharmonic Orchestra & Choir perform Dvorak's Stabat Mater at the Festival Hall (p97) Last day of the Eastern Counties Craft Market in Bishop's Stortford (p103)</p>	<p>November 21 RAC Lombard Rally starts at York (p95) Kid Creole & the Coconuts play at the Hammersmith Odeon (p97) Molecule lecture on organic chemistry at the Mermaid (p99) Last day to see Contemporary Choice & Victor Willing at the Serpentine (p101)</p>	<p>November 28 <i>To Cambridge with Love</i>, RSC gala evening (p99) Last day to see Tinguely mechanisms at the Tate (p101) & CERN at the Science Museum (p104) Peter Frankl gives a recital in celebration of the centenary of the birth of Kodály in the Queen Elizabeth Hall (p97)</p>	

Dolly Parton in *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas* (top): November 4. Channel Four begins: November 2.



Richard Harris as King Arthur: *Camelot* opens November 23.

SPECTATORS AT *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, which begins at the Cottesloe on November 25, will be able to sit either in seats above the action, or upon floor cushions; or, if they wish, to stand, or to promenade following the players. Bill Bryden directs, with Paul Scofield and Susan Fleetwood as Oberon and Titania, Derek Newark as Bottom and Jack Shepherd as Puck. In the week after opening, the play will temporarily leave the Cottesloe for a fortnight to visit Bath (November 29 to December 4) as the first production in the restored Theatre Royal, and the New Theatre, Cardiff (December 6 to 12); at each place it will be adapted for a proscenium, and with normal seating.

□ Eighteen years after it came to Drury Lane, *Camelot*, the American musical by Frederick Loewe and Alan Jay Lerner, is to be revived from November 23 at the Apollo Victoria, with Richard Harris as King Arthur.

□ The first stage version of an Evelyn Waugh novel since the sustained television serial of *Brideshead Revisited* is announced for the Lyric, Hammersmith on November 10. This is *A Handful of Dust* with Waugh's weirdest ending, the virtual imprisonment of the hero by a dangerous, Dickens-crazy madman in the Brazilian jungle. Mike Alfreds has adapted the piece which will be staged by Shared Experience.

□ The Fortune reopens on November 9 with a 1940s thriller *Ladies in Retirement* and will specialize in classic suspense plays of that period.

□ Agatha Christie's *The Mousetrap* celebrates its 30th anniversary on November 25 with the 12,483rd performance.

NEW REVIEWS

The symbol cc is used to indicate theatres which accept certain credit cards. A special telephone number is given where applicable. Details of each theatre are given only on the first occasion it appears in each section.

Andy Capp

This strip-cartoon musical farce, by Trevor Peacock & Alan Price, is really coach-party material, assuming that the party is good-tempered. But Tom Courtenay, surprisingly cast, can put over the monarch of all layabouts, & there is an agreeable moment (no doubt it changes every night) when the winning pigeon, supposedly in a race from York, flaps suddenly across the theatre. Aldwych, Aldwych, WC2 (836 6404, cc).

The Importance of Being Earnest

Wilde's comedy, 87 years young, has become—whether he would have liked it or not—a narrative of the managing dowager, Lady Bracknell, whose influence permeates the play, although she does not appear in the second act. In our time that has been owing largely to Dame Edith Evans, though she grew tired of being told about it, & particu-

larly of her incredulous & much-imitated thunderclap of an exclamation, "A handbag?" Now Sir Peter Hall has had the inspired notion of casting Judi Dench for the part. She is one of our finest actresses but with a personality & aspect so unlike the conventional Aunt Augusta's that it had seemed odd to name them in the same breath. Maybe. But the result is a triumph. Judi Dench produces a formidable imperiousness that hides any difference in age. There is no passage in which you can detect an Evans note, & she disposes of the most famous line simply by taking off her spectacles & halting before she ejects the word in a lower key of utter amazement. Throughout, this is a superb performance in which the most familiar phrases seem to be newly thought. The rest of the company knows its Wilde: the young people, especially Martin Jarvis as a more severe John Worthing than usual, & Elizabeth Garvie as Cecily in the disturbed calm of Woolton; & the elders, with Anna Massey marvellously natural as Miss Prism guiltily recalling her escapade with the handbag. Lyttelton, National

Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc 928 5933).

Mass Appeal

Bill C. Davis, an American dramatist, has constructed his two-man piece cunningly. Whether or not we find its climax plausible, it can give pleasure, fortified by its acting. Gordon Jackson is a diplomatic parish priest who believes enough in a brashly idealistic tyro of a deacon to seek to shield him from disaster; Rupert Everett is vigorous as the young man. Lyric, King St, W6 (741 2311, cc). Until Nov 6.

Poppy

In the worrying state of RSC finances, I cannot understand why so expensive & needless a production as this should take the Barbican stage. It is half a pantomime, half an indictment of Britain's part in the opium wars of 140 years ago. What begins as amiable, more or less traditional nonsense, too early for Christmas, turns into an over-decorated musical, a compromise with ironies likely to bewilder many visitors. Peter Nichols has written the book & Monty Norman the music; Terry Hands has directed, and there are some resolute performances—for example by Bernard Lloyd, Stephen Moore & Tony Church—in a night that, for all its lavishness, can leave an oddly sour taste. Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, cc 638 8891).

Schweyk in the Second World War

I am not a Brechtian; but something in the character of Schweyk, which the dramatist borrowed from the celebrated creation by Jaroslav Hasek, is irresistible. The man is like a rubber toy that refuses to lie down, & he dominates this loosely constructed play that begins with a sequence of anecdotes, becoming progressively graver, in German-occupied Prague. It moves to the snow-smothered Russian steppes during the doomed German invasion & to Schweyk's meeting with a huge puppet of the defeated Hitler. Verbally & physically Bill Paterson bounces through the night, a grand creation; & I will remember with him Julia McKenzie, the Prague landlady, in Hanns Eisler's songs. Richard Eyre has directed spectacularly. Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc 928 5933). Bargain night Nov 8: all seats £2 from 8.30am on the day of the performance.

The Spanish Tragedy

Thomas Kyd, the harbinger of Revenge on the English stage, worked out his theme with a full storm of theatrical effects, ending with a stage littered in corpses & a Ghost asking ferociously for further revenges beyond the grave. It is a complex piece of construction that passes through a variety of horrors to the final play-within-the-play & the climax when old Hieronimo, the maddened father that Burbage glorified, bites out his own tongue. Michael Bogdanov has sustained it with the utmost relish, & even added a legitimate joke just when tension is at its highest. I am not sure whether that splendid actor Michael Bryant has the full armoury for the veteran Hieronimo, whose frenzy needs the most uninhibited drive of an older school of playing. Still, Mr Bryant has an edged theatrical intelligence; & the company at large is never out of touch with the dramatist Ben Jonson called "sporting Kyd". Stephen Hattersley sends the night off eloquently with the Ghost's long exposition, & Peter Needham is happily around as a nonchalant Revenge who supplies many of the properties as the players require them. Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928

2252, cc 928 5933).

Trafford Tanzi

We are happy to be at the Mermaid again, now unexpectedly with a wrestling ring in mid-theatre. This is the scene of Claire Luckham's inventive feminist tract of a woman's life, told in a series of all-in wrestling bouts. It ends with a terrific set-to for Tanzi & her husband. Mermaid, Puddle Dock, EC4 (236 5568, cc 236 5324).

Way Upstream

Suspect a dramatist of being allegorical these days & his number is up, especially when he is someone like the enormously talented & prolific Alan Ayckbourn, who must be told to remain in his own groove. The play's river journey in a cabin-cruiser is elaborately contrived in the dramatist's own production; but it is undeniably amusing until maybe the last 15 or 20 minutes, when the narrative becomes a little hard to take. It is acted enjoyably by such people as Susan Fleetwood, Tony Haygarth, Julie Legrand & Jim Norton. Lyttelton.

The Winter's Tale

I recall, from years back, that a director, summarizing his work on this play, chose as an epigraph, "Once upon a time there was a jealous king." "Once upon a time" gives every licence to cope with the wild narrative. In general, Ronald Eyre, more at ease, as so many directors are, in Sicilia than Bohemia, has managed less fussily than at Stratford last season. The Leontes of Patrick Stewart, in this naphtha-flare of anger, & the gravely dignified Hermione of Gemma Jones, are in full control; Sheila Hancock, as Paulina, has her best RSC part. The sound of Robert Eddison as Antigonus & in the interlude for Time must excite anybody who cares for fine Shakespearian speech. That is what the RSC should care for, above all. Barbican.

The Witch of Edmonton

Fairly chaotic Jacobean drama based on a witch-hunt of the period. Strong performances by Miriam Karlin as the witch & Miles Anderson as a devil-dog but it is neither a play nor a production to remember for long. The Pit, Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, cc 638 8891).

FIRST NIGHTS

Nov 9. Ladies in Retirement

Classic thriller by Edward Percy & Reginald Denham in the first of a succession of 1940s plays at the Fortune. Fortune, Russell St, WC2 (836 2238).

Nov 10. A Handful of Dust

Stage version of Evelyn Waugh's novel about the disintegration of a marriage in the café society of the early 1930s. Lyric, King St, W6 (741 2311, cc). Until Dec 4.

Nov 15. Stuffing It

Comedy set in Northern Ireland, about the problems of being liberal in a society polarized by religious & political extreme. Tricycle, 269 Kilburn High Rd, NW6 (328 8626). Until Dec 4.

Nov 16. The Real Thing

New play by Tom Stoppard, with Roger Rees as a writer examining the nature of love. Also with Felicity Kendal & Polly Adams. Strand, Aldwych, WC2 (836 2660, cc).

Nov 18. Man & Superman

This revival of Shaw's play has Peter O'Toole as John Tanner. Haymarket, Haymarket, SW1 (930 9832, cc).

Nov 18. Slab Boy Trilogy

John Byrne's trilogy opens with a revival of his play about Edinburgh apprentices. Parts

2 & 3 open on Nov 22 & 24. All three plays will be performed on Saturdays throughout the run. Royal Court, Sloane Sq, SW1 (730 1745, cc).

Nov 23. Camelot
Richard Harris returns from Broadway as King Arthur in Lerner & Loewe's musical. Apollo Victoria, Victoria St, SW1 (834 0253, cc).

Nov 23. Waiting
New thriller by Julia Kearsley about a killer on the loose in a close-knit northern community. Lyric Studio, King St, W6 (741 2311, cc). Until Dec 11.

Nov 25. A Midsummer Night's Dream
Bill Bryden's new revival with Paul Scofield, Susan Fleetwood & Derek Newark. Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc 928 5933).

ALSO PLAYING

Another Country

Julian Mitchell's play, set in a public school, reflects the changes taking place in English society in the 1930s. Now with Daniel Day Lewis & John Duggan. Queen's, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (734 1166, cc).

Antony & Cleopatra

Michael Gambon & Helen Mirren in a production by Adrian Noble. The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks (0789 292271).

Barnum

Its circus framework is far more interesting than the narrative of a show-business musical about P. T. Barnum, acted loyally by Michael Crawford. Palladium, Argyll St, W1 (437 7373, cc 437 2055).

The Beggar's Opera

In a near-Dickensian set, & with a cast led by Paul Jones's Macheath in full voice & a Clydeside accent. Gay's operetta gets the liveliest of re-creations. Richard Eyre directs. Belinda Sinclair & Imelda Staunton are blissfully at ease as that blest pair of sirens, Polly & Lucy. Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc 928 5933).

The Business of Murder

Playwright Richard Harris has written a taut thriller that does its duty, with Richard Todd & Derren Nesbitt. May Fair, Stratton St, W1 (629 3036, cc).

Can't Pay? Won't Pay!

Dario Fo's swift & happy romp about the aftermath of a women's raid on a Milan supermarket. Surely no play currently in London can be acted faster. Criterion, Piccadilly Circus, W1 (930 3216, cc 379 6565).

Cats

Trevor Nunn uses stage & auditorium boldly for Andrew Lloyd Webber's musical version of T. S. Eliot's cheerfully minor poems about cats. New London, Drury Lane, WC2 (405 0072, cc).

Children of a Lesser God

An uncannily compelling performance by Elizabeth Quinn in Mark Medoff's play about the hidden world of deafness. Oliver Cotton plays her teacher. British sign translation, Nov 20 matinee. Albery, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3878 cc 379 6565).

Danton's Death

Peter Gill manoeuvres a vast company with so much art that Georg Büchner's narrative should impress even those unsure about the facts of the French Revolution. Most of the acting, certainly that of Brian Cox as Danton & John Normington as Robespierre, is first rate. Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc 928 5933).

Design for Living

Alan Strachan has done his admirable best with this uninspiring Coward comedy from the late 1930s. Maria Aitken, Ian Ogilvy (especially persuasive) & Gary Bond are the principals in the design. Globe, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 1592, cc).

Don Quixote

Paul Scofield's resolute knight-errant comes direct from Cervantes, even though he does ride a penny-farthing bicycle; & with Tony Haygarth as Sancho Panza & the loyalty of a big cast. Keith Dewhurst's play is a really memorable experience. Olivier.

84 Charing Cross Road



The Importance of Being Earnest: Nigel Havers & Judi Dench as Algernon & Lady Bracknell.

James Roose-Evans's charming dramatization of the 20-year correspondence between New Yorker Helene Hanff & Frank Doel, a London antiquarian bookseller. Doreen Mantle & Ronnie Stevens now play the two correspondents. Ambassador's, West St, WC2 (836 1171, cc).

Evita

No weariness yet in Tim Rice & Andrew Lloyd Webber's emotional music drama. Prince Edward, Old Compton St, W1 (437 6877, cc 439 8499).

Guys & Dolls

It is refreshing to get a chance to rave about this production by Richard Eyre which brings Damon Runyon's characters to the National's stage. An uncommon night, with Julia McKenzie's performance a joy. Now with Paul Jones, Trevor Peacock & Belinda Sinclair. Olivier.

Hamlet

There are oddities in Jonathan Miller's production, transferred from the Warehouse, with Anton Lesser as an unimpressive Prince. But much else is genuinely searching. Piccadilly, Denman St, W1 (437 4506, cc 379 6565).

Henry IV, Parts I & II

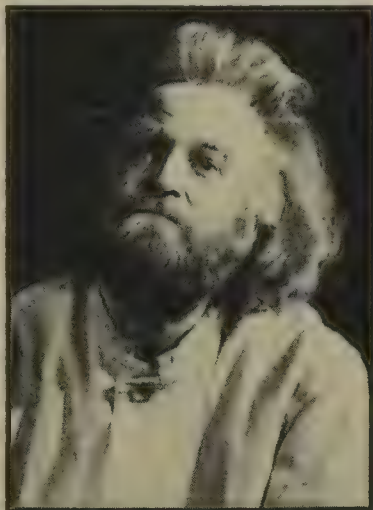
Some of the playing in Trevor Nunn's production is on a major RSC level: Joss Ackland's Falstaff. Patrick Stewart's King &, over everything, Robert Eddison's miraculous wisp of a Shallow in Part II; observe also his Northumberland. But Prince Hal is tediously miscast, & both Parts could be lightened helpfully. Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, cc 638 8891).

Key for Two

New comedy by John Chapman & Dave Freeman, with Moira Lister, Patrick Cargill, Barbara Murray & Glyn Houston. Vaudeville, Strand, WC2 (836 9988, cc).

King Lear

Michael Gambon is a commendable Lear, though Adrian Noble's production is sadly marred by its treatment of the Fool as a red-nosed comedian from some Edwardian music-hall or circus. No fault of a gallant actor, Antony Sher. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, War-



Bob Peck: Bond's Lear at The Other Place.

wicks (0789 292271, cc 0789 297129).

Lear

This is Edward Bond's ferocious play on the Lear theme. Bob Peck leads a cast that contains several of those in Shakespeare's tragedy in the main theatre. The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon.

Macbeth

Bob Peck is unimpressive in this production where verse is tossed away, several characters appear in braces & the set resembles a factory workshop. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon.

Macbeth

Philip Madoc in the title role, & Sarah Miles as Lady Macbeth in George Murcell's revival. St George's, Tufnell Park Rd, N7 (607 1128).

Major Barbara

Undershaft, the world's greatest armaments manufacturer, & his daughter Barbara, a major in the Salvation Army, engage in passionate debate in Bernard Shaw's play. With Penelope Wilton & Brewster Mason, directed by Peter Gill. Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc 928 5933).

Mata Hari

Lene Lovich plays the dancer shot as a spy in 1917. Lyric Studio, King St, W6 (741 2311, cc). Until Nov 13.

The Mikado

New production of Gilbert & Sullivan's Japanese-style operetta by the Plymouth Theatre Company. Murray Melvin plays Ko-Ko. Cambridge, Earls Court, WC2 (836 6056, cc).

The Mousetrap

Though now entering its 31st year, many people cannot yet know Agatha Christie's solution of her puzzle; it is worth investigating. St Martin's, West St, WC2 (836 1443, cc).

Mr Fothergill's Murder

Peter O'Donnell's new thriller has Frank Windsor as a successful children's author. Rula Lenska, as his wife, plans to murder him in order to marry her lover. Duke of York's, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 5122, cc).

Much Ado About Nothing

Thanks largely to Derek Jacobi & Sinead Cusack as Benedick & Beatrice, & Derek Godfrey as Don Pedro, Stratford's mascot-play comes across, in a production by Terry Hands, without any loss of wit or charm. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon.

No Sex Please—We're British

Good farces do not wane, & this one, directed by Allan Davis, does not after 11 years, more than 4,500 performances & innumerable cast changes. Garrick, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (836 4601, cc).

Noises Off

Everything that happens during Michael Frayn's enjoyable farce is during the performance of another farce called *Nothing On*, a wild helter-skelter touring business, exactly the kind of thing that can breed catastrophe. Savoy, Strand, WC2 (836 8888, cc 930 9232).

Other Places

Three short plays by Harold Pinter: *Victoria Station*, *A Kind of Alaska* & *Family Voices*. Directed by Peter Hall, Cottesloe.

Our Friends in the North

Peter Flannery's far-too-long study of corruption

in various places, notably the Metropolitan police. The Pit, Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, cc 638 8891).

The Pirates of Penzance

Gilbert & Sullivan's intimate operettas are not really aided by a movement from tradition, & passages at the Lane are difficult. Still, one will remember this production, derived from a Broadway experiment, for George Cole's Major-General, Tim Curry's Pirate King, & Michael Praed's Frederic. Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, WC2 (836 8108, cc).

Rocket to the Moon

Mary Maddox is enchantingly right as the New York dentist's assistant at the heart of this wisely rediscovered comedy by Clifford Odets, from the late 1930s. Apollo, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 2663, cc).

Song & Dance

Marti Webb sings the long cycle of songs "Tell Me on a Sunday". The second half has Stephen Jeffries dancing to Lloyd Webber's Paganini Variations. Palace, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 6834, cc).

A Star is Torn

Robyn Archer, a fine protean artist, recreates 11 singers for the special pleasure of those who remember them & the polite admiration of those who do not. Wyndham's, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (836 3028, cc 379 6565).

Steaming

Good-tempered piece by Nell Dunn about the patrons of a municipal Turkish bath united in a hopeless effort to keep the place going. Comedy, Panton St, SW1 (930 2578, cc).

The Taming of the Shrew

Alun Armstrong is Petruchio, with Sinead Cusack as Kate & Alice Krige as Bianca in Barry Kyle's new production. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon.

The Tempest

An inventive revival by Ron Daniels which with Derek Jacobi as Prospero does not diminish the verse. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon.

Twelfth Night

George Murcell's production has Philip Madoc as Orsino & Sarah Miles as Viola. St George's.

The Twin Rivals

John Caird's revival of this unfamiliar Farquhar comedy has Mike Gwilym at its centre as a thoroughly bad lot. Miles Anderson is, engagingly, the elder twin, & Miriam Karlin prowls watchfully as a reminiscent midwife. The Pit.

Uncle Vanya

A fresh & moving distillation of Chekhov's tragic-comedy. Donald Sinden & Frances de la Tour as Vanya & Sonya, direction by Christopher Fettes. Haymarket, Haymarket, SW1 (930 9832, cc). Until Nov 13.

Underneath the Arches

The exploits of the Crazy Gang, may strike some of us as an acquired taste. Still, Christopher Timothy as Chesney Allen, Roy Hudd as Bud Flanagan & a company that affectionately carbon-copies the old Gang are getting enthusiastic houses. Prince of Wales, Coventry St, W1 (930 8681, cc 930 0846).

Windy City

A good musical that keeps the spirit of Hecht & MacArthur's black comedy of Chicago journalism in 1929, *The Front Page*. Directed by Peter Wood, with tough performances by Anton Rodgers, Dennis Waterman & Robert Longden; book & lyrics are by Dick Vosburgh & the score by Tony Macaulay. Victoria Palace, Victoria St, SW1 (834 1317, cc).

Car parking

An evening's parking for £2.40 may be booked at the same time as tickets for Albery, Criterion, Donmar Warehouse, Piccadilly & Wyndham's theatres.

Cheap tickets

Half price ticket booth, west side of Leicester Square. Unsold tickets for that day's performances on sale for half price plus 50p service charge. Personal callers only, no cheques or credit cards. Mon-Sat 2.30-6.30pm, matinee days noon-2pm.

Fringe theatre

Information & box office facilities for 20 fringe theatres are available in the Criterion foyer, Piccadilly Circus. Mon-Sat 10am-5pm (839 6987, cc).

BRIEFING CINEMA GEORGE PERRY



Privileged: director Michael Hoffman (right) with John Schlesinger.

KNOWING THE RIGHT PEOPLE certainly helps. The enterprising Oxford undergraduates who made *Privileged*, reviewed below, went to great lengths to secure interest in the film industry, not just from the creative forces such as Schlesinger and Puttnam, but from those companies such as Samuelson's, Berman's and Nathan's, and Lee Electric without which films happen only with difficulty. Now ITC, its distributing fingers badly burnt under Lord Grade's tutelage, has bravely taken on the distribution of this extraordinarily ambitious but largely amateur work. It opens in London on November 18 after a première in Oxford.

□ Barney Platts-Mills got his backing for *Hero*, one of the films opening the London Film Festival on November 11, from Channel Four. The talented director of *Bronco Bullfrog* and *Private Road* regrettably has been off the film scene for a number of years. His new film, made with a cast of Glaswegian unemployed youngsters, is set in the Western Isles centuries ago and is a retelling of a folk story full of magic and romance and the legend of Finn McCool. It is made in Gaelic with subtitles.

□ Vincent Price, Peter Cushing, Christopher Lee and John Carradine are as astonishing a quartet of gothic actors as it would be possible to assemble, but have never played together before. Director Peter Walker and associate producer Jenny Craven achieved it for *The House of Long Shadows*, a new version of the much-filmed *Seven Keys to Baldpate*, shot at a massive country castle in Hampshire and due for release this winter. The four leading players have been in more than 800 films between them.

NEW REVIEWS AND PREMIERES

Films selected for review are expected to be showing in London or on general release at some time during the month. Programmes are often changed at short notice. Consult a local or daily newspaper for exact locations & times. Information on West End & Greater London showings in Odeon, ABC & Classic chains from 200 0200. V indicates that a film is available on video.

Angel (AA)

Neil Jordan wrote & directed this thriller about a saxophonist who tries to avenge the deaths of his band manager & a girl. With Stephen Rea, Marie Kean & Ray McAnally. Opens Nov 4.

The Atomic Café (AA)

An amazing compilation of archive footage relating to the first atomic age of the 1940s & 1950s, this film has no commentary, letting our own hindsight do the work. There are American government films warning civilians to drop to the ground & put raincoats over their heads when they see the flash. Simple islanders are told why they should be proud to leave their homes on Bikini for

ever. Comedians make jokes on the radio about the devastation of Hiroshima & Nagasaki. American soldiers are made to watch the mushroom cloud billow up in the Nevada desert. There are even long-forgotten bomb songs, crooned by country singers. What is clear is that for years the public was consciously misled by the authorities on the dangers of nuclear tests—even though the extent of radiation injuries in Japan was fully known. The film was directed by Kevin Rafferty, Jane Loader & Pierce Rafferty. Opens Nov 25.

The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas

An article in *Playboy* about a rural bordello closed by do-gooders inspired Larry L. King & Peter Masterson to write a Broadway musical. Colin Higgins has adapted it for the screen, with Burt Reynolds as the good-natured sheriff staunchly defending the ancient institution & its proprietress, the amply-figured Dolly Parton, so top-heavy it's a wonder she can stay on her feet. She has augmented Carol Hall's thin show score with one or two songs of her own composition. The film manages to be vulgar without

being erotic, & a little appreciation of Texan mores would help it along. Charles Durning has a superb number as the hypocritical State governor—"Sidestep"—& Dom DeLuise is a prurient TV "watchdog" who forces the establishment to close. Dolly Parton is still too insecure a screen performer to carry a part like Miss Mona—inside that fleshy figure, corseted by Fredericks of Hollywood, there's a soft, vulnerable woman deserving of a better film. Opens Nov 4.

Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid (A)

Ingenious comedy thriller in black & white, in which Steve Martin plays a Marlowesque private eye, & Rachel Ward his curvaceous, statuesque, torrid client. The originality of the approach lies in the way in which other parts are played by stars such as Bogart, Stanwyck, Gardner, Ladd, Crawford, Miland, MacMurray & many others in juxtaposed clips from celebrated movies of the 1940s & 1950s, cut in so that they appear to be acting with Martin. Carl Reiner (who also manages to appear as a Nazi heavy hiding out in South America) co-wrote & directed this agreeable fantasy, a delight for devotees of grainy old Hollywood thrillers. Opens Nov 25.

The Entity (X)

Barbara Hershey plays a young widow, mother of three children, who suddenly & inexplicably becomes the victim of a phantom rapist, as an invisible presence physically assaults her. A friendly psychiatrist (Ron Silver) assures her that the problem is in her mind, but a team of parapsychologists from the same university believe that she has given them a chance to isolate a presence from another plane of existence. Her apartment is reconstructed in the university & she is placed in it as bait. Sidney J. Furie's supernatural thriller is based on a real case, but the special effects are often too good to be true. The sub-plot is really the dichotomy between the rationalists versus the ghost-hunters, & is by far the most interesting aspect of the film which, while engrossing, is overlong & repetitive.

The Evil Dead (X)

Five young people set out to spend a weekend in a lonely cabin in the Tennessee woods. An incantation on a tape they discover releases demonic forces, & one by one the weekenders become possessed zombies. The blood-chilling story, accompanied by ingenious & sickening special effects, was concocted by a group of film-makers barely out of their teens—Sam Raimi who directed, Robert Tapert who produced & Bruce Campbell who starred as the only one of the quintet to survive until dawn. Their talent is remarkable, & as a straight horror movie it is original & nightmarish. Their next is awaited with interest. V Palace Video.

Fast Times at Ridgemont High (X)

Yet another high school film, this time based on a best-seller for which the 22-year-old author posed as a teenager & enrolled as a student to get a picture of life back in the classroom. Unfortunately that story is not included—instead we get the standard plot of awakening sexuality, those who are shy & those who are brash, the surfing dunderhead, the exasperated teacher who believes all kids are on dope.

Five Days One Summer (AA)

Fred Zinnemann's new film is a disappointment, full of unrealized potential. Set in Switzerland in 1932, the plot concerns a middle-aged Scottish doctor who arrives for a climbing holiday with a very young "wife"—his niece, in fact, who has been in

love with him since childhood. Their Alpine guide discovers the situation & makes a bid for the girl. The two men embark on a horrific & difficult climb—one falls to his death. Based in part on a short story by Kay Boyle, the film does not gel dramatically. Sean Connery is excellent as the doctor, but Betsy Brantley is weak as the girl & Lambert Wilson (who, in spite of an English-sounding name, is French) is adequate as the guide. The mountain scenery is exquisitely photographed by Giuseppe Rotunno.

Hammett (AA)

Wim Wenders's long-awaited American film début is an imaginary episode in the life of Dashiell Hammett when he was a consumptive, whisky-soaked pulp writer in San Francisco in the late 1920s. An immensely complicated plot involving a missing Chinese girl, a lost manuscript, white slavery, blackmail & corruption is clearly meant to provide the inspiration for Hammett's best-known Sam Spade story, *The Maltese Falcon*. Frederick Forrest plays the glassy-eyed author convincingly, but the less said about Roy Kinnear's attempt to do a Sydney Greenstreet the better. The sets are the most artificial-looking since Warner Brothers' thrillers of the 1940s, with water-fronts; opium dens & Hammett's seedy apartment evoking with the aid of dim lighting the celebrated tradition of Burbank film noir.

Privileged (AA)

An undergraduate film, & a very good one, made with generously donated resources by a group of Oxford students. Having said that, producer Richard Stevenson & director Michael Hoffman have elected to be judged professionally. Their story is a kind of updated amalgam of *Brideshead* & *Chariots of Fire*, with a feckless hero falling for two girls in succession, while seething at his poor casting in an OUDS production of *The Duchess of Malfi*. The prettier girl is the poorer actress, but Diana Katis, an imported professional, is brilliant as the more powerful partner. University life, with its union debates, fancy-dress parties, boisterous pubs & river afternoons, seems not to have changed one jot, & the film could have been set at any time in the last three decades or more. Look in vain for reference to broader social issues than an Oxford élite enjoying itself. Even the title will be enough to enrage readers of *Time Out*. Opens Nov 18.

Raggedy Man (AA)

Sissy Spacek made this film before *Missing*, but it reinforces the strength of her acting reputation. She plays a divorced mother in rural Texas in the Second World War, chained to the telephone switchboard which she operates for her local community in the belief that the job has been "frozen" for the duration. A passing young sailor takes to her & her two sons but, fearful of local opinion, she is forced to send him on his way. Jack Fisk's first feature is thoughtful & assured until the last 20 minutes, when it becomes a conventional scare thriller, with the beleaguered Sissy menaced by two psychopathic rapists, each of whom meets a gory death.

The Weavers: Wasn't that a Time? (U)

The Weavers were an extraordinary quartet of singers who united folk song & pop with "Goodnight Irene", "On Top of Old Smokey", "So Long, It's Been Good to Know You" & many others more than 30 years ago. They had their roots in Appalachia, the Prairies, the industrial heartland & the hungry years of Depression. In 1952

TRAVEL AND CRUISING

BY UNION LLOYD



Cruising the Caribbean

I have been lucky enough to go on several cruises in this part of the world and I can say without hesitation that each one has been more enjoyable than the last. Some may believe that the main attraction of the Caribbean is its tropical and semi-deserted islands whose beaches and scenery, after a few days, all begin to take on a similarity. However, I can assure you that this judgement is far from the reality.

A Sun Line cruise in itself is an unforgettable experience. No doubt you will find those marvellous beaches you always dreamed of, but also you will find much more than that. Each port-of-call has its own charm, its own distinct personality and its own way of life, frequently influenced by the customs and cultures of the first Europeans who settled here, but now unmistakably of an individual and often exotic character.

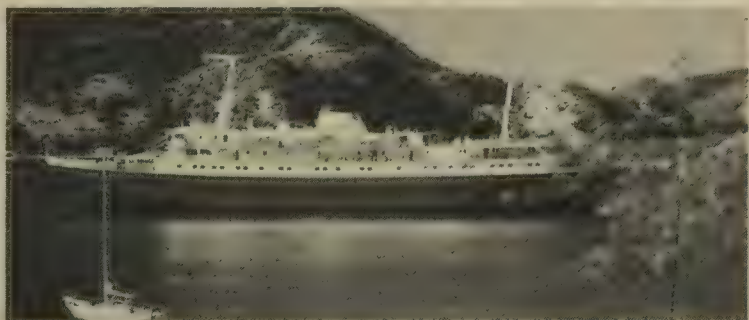
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in a new development, opposes him.

The Line (AA)

Russ Thacker plays a US soldier who goes AWOL from Vietnam. His family, worried that he is going mad, want the authorities to find him, & he ends up in prison, needing to "cross the line" to escape. V IPC Video.

The Loveless (AA)

Set in the deep south of the JFK years, this old-fashioned road film about a group of bikers who stop over in a sweaty, barren roadside hamlet is charmless & ultimately depressing. V Palace Video.

A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy (AA)

In his new film, set at the turn of the century. Woody Allen plays a slightly mad inventor who falls for a friend's fiancée (Mia Farrow). Much changing of partners goes on during a weekend in the meadows of upstate New York.

The Night of San Lorenzo (AA)

Italian film directed by Paolo & Vittorio Tavini. The inhabitants of a Tuscan village in 1944 defy orders to gather for their traditional August celebrations.

Norman Loves Rose (AA)

Henri Safran's long-winded comedy centres on a 13-year-old boy who may or may not be responsible for his sister-in-law's pregnancy. Warren Mitchell & Myra de Groot play the boy's parents.

Pictures (A)

This New Zealand film, directed by Michael Black, is set at the turn of the century. Two brothers, both photographers, photograph Maori life—one takes controversial pictures of the defeated Maoris' plight; the other complies with government requests to take only pictures which romanticize their life.

The Plague Dogs (A)

Martin Rosen's animated version of Richard Adams's novel about two dogs who escape from a vivisection lab, feared to be carrying virus strains of bubonic plague. Its uncompromising realism makes it scarcely a cartoon for young children.

Poltergeist (X)

Directed by Tobe Hooper, this astonishing view of a California suburban family subjected to an appalling haunting in their new all-mod-con detached residence is excellent & amazing nonsense. The special effects alone are worth the price of admission.

Race for the Yankee Zephyr (A)

Donald Pleasance & Ken Wahl struggle to retrieve an old US plane full of money before it falls into the hands of a crook. David Hemmings directed.

The Sword & the Sorcerer (AA)

Lee Horsley, as a hero of the Dark Ages, has taken centuries to catch up with his mother's murderer. Though it is the most palpable nonsense, it moves at a zesty pace with astonishing stuntwork.

36 Chowringhee Lane (A)

Impressive directorial debut by Indian actress Aparna Sen. Jennifer Kendal gives a beautifully realized performance as an Anglo-Indian schoolteacher. Father, Geoffrey Kendal, plays her senile septuagenarian brother.

Tron (A)

Steven Lisberger's film uses stunning animation sequences, though the story is paper-thin, the characterization minimal & the plot credibility non-existent. In an attempt to defeat an evil computer genius, Jeff Bridges finds himself inside a computer, helping to destroy its control program.

The Watcher in the Woods (A)

David McCallum & Carroll Baker play an American couple who rent a spooky Victorian pile from owner Bette Davis. The couple's daughter bears an uncanny resemblance to Bette Davis's teenage daughter who vanished 30 years earlier. The ensuing supernatural phenomena build up to an extraordinary climax.

Certificates

U = passed for general exhibition

A = passed for general exhibition but parents are advised that the film contains material that they might prefer under-14s not to see

AA = no admittance under 14

X = no admittance under 18

26th London Film Festival: Over 100 films from more than 30 countries, including work by Ray, Fassbinder, Chabrol, Losey & Altman. National Film Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 3232). Members £2.75, non-members £3.75. Nov 11-28.



Rachel Ward: in *Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid*.

Senator McCarthy accused them of being communists & Decca promptly dropped them, forcing them into the wilderness. They made comebacks over the years but eventually broke up for good. However in 1980 Lee Hays invited Pete Seeger, Fred Kellerman & Ronnie Gilbert to his upper New York home for a picnic. The Weavers found they could still sing, & from that meeting sprang the idea to stage a concert at Carnegie Hall, almost on the 25th anniversary of their 1955 appearance, the first time a folksinging group had performed there. Tickets were sold out within hours of the announcement, & the Weavers showed that they still had the electricity to make a song take off & bring an audience to its feet. A few months later Lee Hays, the bass of the group, renowned for his mordant wit, & co-author with Seeger of their biggest hit, "If I Had a Hammer", was dead. Jim Brown followed the reunion through from the summer picnic to Carnegie Hall, & has laced his film with interviews, archive footage, posters & a commentary by Lee Hays. It is a superb window on the recent past.

ALSO SHOWING

Another Way (X)

Hungarian film, winner of both the Critics' & Best Actor awards at Cannes, about an uncompromising woman journalist & her lesbian affair with a colleague. Directed by Karoly Makk.

Author! Author! (A)

Arthur Hiller's sledgehammer direction defeats even an actor of Al Pacino's stature. Pacino plays a successful New York playwright with a failed marriage.

Blade Runner (AA)

Ridley Scott's film is set in Los Angeles some four decades hence. Harrison Ford plays a blade runner, a detective trained to find & kill replicants, or non-humans, who are supposed to work only in outer space. Immense effort appears to have been spent on a bleak & empty film.

Deathtrap (A)

Sidney Lumet blows his reputation with the film version of Ira Levin's slick, implausible, stagey thriller in which scarcely anyone is what he seems to be. Michael Caine & Christopher Reeve plough through the corkscrew twists of the plot.

Giro City (AA)

Glenda Jackson plays a television director in Karl Francis's film which stridently assails local government corruption, the Irish problem & television current affairs reporting.

Hanky Panky (AA)

Gene Wilder & Gilda Radner get involved in international intrigue in this romantic thriller. Directed by Sidney Poirier.

Heatwave (AA)

In Phil Noyce's study of ruthless progress in architecture, flashy direction technique fails to overcome sketchy characterization. Richard Moir plays an idealistic architect & Judy Davis, as an activist on the side of those due to lose their homes



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BRIEFING

TELEVISION JOHN HOWKINS

MOST TELEVISION PROGRAMMES claim to be new and different but, as TV practitioners privately admit, the really new and really innovative is rare indeed. So when an Act of Parliament orders Channel Four, the first new TV network for 18 years, to provide a different and distinctive service, what are the chances? So far, the signs are good. The channel's staff are mostly young and enterprising, leavened with a few stalwarts (including David Rose, the man who started *Z Cars*). The boss is Jeremy Isaacs, best known for his *World at War* series. The programme controller is Paul Bonner, one of the BBC's brightest documentary producers. The senior triumvirate is completed by Justin Dukes from the *Financial Times*.

The key to the new channel is its commitment (again, ordered by Parliament) to take the largest possible proportion of programmes from independent producers. Unlike the BBC and ITV, which make more than 80 per cent of their own output, Channel Four will make only one programme, *Right to Reply*, in which viewers can make their own opinions heard. Everything else will be made by independent companies. This dependence on outside producers is unique in the world, and explains the 10 years of argument that have preceded this month's opening.

How will it look different? First, Channel Four expects viewers to select specific programmes rather than watch whatever happens to be on. To achieve this, the channel's scheduling will be more aggressive, too. On November 18, when ITV shows Miss World (the antithesis of anything new?), Channel Four will screen a US film, *The Life and Times of Rosie the Riveter*, which recounts, not without humour, how women were exploited during the last war. And then on November 21 it plans a studio discussion on the issues raised by the film. But, second, it is not all serious. Channel Four knows entertainment is the spice of television, and has bought some irresistible material, including home-grown humour from London's Comic Strip and imports like Paul Hogan from Australia. Third, there will be an hour-long news programme at 7pm every night (half an hour on Fridays), a brave experiment which could make or break the entire company. Fourth, a feature film will be shown every night, including many rewarding British films specially commissioned by Channel Four. Fifth, the channel is deliberately looking for the unusual, the important, the memorable. I wish it well.

THE MONTH IN VIEW

Programme previews carry details of dates and channel only. Transmission times are not available when the *ILN* goes to press.

Channel Four starts at 4.45pm on Nov 2. To give an indication of the full range of its programmes the entire schedule for the opening night is listed below.

Nov 2. Countdown (C4)

The new channel has deliberately eschewed Leslie Mitchell who opened BBC TV & a banquet at the Guildhall which started ITV, & chosen instead to move straight to the programmes; a typical gesture. *Countdown* is a quiz on the history & meanings of words; with Ted Moulton & Kenneth Williams.

The Body Show (C4)

Keeping fit, basketball & reggae seem to rate high on the new channel. This series uses music & dance to enhance our bodies' fitness.

The People's Court (C4)

A US series in which real-life domestic arguments & affairs are re-created & tried again in the studio; the results are often unbelievably funny.

Book 4 (C4)

Melvyn Bragg as producer brings to books the insightful exploration of all the arts that he shows so well in his *South Bank Show*; the opener is Len Deighton talking on his writings about the war.

Channel 4 News (C4)

Channel Four's nightly 7pm news programme, prepared by a special ITN team including Peter Sissons, Godfrey Hodgson & rising star Sarah Hogg.

Brookside (C4)

The claim of Channel Four to be both popular & innovative will partly rest on this twice-weekly soap opera, filmed on location in a new housing estate in Liverpool (where six houses have been bought for the series). Producer Phil Redmond also created the prize-winning *Grange Hill* series.



RSC's *Nicholas Nickleby*: Nov 7 on C4.

The Paul Hogan Show (C4)

Hoges, as he's known, is Australia's best-rated comedian. Of course, that's no guarantee that he'll raise a laugh in Britain; comedy is a notoriously bad traveller. But anyone who can get a laugh out of shooting a cat has a certain style.

Walter (C4)

A film by Stephen Frears, with camerawork by Chris Menges, about a mentally-handicapped man who needs friends if he is to stay outside a mental hospital. Ian McKellen & Barbara Jefford both give good performances.

Five Go Mad in Dorset (C4)

The Comic Strip "alternative" comedians present a spoof of Enid Blyton's famous brats; this opening night previews a series due next January.

In the Pink (C4)

The evening ends with an all-woman revue by The Evening Beauties.

Nov 3. The Black Show (BBC2)

Channel Four doesn't have a monopoly of doing

things differently. This new series from BBC Bristol is a genuine attempt at a multi-racial show for mainly Afro-Caribbean people; it will have discussions, music & news.

Nov 4. Eureka (BBC2)

Children's programme in which one of the liveliest of the new television presenters, Jeremy Beadle, tells us who invented what, & how; this week, the ballpoint pen, safety pin, can opener & zipper.

Nov 4. Tom Keating on Painters (C4)

The master forger of Samuel Palmer's paintings, & much else, tells how he does it. Keating is fascinated by technique. He copies for the joy of it, not in order to mislead, & his descriptions of the Venetians, Constable & Degas are wonderful to hear.

Nov 5. Sorry (BBC1)

A new series with Ronnie Corbett trying to escape from home.

Nov 5. Ballroom of Romance (BBC2)

A simple story, beautifully told, about the people at a dance evening in a small Irish village. This kind of gentle story-telling is something that television can do better than any other medium, & *Ballroom* is exceptionally good of its kind; with Cyril Cusack & Brenda Fricker.

Nov 5. The Other 'Arf (ITV)

The new series starts with Charles Latimer (John Standing) about to leave the Tories & join the SDP. Also with glorious cockney Lorraine Chase & James Villiers.

Nov 7. Nicholas Nickleby (C4)

The Royal Shakespeare Company production of Dickens's sprawling adventure was one of the theatrical hits of recent years. This four-part, nine-hour TV version, filmed in the theatre, should recapture all the magic of the performances (notably Roger Rees as Nicholas, David Threlfall as Smike & Edward Petherbridge as Newman Noggs) & much of the rapid-fire action as well.

Nov 9. Intensive Care (BBC1)

A typical Alan Bennett play, keenly observed & extracting humour from situations that, to many people, don't seem funny at all. Alan Bennett, as the remorseful son, sits with his aunt (Thora Hird) in a hospital waiting room, getting to know the staff (including Julie Walters), & other patients.

Nov 10. The Barchester Chronicles (BBC2)

A welcome seven-part adaptation by Alan Plater of Trollope's story of clerical intrigue & secular romance; the cast has Nigel Hawthorne, Geraldine McEwan, Clive Swift & Susan Hampshire.

Nov 10. Year of the French (BBC2)

Twice-weekly documentary series showing the lives of 12 French people. Tonight's film is about singer-song writer Marie-Paule Belle; Friday's programme looks at Bernard Capdère, a skiing gendarme in the Pyrenees.

Nov 11. Yes, Minister (BBC2)

Paul Eddington & Nigel Hawthorne return for a third series of this all-too-accurate Whitehall comedy.

Nov 12. Our Winnie (BBC2)

The first of five shortish plays by Alan Bennett, all on BBC2, to complement his *Play for Today* on BBC1.

Nov 16. The Manhood of Edward Robinson (ITV)

This engaging story of a spoof burglary is a lovely vignette of Bright Young Things & their parties in the mid 1930s; sadly, it ends Thames's series of Agatha Christie plays.

Nov 18. The Life & Times of Rosie the Riveter (C4)

A marvellous, if loosely made, film in which US wartime propaganda about the necessity of women working in factories is contrasted with the women's own views. Most wrenching is how at the end of the war the women were summarily sacked & told to go home to look after the men.

Nov 23. The Bomb (ITV)

John Pilger, one of TV's (& Fleet Street's) most aggressive investigators, shows how western governments & the media are trying to accustom us to the idea of a limited nuclear war.

Nov 26. The Sixties (C4)

The best-loved decade since the war? The last of the good times or the beginning of the crack up? This six-part series remembers the Beatles (via an interview with their generous press agent, Derek Taylor), explains why the BMC Mini never made money, & offers an analysis of the economic problems & the emergence of political radicalism.

Nov 30. Stuntman Challenge (ITV)

Film stuntmen challenge each other to a series of stunts & tricks; an odd mix of bravery & lunacy.

SPORT FRANK KEATING



MARTIN HENYETT

THOUGH SPORT's traditional wintry plod is well established by now on the playing fields, November's calendar this year offers some summer remembrance to keep Londoners warm and snug indoors. On the first Saturday of the month the three-day Wightman Cup tennis contest between the girls of Britain and the United States ends at the Albert Hall. Next year the tournament celebrates its golden jubilee: it was inaugurated in 1923 by a leading American player, Mrs Wightman, who designed the trophy—an elegant silver vase. It has not, alas, often passed through British customs since! Nevertheless, the British have in the recent past responded to the stately "British" atmosphere of this marvellous arena.

□ For the whole of the following week, at Wembley Arena, some of the world's leading men players will be exhibiting less dainty tennis in the Benson & Hedges indoor competition. The 1982 Wimbledon finalists, Connors and McEnroe, warmed up here a year ago for their summer confrontation with a furious verbal ding-dong. Perhaps they should play this tournament at Hyde Park's Speakers' Corner.

□ In the cold and frosty outdoors the Welsh at Cardiff Arms Park will be getting their voices in trim for more serious New Year battles when their national side entertains a New Zealand Maori XV on November 13. In soccer two of the most intriguing fixtures in London will be on November 6 and 27 when, respectively, Tottenham Hotspur and Arsenal are hosts to Watford, playing for the first time in the First Division.

HIGHLIGHTS

BADMINTON

Nov 17, 18. **England v USSR v W Germany**, Howe Bridge Sports Centre, Atherton, Lancs.
Nov 25, 26. **England v Denmark**, Nov 25, Rochford Leisure Centre, Rochford, Essex; Nov 26, Bath Leisure Centre, Bath, Avon.

FOOTBALL

London home matches:

Arsenal v Everton, Nov 13; **Watford**, Nov 27.
Brentford v Preston North End, Nov 2; **Bradford City**, Nov 6.
Charlton Athletic v Middlesbrough, Nov 13; **Wolverhampton**, Nov 20.
Chelsea v Crystal Palace, Nov 6; **Shrewsbury Town**, Nov 20.
Crystal Palace v Leeds United, Nov 13; **Wolverhampton Wanderers**, Nov 27.
Fulham v Oldham Athletic, Nov 6; **Sheffield Wednesday**, Nov 27.
Millwall v Plymouth Argyle, Nov 2; **Wrexham**, Nov 6; **Reading**, Nov 28.
Orient v Walsall, Nov 2; **Wigan Athletic**, Nov 6.
Queen's Park Rangers v Blackburn Rovers, Nov 13; **Carlisle United**, Nov 27.
Tottenham Hotspur v Watford, Nov 6; **West Ham United**, Nov 20.
Watford v Stoke City, Nov 13; **Brighton & Hove Albion**, Nov 20.
West Ham United v Norwich City, Nov 13; **Everton**, Nov 27.

GYMNASTICS

Nov 4-7. **Daily Mirror USSR Display Team's visit**, Wembley Arena, Middx.
Nov 20, 21. **Speedo National Championships for Women & Girls**, Crystal Palace, SE19.

HORSE RACING

Nov 6. **Holsten Diat Pils Hurdle**, Sandown Park.
Nov 13. **Mackeson Gold Cup**, Cheltenham.
Nov 27. **Hennessy Cognac Gold Cup**, Newbury.
The first two great chases of the winter, where you can confirm your choices for the Cheltenham Gold Cup & the Grand National in the spring—and see what latest challengers the Irish are putting into the field.

ICE SKATING

Nov 7, 8. **Richmond Trophy**, Richmond Ice Rink, Twickenham, Middx.
Nov 19. **British Ice Dance Championship**, Nott-

ingham.

MOTOR SPORT

Nov 7. **London to Brighton Veteran Car Run**, start 8am, Hyde Park Corner, W1; finish Marine Drive, Brighton, E Sussex.

Nov 21-25. **Lombard RAC Rally**, start & finish York.

Though almost a century divides the "hardware" of these motoring enthusiasts, the talk is all of camshafts, octanes & chicanes. The Sunday morning in Hyde Park, when the veterans set off, is one of the events of the year & you'll see many more vehicles there than if you choose to watch the finish along the Brighton seafront! At York on the 21st the professionals will be far more narrow-eyed as they set off on a five-day event.

NETBALL

Nov 27. **England v New Zealand**, Wembley Arena.

RUGBY

Nov 13. **A Welsh XV v New Zealand Maoris**, Cardiff.
Nov 17. **Oxford v Major Stanley's XV**, Oxford.
Nov 24. **Cambridge v Steele-Bodger XV**, Cambridge.

The crucial warm-up games for the two old enemies, prior to their annual rousing confrontation at Twickenham early next month. They both play traditional guest sides made up, mostly, of leading internationals—Oxford against Major Stanley's XV at Iffley Rd, & Cambridge at Grange Road against the Steel-Bodger side a week later.

SNOOKER

Nov 22-Dec 4. **Coral UK Professional Championship**, Guildhall, Preston, Lancs.

SQUASH

Nov 1-5. **World Masters**, Granby Halls, Leicester.
Nov 14-16. **World Open Championship**, National Exhibition Centre, Birmingham.

SWIMMING

Nov 6, 7. **Synchronized Swimming National Championships**, Wythenshawe, Manchester.
Nov 27. **Esso Inter-County Knockout Competition Final**, Nuneaton, Warwicks.

TENNIS

Nov 4-6. **Carnation Wightman Cup (women)**, Albert Hall, SW7.
Nov 8-14. **Benson & Hedges Tennis Championship (men)**, Wembley Arena.

SALEROOMS URSULA ROBERTSHAW

AN INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION of arms and armour is at the Dorchester Hotel on November 5 and 6, where 25 leading dealers will show a wide selection of warlike apparatus dating from the Middle Ages to 1870. There will be one piece of exceptional interest: Ludwig II of Bavaria's personal sword, made for him by his court jeweller Hausinger of Munich. Of silver gilt richly embellished with diamonds, emeralds and rubies, interspersed with enamel figures and flowers, it is also decorated with motifs from Wagner's *Tannhäuser*—such as the knight himself with his staff that will flower when his sins are forgiven, and the seductive figure of Venus. Such motifs also figure on friezes at Hohenschwangau where Ludwig spent much of his boyhood and where he first heard a Wagner opera. The sword bears prominently the arms of the House of Wittelsbach.

It was sold by the State, outside Bavaria, with the rest of Ludwig's possessions after his death. Illustrated in the catalogue but mis-called a French sword, it was bought privately in Stuttgart in 1886 and became "lost" until recently. It is the only known personal possession of Ludwig II to survive.

□ Three massive classical marbles, *The Libyan Sibyl*, *Cleopatra* and *Medea*, are to be sold for the Goldsmiths' Company at Christie's on November 4. They are by the American sculptor William Wetmore Story (1819-95). *Medea* is said to have been inspired by the Italian tragedienne Adelaide Ristori, who first played in the United States in 1866. The marbles are expected to make between £5,000 and £12,000 each.



Ludwig's sword: arms at the Dorchester.

The following is a selection of sales taking place in London this month. Wine sales on page 106.

BONHAM'S

Montpelier St, SW7 (584 9161).
Nov 4, 11am; Nov 25, 2.30pm. European oil paintings & watercolours.
Nov 12, 11am. Doulton art pottery.
Nov 25, 11am. Oil paintings, gouaches & watercolours of Italian cities.

CHRISTIE'S

8 King St, SW1 (839 9060).
Nov 1, 10.30am & 2.30pm. Chinese export ceramics & works of art.
Nov 2: 10.30am, European glass; 11am, Decorative prints.
Nov 3, 23, 11am. Silver.
Nov 4, 10.30am. 19th-century sculpture, European furniture & works of art.
Nov 5, 11am. Victorian pictures; Musical instruments.
Nov 11, 11am & 2.30pm. English furniture, Eastern rugs & carpets.
Nov 12, 11am. Modern British pictures; Japanese prints.
Nov 19, 11am. English pictures.
Nov 25, 11am. 19th-century Continental watercolours.
Nov 26, 11am. 19th- & 20th-century pictures.
Nov 29, 6.30pm. Impressionist pictures, modern paintings & sculpture.

CHRISTIE'S SOUTH KENSINGTON

85 Old Brompton Rd, SW7 (581 2231).
Nov 2, 2pm. Oriental & Islamic costume & textiles.
Nov 4, 10.30am. Objects of vertu & miniatures.
Nov 9, 2pm. Fans.
Nov 10, 2pm. Railway art & literature.
Nov 12: 10.30am, Books, atlases & maps; 2pm, Dolls.

Nov 15, 10.30am. Oriental scrolls & Indian miniatures.

Nov 18: 10.30am, Goss, pot-lids & Staffordshire ware; 2pm, Mechanical music.

Nov 26, 2pm. Art Nouveau & Art Deco.

Nov 30, 2pm. Costume, textiles, embroidery, linen & lace.

STANLEY GIBBONS

Drury House, Russell St, WC2 (836 8444).

Nov 11, 12, 1.30pm. All World stamps.

PHILLIPS

7 Blenheim St, W1 (629 6602).

Nov 1, 8, 15, 22, 29, 11am. Furniture, carpets & objects.

Nov 1, 11am. Watercolours & drawings.

Nov 2, 9, 16, 23, 30, 11am. Furniture, carpets & works of art.

Nov 2, 16, 30, 1.30pm. Jewelry.

Nov 3, 17, 11am. Oriental ceramics & works of art.

Nov 4, 10am. Furs.

Nov 5, 12, 19, 26, 11am. Silver & plate.

Nov 8: 11am, Oil paintings; 2pm, Decorative prints.

Nov 10, noon. Automobilia.

Nov 10, 24, 11am. European ceramics & glass.

Nov 11, 11am. Costume, lace & textiles.

Nov 18: 11am, Musical instruments; 1.30pm, Books, atlases & maps.

Nov 22, 2pm. Victorian paintings.

Nov 24: noon, Pot-lids, fairings, Goss & commemorative china; 2pm, Arms & armour.

Nov 29, 2pm. 19th- & 20th-century paintings.

Nov 30, 2pm. Old Master & modern prints.

SOTHEBY'S

34/35 New Bond St, W1 (493 8080).

Nov 1, 11am. European glass & paperweights.

Nov 2, 10.30am. Chinese export porcelain.

Nov 3, 11am. Modern British pictures.

Nov 4: 10.30am & 2.30pm, Roman coins; 11am & 2.30pm, Musical instruments.

Nov 11: 11am, Silver; 11am & 2.30pm, Music MSS & letters.

Nov 12, 2.30pm. Printed books, MSS & letters.

Nov 15, 10.30am. Krug Collection of glass, III.

Nov 17, 11am. Old Master pictures.

Nov 18: 10.30am, Japanese works of art, Medieval, Renaissance & baroque works of art, Jewels; 2.30pm, Old Master drawings.

Nov 23: 10.30am, Mechanical music, talking machines & printed material, Arms & armour; 11am, Victorian paintings & drawings.

Nov 25, 11am. Atlases, maps & travel books.

Nov 29, 30, 10.30am. Books & other material related to conjuring.

Nov 30, 10.30am. Tribal art.

Antiques fairs

Nov 4-9. **31st Kensington Antiques Fair**, New Town Hall, Hornton St, W8. Daily 11am-8pm. £1, OAPs, nurses, students & children 50p.

Nov 5, 6. **International Arms & Armour Exposition**, Dorchester Hotel, Park Lane, W1. Fri 10am-8pm, Sat 9am-2pm. £4 including catalogue.

CLASSICAL MUSIC

MARGARET DAVIES

A NEW CHAMBER ORCHESTRA, the Vienna Master Orchestra, gives its first concert on November 29 at the Festival Hall. Made up of principals and concert-masters from such bands as the Berlin Philharmonic, the Vienna Philharmonic, the Orchestra National de France and the Concertgebouw Orchestra, it is the brainchild of the violinist Eugene Sarbu who will conduct and play at the first concert.

□ The Queen Mother will attend the 32nd royal concert on November 23, which is held for the first time at the Barbican Hall. It will be given by the London Symphony Orchestra with Neville Marriner and Richard Hickox as conductors and the young Yugoslav pianist Ivo Pogorelich as soloist. The principal orchestras take it in turns to play at the royal concert for which the musicians receive no payment, the proceeds going to the Musicians' Benevolent Fund and allied charities.

□ Ruggiero Ricci is giving two solo violin recitals on November 25 and 26 at the Queen Elizabeth Hall, marking the bicentenary of the birth of Paganini. He will play Paganini's 24 Caprices and Bach's three Partitas and three Sonatas, works with which he has long been associated.

□ One of the world's most distinguished string quartets, the Amadeus, celebrate their 35th anniversary together with three concerts, the first of which is at the Festival Hall on November 21.

CONCERT AND RECITAL GUIDE

The following is a selection of concerts taking place in London this month. Complete listings are available from the concert halls.

ALBERT HALL

Kensington Gore, SW7 (589 8212).

Nov 7, 7.30pm. **New Symphony Orchestra, Band of the Irish Guards**, conductor Bond; Anthony Peebles, piano. Tchaikovsky, Suite from The Swan Lake, Piano Concerto No 1, Marche Slave, Capriccio italien, Overture 1812 with cannon & mortar effects.

Nov 24, 7.30pm. **BBC Symphony Orchestra & Chorus, BBC Singers**, conductor Rozhdestvensky; John Lill, piano; Sarah Walker, mezzo-soprano. BBC External Services 50th anniversary concert. Cox, Overture London Calling; Britten, Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra; Beethoven, Piano Concerto No 4; Elgar, The Music Makers.

Nov 27, 7.30pm. **Royal Choral Society, Trinity College of Music Orchestra & Choir, Leeds Philharmonic Society**, conductors M. Davies, Gaddarn, Keefe; Manoug Parikian, violin; Benjamin Luxon, baritone. Walton's 80th birthday concert. Walton, The Twelve, Concerto for Violin & Orchestra, Belshazzar's Feast.

Nov 28, 7.30pm. **Bach Choir, Royal College of Music Symphony Orchestra, Choir & Junior Department Chorus**, conductor Wilcocks; Linda Esther Gray, Wendy Eathorne, Ann Mackay, sopranos; Catherine Wyn-Rogers, Sarah Walker, mezzo-sopranos; Kenneth Bowen, tenor; Stephen Roberts, baritone; Richard Angus, bass. Mahler, Symphony No 8.

BARBICAN

Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, cc 638 8891).

Nov 3, 7pm. **London Symphony Orchestra, Huddersfield Choral Society**, conductor Hughes; Sylvia Sass, Turandot; Franco Bonisoli, Calaf; Isobel Buchanan, Liù. Puccini, Turandot (concert performance).

Nov 4, 1pm. **English Baroque Orchestra**, conductor Lovett. Vivaldi, Autumn from The Four Seasons; Bach, Suite No 2; Corelli, Concerto Grosso (Christmas Concerto).

Nov 4, 8pm. **Royal Philharmonic Orchestra**, conductor Handford; Cécile Ousset, piano. Sibelius, Finlandia; Rachmaninov, Piano Concerto No 2; Tchaikovsky, Symphony No 4.

Nov 5, 7.30pm. **Royal Philharmonic Orchestra**, conductor Groves; Jaime Laredo, violin. Vaughan Williams, Fantasia on a theme from Thomas Tallis, Symphony No 5; Barber, Violin Concerto; Gershwin, An American in Paris.

Nov 6, 7.30pm. **English Baroque Soloists, Monteverdi Choir**, conductor Gardiner; Eiddwen Harth, soprano; Catherine Robbin, mezzo-soprano; Charles Brett, counter-tenor; Wynford Evans, tenor; Robert Hale, baritone. Handel, Messiah.

Nov 8, 6.30pm; Nov 10, 7.15pm. **London Sym-**



Ruggiero Ricci: Paganini celebrations at the Queen Elizabeth Hall on November 25 & 26.

phony Orchestra, conductor C. Davis. Tippett, Symphony No 4; Berlioz, Symphony fantastique. Nov 11, 7.15pm; Nov 13, 8pm. **London Symphony Orchestra**, conductor C. Davis; Uto Ughi, violin. Berlioz, Overture King Lear, Symphony fantastique; Mozart, Violin Concerto No 3.

Nov 12, 8pm; Nov 14, 7.15pm. **English Chamber Orchestra**, conductor Leppard; José-Luis García, violin; William Bennett, flute; Linda Finnie, alto. Bach, Brandenburg Concerto No 3, Violin Concerto in E. Cantata No 170 Vernügte Ruh', Suite No 2.

Nov 15, 6.30pm; Nov 17, 7.15pm. **London Symphony Orchestra**, conductor C. Davis; Nobuko Imai, viola. Tippett, Concerto for Orchestra; Berlioz, Harold in Italy.

Nov 18, 7.15pm; Nov 20, 8pm. **London Symphony Orchestra**, conductor C. Davis; Nobuko Imai, viola. Mozart, Symphony No 36 (Linz); Berlioz, Harold in Italy.

Nov 19, 8pm; Nov 21, 7.15pm. **English Chamber Orchestra**, conductor Krivine; John Williams, guitar. Berlioz, Love scene from Romeo & Juliet; Rodrigo, Concierto de Aranjuez; Arnold, Serenade for Guitar & Orchestra; Tippett, Concerto for Double String Orchestra.

Nov 21, 3pm. **London Symphony Orchestra**, conductor A. Davis; Paul Crossley, piano; John Amis, lecturer. Ladbroke lecture concert: Tippett, Piano Concerto.

Nov 22, 6.30pm; Nov 24, 7.15pm. **London Symphony Orchestra**, conductor A. Davis; Janet Baker, mezzo-soprano; Paul Crossley, piano. Berlioz, Overture Béatrice et Bénédict, Les nuits d'été; Tippett, Piano Concerto.

Nov 23, 8pm. **London Symphony Orchestra & Chorus**, conductors Marriner, Hickox; **Trumpeters from the Royal Military School of Music**, conductor Evans; Ivo Pogorelich, piano; David Rendall,

tenor. Royal concert in the presence of the Queen Mother. Britten, National Anthem, Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra; Elgar, Overture Cockaigne; Finzi, Ceremonial Ode for St Cecilia's Day; Franck, Symphonic Variations for Piano & Orchestra.

Nov 24, 1pm. **London Symphony Orchestra**, conductor A. Davis; Ivo Pogorelich, piano. Berlioz, Overture Béatrice et Bénédict; Chopin, Piano Concerto No 2.

Nov 25, 7.15pm; Nov 27, 8pm. **London Symphony Orchestra**, conductor A. Davis; Ivo Pogorelich, piano. Tippett, Ritual Dances from A Midsummer Marriage; Chopin, Piano Concerto No 2; Berlioz, Royal Hunt & Storm; Trojan March.

Nov 26, 8pm; Nov 28, 7.15pm. **English Chamber Orchestra**, conductor Malcolm; Yvonne Kenny, soprano; David Wilson-Johnson, baritone; William Bennett, Christopher Nicholls, flutes. Bach, Sinfonia from Cantata No 18, Brandenburg Concerto No 6, Concerto in F for Harpsichord & Two Flutes, Cantata No 173a (Birthday Cantata).

Nov 28, 3pm; Nov 29, 6.30pm. **London Symphony Orchestra & Chorus**, conductor A. Davis; Silvia Lindenstrand, mezzo-soprano; Peter Lindroos, tenor; Brian Rayner-Cook, bass-baritone; Malcolm King, bass. Berlioz, L'enfance du Christ.

Nov 30, 6.30pm. **Lindsay Quartet; Julian Bream**, guitar; **Robert Tear**, tenor. Tippett: a tribute from his friends. Tippett, Cantata Boyhood's End, Songs for Achilles, String Quartet No 2; Beethoven, String Quartet in F minor; Britten, Nocturne for solo guitar.

ST JOHN'S

Smith Sq, SW1 (222 1061).

Nov 1, 1pm. **Nash Ensemble**. Debussy, Sonata for flute, viola & harp; Bartók, Contrasts for violin, clarinet & piano; Ravel, Introduction & Allegro.

Nov 2, 16, 23, 7.30pm. **1952: Nov 2, London Sinfonietta Voices**; Sebastian Bell, flute. Matthews, Second Hand Flames; Petrassi, Souffle; Finnissy, Kelir; Osborne, Choralis I & II; Berio, Sequenzo for solo flute; Nov 16, **London Sinfonietta**, conductor Zollman; Sebastian Bell, flute; John Constable, piano. Maderna, Serenata; Dallapiccola, Piccola Musica Notturna; Stockhausen, Kontra-punkte; Berio, Serenata; Ferneyhough, Carceri d'invenzione I; Nov 23, **London Sinfonietta**, conductor Rattle. Ligeti, Ramifications; Benjamin, new work; Lutoslawski, Preludes & Fugue.

Nov 4, 7.30pm. **English Players, English Chamber Choir**, conductor Protheroe; Irvine Arditti, violin; Levine Andrade, viola. Mozart, Sinfonia Concertante in E flat K364, Requiem K626.

Nov 6, 7.30pm. **Alexander Choir**, conductor Hill; Elizabeth Lane, soprano; Tay Cheng-Jim, counter-tenor; Malcolm Singer, baritone; Paul Daniel, Catherine Edwards, pianos. Lambert, The Rio Grande; Mozart, Sonata for two pianos K488; Orff, Carmina Burana.

Nov 8, 1pm. **Pascal Rogé**, piano. Beethoven, Six Bagatelles Op 126, Sonata in F minor.

Nov 15, 1pm. **Uto Ughi**, violin; **Clifford Benson**, piano. Handel, Sonata in D Op 1 No 13; Falla, Suite populaire espagnole; Bach, Partita No 2.

Nov 18, 1.15pm. **David Wilson-Johnson**, baritone; **Peter Clough**, narrator; **David Owen Norris**, piano. Poulenc, The Story of Babar the Little Elephant, Le travail du peintre; Debussy, Chansons de France.

Nov 22, 1pm. **Rafael Orozco**, piano. Beethoven, Sonata in E minor Op 90; Schumann, Humoreske Op 20.

Nov 25, 7.30pm. **Lontano Ensemble**, director de la Martinez; Karen Jensen, soprano; Ingrid Culliford, flute. The Americas II: Terzian, Shantini-ketan; Reynolds, ... the Serpent-Snapping Eye; Schafer, Music for the Morning of the World; Souster, Song.

Nov 30, 8pm. **Salomon Orchestra**, conductor Binney. Stravinsky, Symphony in Three Movements; Elgar, Symphony No 2.

SOUTH BANK

SE1 (928 3191, cc A, Bc 928 6544).

(FH = Festival Hall, EH = Queen Elizabeth Hall, PR = Purcell Room)

Nov 1, 8pm. **London Symphony Orchestra & Chorus, Southend Boys' Choir**, conductor C. Davis; Janet Baker, mezzo-soprano; Peyo Garazzi, tenor; Thomas Allen, baritone; John Tomlinson, bass. Berlioz, The Damnation of Faust. FH.



Eugene Sarbu: orchestral début on November 29 at the Festival Hall.

Nov 2, 7.45pm. **Chilingir String Quartet**; Andrew Marriner, clarinet. Mozart, Quartets in D K499, in F K590, Clarinet Quintet in A K581. EH. Nov 2, 8pm. **Philharmonia Orchestra & Chorus**, conductor Muti; Irina Arkhipova, mezzo-soprano. Tchaikovsky, Overture Romeo & Juliet; Stravinsky, Divertimento Le baiser de la fée; Prokofiev, Alexander Nevsky. FH.

Nov 3, 10, 17, 24, 5.55pm; Nov 28, 3.15pm. **Bach Plus One**: Nov 3, **Elisabeth Roloff**, organ. Bach, Reger; Nov 10, **Jane Parker-Smith**, organ. Bach, Dupré; Nov 17, **David Sanger**, organ. Bach, Vierne; Nov 24, **Karl Hochreither**, organ. Bach, Messiaen; Nov 28, 3.15pm. **Gillian Weir**, organ. Messiaen, Méditations sur la mystère de la Sainte Trinité. FH.

Nov 3, 7.30pm. **London Fortepiano Trio**; Jan Schlapp, viola; Antony Pay, clarinet. Haydn, Trios in D Hob XV24, in B flat Hob XV8, Piano Sonata in E flat Hob XVI49; Mozart, Trio in E flat for viola, clarinet & piano K498. PR.

Nov 3, 8pm. **Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Royal Choral Society**, conductor M. Davies; Sheila Armstrong, soprano; Alfreda Hodgson, contralto; Ryland Davies, tenor; Ian Caddy, baritone. Elgar, The Kingdom. FH.

Nov 4, 7.45pm. **London Bach Orchestra, City of London Choir**, conductor Cashmore; Patrizia Kwella, soprano; Margaret Cable, contralto; Maldwyn Davies, tenor; Stephen Varcoe, bass; John Birch, harpsichord; Geoffrey Morgan, organ. Bach, Mass in B minor. EH.

Nov 5, 8pm. **London Philharmonic Orchestra**, conductor Conlon; Arthur Grumiaux, violin. Mozart, Symphony No 34, Violin Concerto in G K216; Brahms, Symphony No 1. FH.

Nov 7, 3.15pm. **Philharmonia Orchestra**, conductor Muti; Kyung Wha Chung, violin. Elgar, Violin Concerto; Shostakovich, Symphony No 5. FH.

Nov 7, 7pm. **London Fortepiano Trio**. Haydn, Trios in E minor Hob XV12, in A flat Hob XV14, in B flat Hob XV20, in G Hob XV25. PR.

Nov 7, 7.15pm. **English Concert**; Trevor Pinnock, director & harpsichord. Bach, Brandenburg Concertos Nos 1, 3, 4, 5. EH.

Nov 7, 7.30pm. **English Chamber Orchestra**; Vladimir Ashkenazy, conductor & piano. Wagner, Siegfried Idyll; Beethoven, Piano Concerto No 2; Berg, Lyric Suite; Tchaikovsky, Serenade in C. FH.

Nov 8, 8pm. **London Philharmonic Orchestra & Choir (section)**, conductor Conlon; Kyung Wha Chung, violin; John Aler, tenor. Mozart, Violin Concerto in D K218; Liszt, A Faust Symphony. FH.

Nov 9, 7.45pm. **London Sinfonietta**, conductor Rattle; Paul Crossley, piano. Messiaen, Des canyons aux étoiles. EH.

Nov 9, 8pm. **Philharmonia Orchestra**, conductor Muti; Emil Gilels, piano. Beethoven, Piano Concerto No 5, Symphony No 6. FH.

Nov 10, 7.45pm. **London Mozart Players**, conductor Blech; Ingrid Haebler, piano. Schubert, Overture in C minor; Mozart, Piano Concerto in B flat K456, Concert Rondo in D K382; Haydn, Symphony No 92 (Oxford). EH.

Nov 10, 8pm. **Royal Danish Orchestra**, conductor Semkow; Stephen Bishop-Kovacevich, piano. Nielsen, Overture, Maskerade; Simpson, Sym-

POPULAR MUSIC

DEREK JEWELL



That soccer-loving veteran, **Elton John** (above), proves that he is not spending all his time following Watford Football Club in their First Division adventures by hitting the road this month in dramatic fashion. On November 2 he begins a 42-concert tour (his first since 1979) which goes on for a couple of months, including what must be some kind of record—14 nights at the Hammersmith Odeon (748 4081) from December 9 to 16 and then again from December 19 to 24.

I had thought earlier that the rock group **Japan** had done pretty well to occupy the Hammersmith venue for five nights from November 17 to 21, a feat which is being equalled by the new-wave band **Duran Duran** who take over the Odeon on November 3 and 4 and November 14-16. At the same venue you can see the ecstatic **Kid Creole & The Coconuts** (November 21, 22), **ABC**, whose elegant modern pop album "Lexicon of Love" headed the charts for a time (November 23, 24), **Millie Jackson** (November 5) and **Squeeze** (November 8). Other notable rock events are visits to Wembley Arena (902 1234) by **Dr Hook** (November 17, 18) and the heavy rock band **Gillan** (December 17).

Much more towards the middle of the road is the delightful northern singer—he who loves to perform with brass band backings—**Peter Skellern**. He kicks off his tour at Croydon on November 13 and calls in at Brighton (The Dome) on November 15, Chichester (November 28) and Guildford (November 29) before finishing at London's Dominion Theatre (580 9562) on December 1. I hope he does several songs from his much acclaimed "Astaire" album. A pop-jazz voice from the past, **Georgie Fame**, takes up residency at Ronnie Scott's Club, Frith Street (439 0747) for a week starting on October 31. He is followed in at Scott's for two weeks by the dynamic Latin band, **Machito**, and there is still more joy at the Club from the **Horace Silver Quintet** who start a two-week season on November 21.

These are by no means the only interesting jazz events during the month. Down at The Canteen in Covent Garden (405 6598) a fortnight's joy can be anticipated from that venerable and idiosyncratic blues-and-country pianist-singer, **Mose Allison**. He is there from November 1-13. He is followed in November (15-20) by **Big Nick Nicholas**.

& orchestra; Brahms, Symphony No 4. *FH*.

Nov 27, 8pm. **BBC Welsh Symphony Orchestra, London Welsh Festival Choir**, conductor Hughes; Anne Evans, soprano; Jean Rigby, mezzo-soprano; Arthur Davies, tenor; Sean Rea, bass. Verdi, Requiem. *FH*.

Nov 28, 3pm. **Peter Frankl**, piano. Celebration of the centenary of Kodály's birth: Kodály, Meditation on a theme of Debussy, Seven Piano Pieces Op 11; Chopin, Barcarolle in F sharp Op 60, Polonaise-Fantaisie in A flat Op 61; Liszt, Sonata in B minor. *EH*.

Nov 28, 7.30pm. **London Philharmonic Orchestra & Choir**, conductor Chailly; Salvatore Accardo, violin; Roberta Alexander, soprano; Sandra Browne, mezzo-soprano; David Rendall, tenor; Stafford Dean, bass. Verdi, Overture The Force of Destiny; Paganini, Violin Concerto No 5; Rossini, Stabat Mater. *FH*.

Nov 29, 8pm. **Vienna Master Orchestra**; Eugene Sarbu, director & violin. Mozart, Adagio in E K261, Rondo in C K373, Symphony No 29; Vivaldi, The Four Seasons. *FH*.

Nov 30, 8pm. **Royal Philharmonic Orchestra**, conductor Berglund; Bernard d'Ascoli, piano. Dvorak, Scherzo Capriccioso; Beethoven, Piano Concerto No 4; Sibelius, Symphony No 2. *FH*.

WIGMORE HALL

Wigmore St, W1 (935 2141).

Nov 3, 7.30pm. **Delmé String Quartet**. Haydn, Quartet in B flat (Sunrise); Jones, Quartet 1982; Schubert, Quartet in G Op 161.

Nov 4, 7.30pm. **Landini Consort**; Richard Hill, counter-tenor; Rogers Covey-Crump, tenor; Alison Crum, John Bryan, Peter Syrus, rebeck, vielles, viols, lute, harp, psaltery, recorders, shawms, dulcian, sackbut & percussion. Dufay, Des Prés, secular songs & instrumental music.

Nov 5, 6, 7, 2pm & 7pm. **Elisabeth Schwarzkopf**. Master classes with young professional singers on German & French songs, & arias from opera & oratorio.

Nov 9, 7.30pm. **Vivaldi Chamber Ensemble**, director Boughton; Susan Drake, harp. Vivaldi, Sinfonias in A & D minor; Handel, Harp Concerto; Debussy, Danses sacrée et profane; Dvorak, Serenade for Strings in E.

Nov 12, 7.30pm. **Martyn Hill**, tenor; **John Constable**, piano. Duparc, Four Songs; Poulenc, Six Songs; Tippett, The Heart's Assurance; Finzi, Till Earth Outwears; Gounod, Bizet, Chabrier, Chausson, Dupont, songs.

Nov 14, 3.30pm. **Brian Preston**, piano. Beethoven, Sonata in E Op 109; Chopin, 12 Etudes Op 10; Walker, Bauble (1981); Debussy, Et la lune descend sur le temple qui fut, Poissons d'or; Bartók, Sonata.

Nov 19, 7.30pm. **Songmakers' Almanac**; Yvonne Kenny, soprano; Sarah Walker, mezzo-soprano; Adrian Thompson, tenor; Richard Jackson, baritone; Graham Johnson, piano. Songs of youth: Mahler, Wolf, songs; R. Strauss, Jugendlieder.

Nov 20, 7.30pm. **Nash Ensemble**; Anthony Rolfe Johnson, tenor. Beethoven, Sextet in E flat Op 81; Warlock, The Curlew; Elgar, Piano Quintet Op 84.

Nov 21, 3.30pm. **Anna Maria Stanczyk**, piano. Liszt, Grande paraphrase de concert on God Save the Queen, Sonata in B minor; Chopin, The Four Ballades.

Nov 21, 7.30pm. **Chesapeake Minstrels**, director Weigand. American popular music from Stephen Foster to Scott Joplin.

Nov 23, 7.30pm. **Jorma Hynninen**, baritone; **Ralf Gothoni**, piano. Merikanto, Two songs; Sibelius, 11 Songs; Vaughan Williams, Six Songs of Travel; Wolf, Füsreise, Der Tambour, Zur Warnung, Der Feuerreiter, Abschied.

Nov 27, 3.30pm. **Rinko Kobayashi**, piano. Fauré, Ballade in F sharp Op 19; Chopin, Nocturne Op 27 No 2, Four Preludes, Scherzo in B flat minor Op 31; Liszt, Grande paraphrase de concert on God Save the Queen; Rachmaninov, Sonata in B flat minor Op 36.

Nov 27, 7.30pm. **Fitzwilliam String Quartet**; Allan Schiller, piano. Beethoven, Quartet in A minor Op 132; Schnittke, Canon in memory of Stravinsky; Shostakovich, Piano Quintet in G minor Op 57.

Nov 28, 7.30pm. **Alexander Mischejew**, cello; **Geoffrey Parsons**, piano. Boccherini, Sonata in A; Kodály, Solo Sonata in B minor Op 8; Schubert, Sonata in A minor (Arpeggione).

phony No 8; Schumann, Piano Concerto; Tchaikovsky, Francesca da Rimini. *FH*. (Preceded at 6.30pm by a talk by Dr Robert Simpson about his new Symphony. RFH Hungerford Room.)

Nov 11, 7.30pm. **Martin Offord**, piano. Messiaen, Catalogue d'oiseaux (Part 3): L'alouette calandrelle, Le traquet stapazin, La buse variable, Le traquet nieur, Le courlis cendré. *PR*.

Nov 11, 8pm. **Royal Philharmonic Orchestra**, conductor Dorati; Eugene Istomin, piano. Brahms, Academic Festival Overture, Piano Concerto No 2; Beethoven, Symphony No 5. *FH*.

Nov 12, 8pm. **BBC Symphony Orchestra**, conductor Slatkin; Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano. Copland, Appalachian Spring; del Tredici, The Final Alice. *FH*.

Nov 14, 7.30pm. **London Philharmonic Orchestra & Choir**, conductor Conlon; Leona Mitchell, soprano; Florence Quiver, contralto; John Aler, tenor; Gwynne Howell, bass. Dvorak, Stabat Mater. *FH*.

Nov 15, 8pm. **Royal Philharmonic Orchestra**, conductor Dorati; Heidrun Holtmann, piano; Isobel Buchanan, soprano. Mozart, Three German Dances K605, Piano Concerto in E flat K482; Mahler, Symphony No 4. *FH*.

Nov 16, 8pm. **Philharmonia Orchestra**, conductor Rattle; Ida Haendel, violin. Janacek, Sinfonietta, Taras Bulba; Beethoven, Violin Concerto. *FH*.

Nov 17, 8pm. **London Philharmonic Orchestra**; Tamas Vasary, conductor & piano. Mozart, Piano Concerto in A K488; Haydn, Symphony No 94 (Surprise); Chopin, Andante Spianato; Kodály, Háry János suite. *FH*.

Nov 18, 7.45pm. **Alfred Brendel**, piano. Beethoven, Sonatas in E flat Op 7, in C minor (Pathétique), in G Op 31 No 1, in E Op 109. *EH*.

Nov 18, 8pm. **Royal Philharmonic Orchestra**, conductor Groves; Jeanne Loriod, ondes martenot; Peter Donohoe, piano. Schönberg, Verklärte Nacht; Messiaen, Turangalila Symphony. *FH*. (Preceded at 5.55pm by a talk by Melanie Daiden about Messiaen's Symphony. RFH Hungerford Room.)

Nov 19, 7.45pm. **London Bach Orchestra**; Philip Ledger, director & harpsichord; Sandra Dugdale, soprano; David Butt, flute. J. C. Bach, Birthday Ode for King Charles of Spain, Flute Concerto in D, Symphony in F Op 8 No 4, Scena: E ancor pago ion sei, Motet: Si nocte tenebrosa, Sinfonia Concertante in E. *EH*.

Nov 19, 8pm. **BBC Symphony Orchestra**, conductor Rozhdetsvensky; György Pauk, violin; Nobuko Imai, viola; Ralph Kirshbaum, cello. Schumann, Overture, Scherzo & Finale; Tippett, Concerto for violin, viola, cello & orchestra; Rachmaninov, Symphonic Dances. *FH*.

Nov 21, 3.15pm. **Amadeus Quartet**. Haydn, Quartet in D (The Lark); Beethoven, Quartet in F minor Op 95; Schubert, Quartet in D minor (Death & the Maiden). *FH*.

Nov 21, 7.30pm. **London Philharmonic Orchestra**, conductor Chailly; Shlomo Mintz, violin. Weber, Overture Der Freischütz; Tchaikovsky, Violin Concerto; Mussorgsky/Ravel, Pictures from an Exhibition. *FH*.

Nov 22, 8pm. **Philharmonia Orchestra**, conductor Lanchbery; Christopher Warren-Green, violin. Tchaikovsky, The Nutcracker Act 1, Swan Lake excerpts, Sleeping Beauty excerpts. *FH*.

Nov 23, 8pm. **Royal Philharmonic Orchestra**, conductor Freccia; Marguerite Wolff, piano. Vivaldi/Silotti, Concerto Grosso in D minor Op 3 No 11; Grieg, Piano Concerto; Prokofiev, Romeo & Juliet Suite No 2 excerpts; Respighi, Pines of Rome. *FH*.

Nov 24, 7.45pm. **London Handel Orchestra & Choir**, conductor Darlow; Gillian Fisher, soprano; Simon Gay, alto; Rogers Covey-Crump, tenor; Stephen Varcoe, bass; Philip Salmon, Evangelist. Bach, Christmas Oratorio, Cantatas I-IV sung in German I played on baroque instruments. *EH*.

Nov 25, 26, 7.45pm. **Ruggiero Ricci**, violin. Celebration of the bicentenary of the birth of Paganini: Nov 25, Bach, Sonatas in A minor BWV1003, in G minor BWV1001, Partita in D minor BWV1004; Paganini, Caprices Op 1 Nos 1-5 & 14-20; Nov 26, Bach, Partitas in B minor BWV1002, in E BWV1006, Sonata in C BWV1005; Paganini, Caprices Op 1 Nos 6-13 & 21-24. *EH*.

Nov 25, 8pm. **London Philharmonic Orchestra**, conductor Chailly; Rafael Orozco, piano. Prokofiev, Scherzo & March, Piano Concerto No 1; Falla, Nights in the Gardens of Spain for piano

If you are wondering who he is (and for a moment I did) he is the bebop tenor saxist after whom the great John Coltrane wrote a tune called "Big Nick". Since the heady days of the 1940s when he played sax with Dizzie Gillespie and others, he has turned into a bluesy singer and sax player and that is the role in which he will be featured at The Canteen. At the same venue on the weekend of November 26-27 you can hear the music of **Sidney Bechet** re-created by **Bob Wilber** and his **Sextet**.

A most interesting and almost unprecedented visitor on the jazz front is the former Stan Kenton trumpet man and band leader, **Shorty Rogers**, who is coming here to tour with the National Youth Jazz Orchestra. That sounds really interesting because, apart from being a featured soloist, Rogers will play his own arrangements with the NYJO for one half of every concert.

Good albums abound at the moment. That tuneful and distinctive pianist George Shearing can be heard on two of them—the first a sumptuous piece of gentle jazz with the strings of Robert Farnon entitled "On Target" (MPS label), and the other an inspired marriage with the still superb voice of Mel Tormé. That's called "An Evening With..." on the imported Concord label. Also recommended in the jazz field are Woody Herman's "Live at the Concord Jazz Festival" (Concord, obviously); the brilliant harmonica and guitar man, Toots Thielemans, who's on "Live in the Netherlands" (Pablo) with Joe Pass and also appears tellingly on the double album "Portrait" (Polydor) by Kurt Edelhagen; and, finally, Stephane Grappelli, paired with Joe Pass and Oscar Peterson on "Skol" (Pablo).

Kate Bush has a new album going—very uncommercial, with one poorish side and another which glows with life, originality and beauty. That's called "The Dreaming" (EMI). Look, too, for Peter Gabriel's eponymous fourth album (Charisma), for Kim Carnes's striking "Voyeur" (EMI America) and for Cliff Richard's appealing (and explicitly Christian) "Now You See Me, Now You Don't", which is also an EMI label offering. Nostalgics will, I'm sure, welcome The Mills Brothers in "Swing is the Thing" (Decca) which contains 16 of their greatest tracks, with special favourites in "Shoe Shine Boy", "Caravan" and "Jeepers Creepers".

BALLET

URSULA ROBERTSHAW

THREE LONDON PREMIÈRES and one British première are to be shown during London Contemporary Dance's three-week season at Sadler's Wells (November 16-December 4). Paul Taylor's *Esplanade*, danced to Bach, and Richard Kuch's *The Brood*, based on Brecht's *Mother Courage* and danced to a sound collage by Pierre Shaeffer, will have their London premières on the first night of the season. Cohan's *Chamber Dances*, to a commissioned score by Geoffrey Burgon, has its London première on November 23; a brand new work by Christopher Bannerman, as yet untitled, will be first shown on November 30.

□ That charged particle of the dance Wayne Sleep is taking a small company aptly entitled *Dash* on tour this autumn. Displays of virtuoso dancing, and not so virtuoso—as in a version of the Dance of the Cygnets—are interspersed with Sleep's own interpretations of personalities such as Bette Midler, John McEnroe and Olga Korbut. Besides being a brilliant dancer, Sleep can be very funny indeed. *Dash*: it will be in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Manchester, Birmingham and Chichester this month before arriving at Sadler's Wells in December.



Sleep as Midler: on tour with *Dash*.

DANCE UMBRELLA

Performances at four London venues by international contemporary dance companies. Until Nov 14. Details from Dance Umbrella, 10 Greek St, W1 (437 2617).

LONDON CONTEMPORARY DANCE

THEATRE

Sadler's Wells Theatre, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (278 8916/20, cc).

Songs & Dances, choreography North, music Schubert; *The Brood*, choreography Kuch, music Shaeffer; *Esplanade*, choreography Taylor, music Bach. Nov 16-20.

Free Setting, choreography Davies, music Finnis; *Rainbow Bandit*, choreography Alston, sound Amirkhanian; *Chamber Dances*, choreography Cohan, music Burgon. Nov 23-27.

Cell, choreography Cohan, music Lloyd; *new work*, choreography Bannerman, music Ligeti; *Stabat Mater*, choreography Cohan, music Vivaldi. Nov 30-Dec 4.

ROYAL BALLET

Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2 (240

1066, cc 836 6903).

Triple bill: *La Bayadère*, as restaged by Nureyev; *L'invitation au voyage*, Corder's realization of five Duparc songs, somewhat overshadowed by Yolanda Sonnabend's costumes & décor; *Elite Syncopations*, MacMillan's merry & lively, & at times very funny, set of dances to Scott Joplin rag-time tunes. Nov 2, 6, 17.

Double bill: *Four Schumann Pieces*, van Manen's composition based on a central male dancer; *Giselle*, the one about the peasant girl betrayed, who dies & saves her repentant lover from revengeful spirits. Nov 3, 16, 20, 22, 26, 30.

Triple bill: *Apollo*, probably Balanchine's best-loved work, danced to Stravinsky's sublime score; *Prodigal Son*, atypical Balanchine, created as long ago as 1929 for Diaghilev, but still a gripping dance-drama; *A Month in the Country*, Ashton interpreting Turgenev to Chopin: it works. Nov 10, 13, 19, 23.

Out of town

DASH

A blend of ballet, modern, jazz & tap dancing by Wayne Sleep & his company (see intro). Kings Theatre, Edinburgh (031-229 1201). Nov 1-6.

Theatre Royal, Glasgow (041-331 1234, cc). Nov 8-13.

Palace Theatre, Manchester (061-236 9922, cc 061-236 8012). Nov 15-20.

Hippodrome, Birmingham (021-622 7486, cc). Nov 22-27.

LONDON FESTIVAL BALLET

John Field's *Swan Lake*, with designs by Carl Toms, more satisfying visually than dramatically; *La Sylphide*, Peter Schaufuss's fine re-creation of Bourmonville's ballet. *Cinderella*, revival of Stevenson's production.

Hippodrome, Birmingham. *Swan Lake*, Nov 8-10; *La Sylphide*, Nov 11-13.

Grand Theatre, Leeds (0532 459351, cc). *Swan Lake*, Nov 15-17; *Cinderella*, Nov 18-20.

Hippodrome, Bristol (0272 299444, cc 0272 213362). *Swan Lake*, Nov 22-27; *Cinderella*, Nov 29-Dec 2.

Review

In *The Swan of Tuonela* David Bintley has made a respectable shot at the impossible: to translate the convolutions of the Finnish epic myths of the *Kalevala* into an intelligible evening of dance. The main figures are the anti-hero Lemminkäinen, who is something of a craven & as much of a ditherer as Hamlet; his wife Rauni, whom he loves but not enough to save her from death at the hands of the villain of the piece Tuoni, demon ruler of the Underworld. There are also the Swan, who may be an instrument of evil or the means of transporting heroes to Heaven, according to who has power over her; & a magic pectoral, the Sampo, which is a bit like the sword Notung in *The Ring*.

David Ashmole saved Lemminkäinen from being too much of a drip & with a tender performance from Marion Tait as

Rauni, built up an affecting relationship with his wife in two well-constructed *pas de deux*. June Highwood as the Swan had less convincing choreography: there was little to distinguish her movements when under the power of Tuoni from those when she was transformed into a good little bird. There were fine performances from Desmond Kelly as the sky god Jumala, from David Morse as the warlike leader of the Pohjolars, & from Stephen Wicks as Tuoni. A major success of the evening was Terry Bartlett's design which included one of the most beautiful ballet costumes I have seen for a long time: the Swan's cloak, a miraculous affair of macramé-like loops & knots of silk which evoked magical feathers.

The ballet will be in the repertoire for SWRB's season at Sadler's Wells at the end of next month. It is well worth a visit.

OPERA

MARGARET DAVIES

A NEW PRODUCTION of *Semele*, mounted to celebrate the 250th anniversary of the opening of the first of the three Covent Garden theatres, opens on November 25 at the Royal Opera House. Composed by Handel for the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, in 1744, it has a libretto based on a play by Congreve dealing with one of Jupiter's many amorous liaisons and was described by one of Handel's contemporaries as "a bawdy opera". The new production by John Copley, designed by Henry Bardon with costumes by David Walker, will be conducted by Charles Mackerras.

□ *From the House of the Dead*, the fifth opera in the Janacek cycle being mounted jointly by Welsh National Opera and Scottish Opera, opens in Cardiff on November 10 in a production by David Pountney, designed by Maria Bjørnson and conducted by Richard Armstrong. The libretto, by the composer after Dostoevsky's novel based on his own experiences in prison, chronicles the existence of the inmates of a Siberian prison camp.



Semele: a costume by David Walker.

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA

London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3161, cc 240 5258).

War and Peace, conductor Elder, with Thomas Allen as Prince Andrei, Eilene Hannan as Natasha, Kenneth Woollam as Pierre, Norman Bailey as Kutuzov. Nov 2, 5, 9, 11, 13, 16, 19.

Werther, conductor Mackerras, with John Brecknock as Werther, Sally Burgess as Charlotte. Nov 3. *Rigoletto*, conductor Robinson/Judd, with John Rawnsley/Jonathan Summers as Rigoletto, Arthur Davies/Dennis O'Neill as the Duke of Mantua, Marie McLaughlin/Patricia O'Neill as Gilda, John Tomlinson as Sparafucile. Nov 4, 6, 17, 20, 24, 26, 30 (2nd cast from Nov 17).

The Italian Girl in Algiers, conductor Barlow, with Della Jones as Isabella, Richard Van Allan as Mustapha, Alan Woodrow as Lindoro. Nov 10, 12, 18, 25, 27.

HANDEL OPERA

Sadler's Wells Theatre, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (278 8916/20, cc).

Xerxes, *Hercules*. Nov 3-13.

Review

Anyone interested in taking a fresh look at an old masterpiece should not miss Jonathan Miller's new production for English National Opera of *Rigoletto*, updated from the 17th-century court of the Duke of Mantua to the 1950s & set in New York's Little Italy, an area under the control of the Mafia. With the help of a new translation by James Fenton, which irons out such inconsistencies as courtiers & jester, & plausible designs by Patrick Robertson & Rosemary Vercoe, the action fits neatly into the *milieu* of a gang boss called "Duke" whom we first see in a flashy hotel holding a party for his mobsters & their women, who outdo one another in *bouffant* dresses & hair-dos. The barman is Rigoletto, who keeps his daughter away from the gang locked safely, as he mistakenly supposes, in

ROYAL OPERA

Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066, cc 836 6903).

Khovanshchina, conductor Svetlanov, with Evgeny Nesterenko as Ivan Khovansky, Donald McIntyre as Shakhlovity, Gwynne Howell as Dosi-fer, Robin Leggate as Andrei Khovansky, Robert Tear as Galitsin, Yvonne Minton as Marfa. Nov 1, 4, 8, 11.

La fanciulla del West, conductor Santi, with Marilyn Zschau/Carol Neblett (Nov 9, 12) as Minnie, Plácido Domingo as Dick Johnson. Nov 5, 9, 12, 15, 18, 24, 27.

Semele, conductor Mackerras, with Valerie Masterson as Semele, Kathleen Kuhlmann as Ino/Juno, Robert Tear as Jupiter, Gwynne Howell as Somnus, Robin Leggate as Apollo, John Tomlinson as Priest/Cadmus. Nov 25, 29.

Out of town

GLYNDEBOURNE TOURING OPERA

Don Giovanni, *Il barbiere di Siviglia*, *Orfeo ed Euridice*.

Theatre Royal, Norwich (0603 28205/6). Nov 2-6.

OPERA NORTH

The Marriage of Figaro, *Samson et Dalila*.

New Theatre, Hull (0482 20463, cc). Nov 3-6.

The Marriage of Figaro.

Civic Theatre, Halifax (0422 51158). Nov 11, 13.

SCOTTISH OPERA

Theatre Royal, Glasgow (041-331 1234, cc 041-332 9000).

The Pearl Fishers. Nov 3, 6, 23, 25, 27.

Playhouse Theatre, Edinburgh (031-557 2590).

The Pearl Fishers, *Seraglio*. Nov 9-13.

Theatre Royal, Newcastle (0632 322061, cc 0632 323380).

The Pearl Fishers, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Nov 16-20.

WELSH NATIONAL OPERA

Andrea Chenier, *From the House of the Dead*, *Eugene Onegin*.

New Theatre, Cardiff (0222 32446, cc 0222 396130). Nov 9-13.

Also *Don Giovanni*.

Hippodrome, Bristol (0272 299444, cc 0272 213362). Nov 16-20.

Also *Tamburlaine*.

Empire Theatre, Liverpool (051-709 1555, cc 051-709 8070). Nov 23-27.

a backstreet tenement. Sparafucile, the hitman who accosts Rigoletto on his way home, runs a waterfront bar where his sister is the main attraction. It is all executed with sufficient conviction to dispel momentary doubts, especially in the third act when the climactic act of violence takes place under cover of the storm, dramatically unleashed by the conductor, Mark Elder, & music & stage picture are welded into a spine-chilling whole. Arthur Davies makes a vigorous "Duke", though Verdi's vocal line calls for more elegant singing than is perhaps compatible with the transformed character. The impressively sung Gilda of Marie McLaughlin has the right balance of innocence & guile. John Rawnsley's Rigoletto is completely assured; in his barman guise he plays down the first scene, & the impact of the emotions he later exposes is overwhelming.

LONDON MISCELLANY

MIRANDA MADGE



Papal bull of Pope Gregory XI: excavated on the Billingsgate site.

The Lord Mayor's Show is on November 13. This year the newly elected Lord Mayor of London will be joined by mayors from all over the country who will ride in a magnificent cavalcade of carriages borrowed from the Royal Mews. The procession of floats passes St Paul's Cathedral and just behind, in Paternoster Square, Mencap (the National Society for Mentally Handicapped Children and Adults) are holding a fair from 10am to 5pm. The National Westminster Jazz Band, Billy Boy Brown and his circus, a town crier and the National Children's Theatre are taking part and there are all sorts of stalls. The day ends with a bang at 5pm when fireworks are let off over the river between Blackfriars and Southwark Bridges.

At 1.10pm every Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday during November there are talks by Museum of London staff on the platform overlooking the Billingsgate excavation. The archaeologists have unearthed some fascinating objects, preserved since medieval times by the waterlogged riverside silt. This created a vacuum around them preventing oxygen and bacteria from attacking the material. Among the finds are two leather scabbards embossed with oval lozenges each enclosing an animal motif, a leather purse, a papal bull, fragments of wooden bowls and unique pieces of textile. You can watch the dig from 11am to 5pm Tuesday to Saturday, and from 2 to 5pm on Sunday. 25p for adults, OAPs, students, children and unemployed 15p.

EVENTS

Until Nov 27. **Energy Conservation—Designs for Efficiency.** Ingenious ways to save energy in the home & in industry: the Redring kettle which can safely boil just one teacupful of water; the Ford Shuttle: a new concept car; & efficient thermostats. Design Centre, Haymarket, SW1. Mon, Tues, Fri, Sat 9.30am-6pm, Wed & Thurs until 8pm, Sun 1-6pm.

Until Dec 23. **National Trust shop in the Blewcoat School.** The Trust offers a new range of goodies: *Jungle Book* mugs, table linen inspired by the William Morris furnishings at Standen, in Sussex, a spherical Christmas pudding, a child's PVC tabard decorated with curly-tailed mice. Blewcoat School, 23 Caxton St, SW1. Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Thurs until 7pm. National Trust shops are also open in Ham House, Richmond (Wed, Thurs, Sat & Sun 1.30-4pm, until Dec 12); D.H. Evans & Selfridge's, Oxford St (shop hours until Dec 24).

Nov 2, 3. **RHS Late Autumn Show** including the tree & shrub competition, Nov 2, 11am-6pm, 80p; Nov 3, 10am-5pm, 60p. Royal Horticultural Society Halls, Greycoat St, SW1.

Nov 5, 8pm. **Fireworks for Guy Fawkes Day:** Battersea Park, SW11; Crystal Palace Park, Thicket Rd, SE20; Burgess Park, Albany Rd, SE5.

Nov 6, 3pm. **RSPB films: Short-eared Owl, The Vital River, The Masterbuilders.** Queen Elizabeth Hall, South Bank, SE1 (928 3191). £1.80-£2.80.

Nov 7, 7.15pm. **Tippett & Berlioz**—a programme of films about the two composers. Barbican Hall,

Silk St, EC2 (638 8891). £1.

Nov 11-21. **Caravan Camping Holiday Show.** The centrepiece of this year's show is a Victorian-style seaside pier. Earls Court, Warwick Rd, SW5. Mon-Sat 10am-8pm, Sun 10am-7pm. £2.50, OAPs & children £1.50.

Nov 13. **Lord Mayor's Show.** The procession leaves Guildhall at 11am, the Lord Mayor joins it at Mansion House & travels down Fleet Street to be sworn in at the Law Courts. He sets off again at 1.15pm to return to Mansion House via the Embankment.

Nov 13-21. **Daily Mail International Ski Show.** Ski races by professionals & personalities, the latest fashions (leopardskin effect seems to be in vogue), ski fantasia. Earls Court, Mon-Fri noon-10pm, Sat, Sun, noon-7pm. £2.50, children under 14 £1.50.

Nov 14, 10.30am. **Remembrance Day service.** The Field of Remembrance is set up on Nov 11 in the grounds round the Abbey. Westminster Abbey, SW1.

Nov 16, 3.30-9.30pm. **Christmas Cracker Bazaar** in aid of the National Association of Youth Clubs. Christmas presents from duvets to oven gloves, food from London & Wiltshire, flowers & plants, tombola, lucky dip, teas & suppers, hand-knits & more. Chelsea Old Town Hall, King's Rd, SW3. Free tickets from NAYC, Victoria Chambers, 16/20 Strutton Ground, SW1 (222 1412).

Nov 16, 7.30pm. **A programme in celebration of Virginia Woolf** presented by Michael Holroyd &

Ruth Rosen. National Poetry Society, 21 Earls Court Square, SW5 (373 7861). £1.20, Poetry Society members, students & unemployed, 60p.

Nov 15, 11am onwards. **Piat Beaujolais Nouveau Rally.** About 50 glamorous vintage & pre-war sports cars—Bugattis & Jaguars, Rolls-Royces & Bentleys—are bringing the new wine to England. They will park on the Covent Garden piazza to be admired by the public. Covent Garden wine bars, pubs & restaurants will have the Beaujolais nouveau by lunchtime.

Nov 28, 8pm. **To Cambridge with Love** (from the RSC). A gala evening in aid of the Arts Theatre, Cambridge. Peggy Ashcroft, Judi Dench, John Gielgud, Ian McKellen, Trevor Nunn & Richard Pasco are among those appearing. Barbican Theatre, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, cc 638 8891). Tickets £3-£8.50.

Nov 30, 6pm. **Nijinsky's Journal.** Adapted & performed by Nina Kethavan. Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 3191). £1.50.

FOR CHILDREN

Nov 1-14. **Children's bottle bank posters.** The best entries to a competition for children to design a poster encouraging people to recycle their bottles & jars at bottle banks. Terrace foyer/Level 5, Barbican Centre, Silk St, EC2. Mon-Sat 9am-11pm, Sun noon-11pm.

Nov 2-6. **Dick Terrapin—detective, the flying tortoise.** A musical play for children aged 5-11. Lyric Theatre, King St, W6 (741 2311). Tues-Fri 10am & 1.30pm; Sat 10.30am & 2pm. £1.

From Nov 11. **Hiawatha.** Michael Bogdanov's adaptation of Longfellow's poem returns for a third Christmas season. The pounding rhythm of the verse carries the performance along, the acrobatics keep it energetic & there are terrifying special effects. Best for 6-12 year olds. Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc 928 5933). £4.50, children under 17 £2.50.

Nov 13, 11am. **Captain Edwardes** talks about wildlife & brings live animals with him. Heath Library, Keats Grove, NW3 (278 4444).

Nov 19-Jan 15. **Painted Tales.** A selection of original illustrations from children's books including works by Quentin Blake, Charles Keeping & Justin Todd. During the exhibition there are appearances by authors & artists: Nov 24, 3pm, Julia McKenzie; Nov 26, 3pm, Tony Haygarth. Lyttelton circle foyer, National Theatre.

Nov 27, 11am. **Jenny Allen's Magic Show.** Expect the magician to appear in maroon leotard & pink satin hot pants, black fish-net stockings and red shoes. Lyric, W6. £1.20, children 60p.

LECTURES

FESTIVAL HALL

Waterloo Room, South Bank, SE1 (928 3191).

Nov 13, 7pm. **Antal Dorati** in conversation with David Shirley. £3.

Nov 27, 6.15pm. **Hans Hotter** in conversation with Lies Askonas. £2.20.

MERMAID THEATRE

Puddle Dock, EC4 (236 9521).

Molecule lectures, particularly suitable for 13- to 18-year olds:

Nov 7, 6.30pm. **Can school physics solve industrial problems?** Dr Geoffrey Snead.

Nov 21, 6.30pm. **Organic chemistry in the real world.** Professor J.I.G. Cadogan. £2.50 & £1.50.

MUSEUM OF LONDON

London Wall, EC2 (600 3699).

Nov 3-24, 1.10pm. **Words & Pictures**, a series about the ways artists & writers have portrayed London: Nov 3, **Samuel Scott's paintings**, Jeremy Howard; Nov 10, **Boswell's London journal**, Geoffrey Toms; Nov 17, **Rowlandson's London**, Celina Fox; Nov 24, **Trollope's London**, Philip Collins.

Nov 4-25, 1.10pm. **Workshops on the Museum's collections:** Nov 4, **Monday's wash day**—laundry since the 19th century, Victoria Woollard; Nov 11, **The Lord Mayor's Day procession**, Tessa Murdoch; Nov 18, **Silversmithing demonstration** by C.J. Vander Ltd; Nov 25, **Framing watercolours & photographs**—the problems & the pitfalls, John Bayne.

NATIONAL GALLERY

Trafalgar Sq, WC2 (839 3321).

Nov 13, noon. **Dress & fashion in 19th-century paintings**, Barbara Baines.

Audio visual presentations, 11am-4.30pm; Nov 9-12, **Monet's Garden**, describes Monet's home at Giverny for younger visitors; Nov 23-26, **The early Renaissance in Italy**.

Films, 1pm: Nov 15, **Titian—three paintings; Rembrandt—the success**; Nov 22, **The art of the Middle Ages; Jean Fouquet**; Nov 29, **Civilization**, a compilation from Kenneth Clark's television series.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

St Martin's Pl, WC2 (930 1552).

Nov 23, 30, 6.30pm. **Van Dyck in England:** Nov 23, **Van Dyck, a general appreciation**, David Piper; Nov 30, **Van Dyck, the court background**, Graham Parry. Free tickets from the Education Dept (enclose sae) or from the Gallery's front desk. The Van Dyck exhibition (see p 100) will be open from 5.15-6.30pm on the evenings of the lectures.

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS

66 Portland Pl, W1 (580 5533).

Nov 2, 6.15pm. **E.C.P. Monson: an architectural practice in local authority housing**, Islington 1919-65, Patricia Garside.

Nov 16, 6.15pm. **Genuine classicism**, Quinlan Terry.

Nov 23, 6.15pm. **Architectural aesthetics: a science-based hypothesis**, Peter Smith.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS

John Adam St, WC2 (839 2366).

Nov 10, 6.30pm. **The arts in a changing society**, Ian Hunter.

Nov 17, 6pm. **Towards a national photographic archive**, Dr John Wall.

Nov 24, 6pm. **Race relations: understanding the future**, Eric Moonman. Lecture chaired by Sir Harold Wilson. Free tickets from the Secretary.

TATE GALLERY

Milbank, SW1 (821 1313).

Nov 6, 7, 13, 14, 20, 21, 27, 28, 2.30pm. **Sculpture of the month: Degas's Little Dancer aged Fourteen**, various lecturers.

Nov 11, 18, 25, 6.30pm. **Richard Wilson: an introduction**, Laurence Bradbury.

Nov 12, 6.30pm. **Hans Richter, Cecile Starr**.

Nov 18, 6.30pm. **The pleasures of imagination: Henry Hoare's landscape at Stourhead**, Kenneth Woodbridge.

Nov 24, 6.30pm. **Native scenes: British landscape painting & the art market**, Michael Rosenthal.

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6371).

Nov 7-28, 3.30pm. **Love & Scandal:** Nov 7, "A pot of paint in the public's face"—Whistler v Ruskin, Ronald Parkinson; Nov 14, **John Singer Sargent's Madame X**, Stephen Jones; Nov 21, **The Ballad of Reading Gaol—Oscar Wilde & Lord Alfred Douglas**, Sarah Bowles; Nov 28, **Elizabeth & Essex**, Catherine Oakes.

Nov 20, noon. **Silver—the Arts & Crafts movement**, Miranda Neave.

WHITECHAPEL ART GALLERY

Whitechapel High St, E1 (377 0107).

Nov 17, 1pm. **Post-war architecture in the USA**, John Winter, formerly of Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, New York architects.

Nov 24, 1pm. **Contemporary American jewelry & silversmithing**, Helen Shirk.

ROYALTY

Nov 3, 11.30am. **State Opening of Parliament.** The Queen leaves Buckingham Palace at 11am & the procession moves down the Mall & Whitehall to the House of Lords.

Nov 13. **The Queen & the Duke of Edinburgh** attend the Royal British Legion Festival of Remembrance. Royal Albert Hall, Kensington Gore, SW7.

Nov 14, 11am. **The Queen & the Duke of Edinburgh** attend the Remembrance Day service at the Cenotaph & lay a wreath. Whitehall, SW1.

Nov 15. **The Queen & the Duke of Edinburgh** attend a reception at the Press Club to celebrate its centenary. Shoe Lane, EC4.

Nov 17. **The Queen** attends a reception to mark the 50th anniversary of the commencement of book tokens in the UK. Stationers' Hall, Ave Maria Lane, EC4.

Nov 24. **The Queen** visits the refurbished Wallace Collection. Manchester Sq, W1.

Nov 25. **Princess Anne**, Chancellor of the University of London, attends Foundation Day celebrations. Institute of Education, Bedford Way, WC1.

ART

EDWARD LUCIE-SMITH

PRIDE OF PLACE this month belongs to the Van Dyck show at the National Portrait Gallery, opening on November 19. This is the first major exhibition ever devoted to the artist's English period. All the chief figures in what came to be called "the King's Arcadia" are depicted by Van Dyck's sophisticated brush. There are portraits of Charles I himself, of Queen Henrietta Maria and of their children, and also likenesses of the two men most closely identified with the king's policies before the Civil War—Strafford and Archbishop Laud. They, like Charles I himself, were executed, and the whole show carries the echo of a tragic period in national history.

□ Another important show is *Treasures of Ancient Nigeria* at the RA. This has previously been shown triumphantly in America—at the Metropolitan Museum in New York and at the Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington. It includes examples of the terracotta Nok sculpture dating from between 500 BC and AD 200 which seems to form the link between classic African art and Ancient Egypt, plus superb naturalistic heads in bronze and terracotta from Ife, and Benin bronze heads and plaques, relics of the strongest and most complex of all African civilizations.

□ November is strong on landscape shows. Pre-eminent is an exhibition of drawings and paintings by Claude, on view at Agnew's from November 10. This covers the whole of the artist's career and includes masterpieces from Chatsworth, Holkham and Woburn. A special feature is more than 30 drawings—all previously unexhibited—from the album belonging to the princely Odescalchi family. This remained intact until 1968.

□ The Tate Gallery has two landscape shows. The first is a retrospective devoted to Richard Wilson, Claude's chief English follower. However Wilson also painted some of the most powerful—and in their way most surprising—landscapes of England and Wales, among them his stark view of Cader Idris. Both aspects of his work are represented in this show, which opens on November 3 and contains many pictures not normally accessible to the public. The second landscape show is a study exhibition devoted to James Ward's vast and looming *Gordale Scar*. Around this have been assembled all Ward's known studies for the painting. They show what huge liberties this arch-Romantic took with topography in his obsessional search for the sublime.

□ Still on view, and worth travelling to east London to see, is the Geffrye Museum's show of work by the Victorian genre-painter George Elgar Hicks. Hicks provides a brilliantly observed and only slightly sanitized ver-



Queen Henrietta Maria: Van Dyck in England at the National Portrait Gallery.

sion of 19th-century English life, and the exhibition includes fascinatingly complex compositions like his *Billingsgate Fish Market* of 1861, which almost ranks as a rival to Frith's better-known *Derby Day*.

GALLERY GUIDE

AGNEW'S

43 Old Bond St, W1 (629 6176). Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm, Thurs until 7pm. **Claude**, paintings & landscape drawings (see intro). Nov 9-Dec 10.

AMALGAM

3 Barnes High St, SW13 (878 1279). Tues-Sat 10am-6pm, closed 1-2.30pm. **Jim Russell**, watercolours of Normandy, Brittany & south-west London. **John Maltby**, decorated stoneware & porcelain. Nov 5-25.

ASSOCIATION OF ILLUSTRATORS

1 Colville Pl, W1 (636 4100). Mon-Fri 10am-6pm. **First Choice**. This inaugural show for the Association's new gallery includes work by Michael Foreman, Philip Castle, Brian Grimwood, Linda Gray & Ralph Steadman. Until Nov 17.

BARBICAN ART GALLERY

Silk St, EC2 (638 4141). Tues-Sat noon-7pm, Sun noon-6pm. **The City's Pictures**. Nearly 200 paintings, watercolours & prints from the City of London's collection. Includes work by Lely, Reynolds & other great portrait painters; views of the City from the 18th to the 19th centuries; landscapes by Constable, de Wint & Turner; pre-Raphaelite pictures by Rossetti, Millais & Holman-Hunt; late Victorian works by Alma Tadema, Leighton & Watts. Nov 24-Jan 23.

BROWSE & DARBY

19 Cork St, W1 (734 7984). Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat 10am-12.30pm. **Patrick Symons**. Still lifes, landscapes of Dorset & Wimbledon & drawings of flowers by an artist who is also a botanist & mathematician. Nov 17-Dec 22.

CAMDEN ARTS CENTRE

Arkwright Rd, NW3 (435 2643). Mon-Sat 11am-6pm, Fri until 8pm, Sun 2-6pm. **Lubetkin & Tecton, architecture & social commitment**. One of the Arts Council's more imaginative efforts—an exhibition which explores a neglected & highly

important aspect of the history of modern architecture in Britain. Nov 17-Dec 19.

COURTAULD INSTITUTE

Woburn Sq, WC1 (580 1015). Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. **Princes Gate Collection of Old Masters**. Until 1983. £1. OAPs, students & children 50p.

FOUR VINE LANE

4 Vine Lane, SE1. Daily 2-7pm. **Stephen Finer**, paintings. Nov 1-Dec 5.

ROBIN GARTON GALLERY

Lancashire Ct, New Bond St, W1 (493 2820). Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm. **Harry Holland**. Twenty new lithographs by this gifted contemporary realist. Prices from £60 to £100. Nov 23-Dec 17.

GEFFRYE MUSEUM

Kingsland Rd, E2 (739 8368). Tues-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. **George Elgar Hicks: Painter of Victorian life** (see intro). Until Jan 3.

GIMPEL FILS

30 Davies St, W1 (493 2488). Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm, Sat 10am-1pm. **Suzi Malin**, painting & sculpture. Nov 3-27.

GOLDSMITHS' HALL

Foster Lane, EC2 (606 8971). Mon-Fri 10.30am-5pm. **Matthew Boulton & the Toymakers**. 18th- & 19th-century silver "toys"—personal trinkets—made in Birmingham. These include apple scoops, boxes for toothpicks & toothpowder, nutmeg graters & babies' rattles. Nov 15-26.

HAYWARD GALLERY

South Bank, SE1 (928 3144). Mon-Thurs 10am-8pm, Fri, Sat 10am-6pm, Sun noon-6pm. **Arte Italiana 1960-82**. Painting, sculpture & installations. Until Jan 3. £1.60. OAPs, students, registered unemployed, children & everybody all day Mon & Tues-Thurs 6-8pm, 80p.

INSTITUTE OF CONTEMPORARY ART

The Mall, SW1 (930 0493). Tues-Sun noon-9pm.

ICA: NY. A season of new work from New York.

Laurie Anderson Artworks—sculptures, drawings, photographic collages & installations. Until Nov 21. **Seven Artists**. Work by John Ahearn, Mike Glier, Ken Goodman, Keith Haring, Robert Longo, Judy Rifka & Cindy Sherman which takes its inspiration from New York. Until Nov 21. Non-members 40p.

GILLIAN JASON GALLERY

42 Inverness St, NW1 (267 4835). Tues-Sat 10.30am-5.30pm. **Edward Gordon Craig** (1872-1966). Woodcuts, stage designs, books & unpublished mss. Nov 3-Dec 23.

H. KNOWLES-BROWN

27 Hampstead High St, NW3 (435 4775). Mon-Fri 9am-5.30pm, Sat 9am-1pm. **Tuppence Coloured &**

the Camberwell Bench. Jewelry by artist-craftsmen for sale. Prices from £5 to £150. Nov 16-Dec 24.

MARLBOROUGH

6 Albemarle St, W1 (629 5161). Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat 10am-12.30pm. **Edward Seago**, landscapes, mostly of Norfolk. Nov 12-26.

MONTPELIER STUDIO

4 Montpelier St, SW7 (584 0667). Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm. **Rachel Nicholson**. Her still lifes continue the distinguished tradition of her parents—Ben Nicholson & Barbara Hepworth. Until Nov 13.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

St Martin's Pl, WC2 (930 1552). Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. **Van Dyck in England**. More than 60 paintings & 20 drawings by the great portrait painter (see intro). Nov 19-



The Music Lesson by Lord Leighton: The City's Pictures at the Barbican.

March 20. £1, OAPs, students, children & unemployed 50p. **Portrait Award.** The winning portrait & selected entries from the Imperial Tobacco Portrait Award. Until Jan 22.

NOORTMAN & BROD

8 Bury St, SW1 (839 2606). Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm. **Annual exhibition of 19th- & 20th-century French watercolours & drawings.** Includes works by Bonvin, Jongkind & Steinlen. Nov 17-Dec 17.

ANTHONY D'OFFAY

23 Dering St, W1 (629 1578). Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat 10am-1pm. **Lucian Freud**, recent paintings. Until Nov 6.

PATON GALLERY

2 Langley Ct, Long Acre, WC2 (379 7854). **John Monks.** Highly recommended exhibition by a gifted new artist whose work has strongly metaphysical undertones. Nov 12-Dec 4.

QUEEN'S HOUSE

National Maritime Museum, SE10 (858 4422). Tues-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-5.30pm. **The Art of the Van de Veldes.** A magnificent retrospective devoted to the greatest of all marine artists, held appropriately at the Queen's House, Greenwich, where they once had a studio. The first exhibition of their work in this country. Until Dec 5. 75p. OAPs, students & children 40p.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS

Piccadilly, W1 (734 9052). Daily 10am-6pm. **Paintings in Naples.** Works by 17th-century masters including Caravaggio, Giordano, Salvator Rosa & Guido Reni (see p 60). Sponsored by Martini & Rossi. Until Dec 12. £2.50, OAPs, students, children & everybody up to 1.45pm on Sunday £1.60. **Treasures of Ancient Nigeria: legacy of 2,000 years** (see intro). Sponsored by Mobil. Until Jan 23. £2 & £1.35.

SERPENTINE GALLERY

Kensington Gdns, W2 (402 6075). Daily 10am-5pm. **Contemporary Choice.** A fascinating miscellany of paintings & sculptures bought by the Contemporary Art Society for presentation to its subscribing galleries. Plus **Victor Willing** - elegantly hermetic canvases by a British artist whose reputation is growing rapidly. Until Nov 21. **Raymond Mason.** Sculpture in bronze & painted resin. watercolours & drawings 1952-82. Nov 27-Jan 9 (Gallery open only until 4.30pm).

SPINK

King St, SW1 (930 7888). Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm. **The Holy Land**, oils & watercolours by Graham Rust. Nov 3-19.

TATE GALLERY

Millbank, SW1 (821 1313). Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. **Jean Tinguely.** An exhibition which appeals greatly to children as well as to adults. Tinguely's groaning, wheezing, rattling mechanisms take on an unpredictable life of their own & mime the uncertainty of the human condition. Until Nov 28. £1, OAPs, students & children 12-16 50p. **Howard Hodgkin: Indian Leaves.** Paintings done with textile dyes on freshly made still-wet paper. Until Nov 7. **Jennifer Bartlett.** Large, colourful works done in the form of tiles which piece together. Nov 17-Feb 30. **Gordale Scar** (see intro). Nov 3-Jan 2. **Richard Wilson** (see intro) £1.50 & 75p. Nov 3-Jan 2. **Turner in the Open Air.** Until Dec 31.

WHITECHAPEL ART GALLERY

Whitechapel High St, E1 (377 0107). Sun-Fri 11am-5.50pm. **Philip Guston**, a retrospective. Until Dec 12.

Out of town

BRUTON GALLERY

Bruton, Somerset (074 981 2205). Mon-Sat 9.30am-5.30pm. **Rodin Bronzes.** An array of 36 works by Rodin, many of which were never cast during the sculptor's lifetime but which have since been cast with the authorization of the Musée Rodin in Paris. These studies left behind in the studio are some of the most original & daring of Rodin's works. Until Dec 11.

UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHAMPTON

John Hansard Gallery, Southampton (0703 559122). Mon-Sat 10am-6pm. **Painter as Photographer.** Photographs taken by 19th- & 20th-century artists including Degas, Munch, Hockney, Magritte & Vuillard. The exhibition was selected by Marina Vaizey, art critic of *The Sunday Times*, whose book on the same theme (*Artist as Photographer*) is published by Sidgwick & Jackson at £12.95. The exhibition goes on tour coming to London in June, 1983. Nov 3-Dec 4.

CRAFTS

ASPECTS

3-5 Whitfield St, W1 (580 7563). Mon-Fri 10am-7pm, Sat 10am-5pm. **Maria Hees.** Handbags, chairs, jewelry, lights & other utilitarian products made in small batches. Nov 19-Dec 13.

BRITISH CRAFTS CENTRE

43 Earlham St, WC2 (836 6993). Tues-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat 10am-4pm. **A Festive Table.** Unusual crafted pieces for the table—linen in co-ordinated colours, crockery & glasses. Downstairs are more household pieces. All the things are for sale and can be taken away at time of purchase. Nov 19-Dec 24.

COLERIDGE OF HIGHGATE

80 Highgate High St, N6 (340 0999). Mon-Sat 10am-5.30pm. **Americans Abroad.** Glass by American artists working in Britain & Europe. Nov 25-Dec 11.

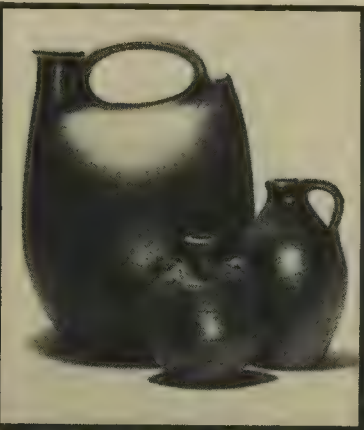
CRAFTS COUNCIL

12 Waterloo Pl, Lower Regent St, SW1 (930 4811). Tues-Sat 10am-5pm, Thurs until 7pm, Sun 2-5pm.

Pierre Degen—new work. Huge pieces of unorthodox body decoration. **Colouring Metals.** An exhibition based on research into colouring metals recently done by Michael Rowe & Richard Hughes. Both until Nov 7. **Lights.** Lighting as engineered by young craftsmen. Nov 16-Jan 30. **The Well Dressed Christmas Tree.** A show of Christmas tree decorations commissioned from craftsmen. Nov 16-Jan 9.

THE CRAFTSMEN POTTERS' ASSOCIATION

William Blake House, Marshall St, W1 (437 7605). Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat 10.30am-5pm. **Svend Bayer**, huge decorated vessels; **John Leach**, domestic ware. Nov 16-26.



Bottles by John Leach: Craftsmen Potters.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF ART

Kensington Gore, SW7 (584 5020). Mon-Sat 10am-6pm. **Master Weavers Exhibition.** 700 pieces of woven & dyed fabric made in India during the past year. Until Nov 17.

OXFORD GALLERY

23 High St, Oxford (0865 42731). Mon-Sat 10am-5pm. **Helen Shirk**, jewelry; **Wanda Miller Matthews**, prints. Nov 8-Dec 8.

PHOTOGRAPHY

KODAK GALLERY

190 High Holborn, WC1 (405 7841). Mon-Fri 9am-4.45pm. **The Royal Album.** Patrick Lichfield's photographs of the royal families of Britain & Europe. To coincide with the publication of *The Royal Album* (£12.50) by Elm Tree Books. Until Nov 12.

PHOTOGRAPHERS' GALLERY

5 & 8 Gt Newport St, WC2 (240 5511). Tues-Sat 11am-7pm. **Bad Weather**, photographs taken with an underwater camera & flashlight by Martin Parr. Nov 4-Dec 4. **Max Yavno**; photographs 1939-81; **Aaron Siskind**, *The Harlem Document* 1936. Work by these two documentary photographers who belonged to the New York Photo League. Nov 12-Dec 11.

POLYTECHNIC OF THE SOUTH BANK

Wandsworth Rd, SW8 (opposite Landdowne Way). Mon-Fri 9am-5pm. **The Village Green**, documentary photographs. Nov 9-25.

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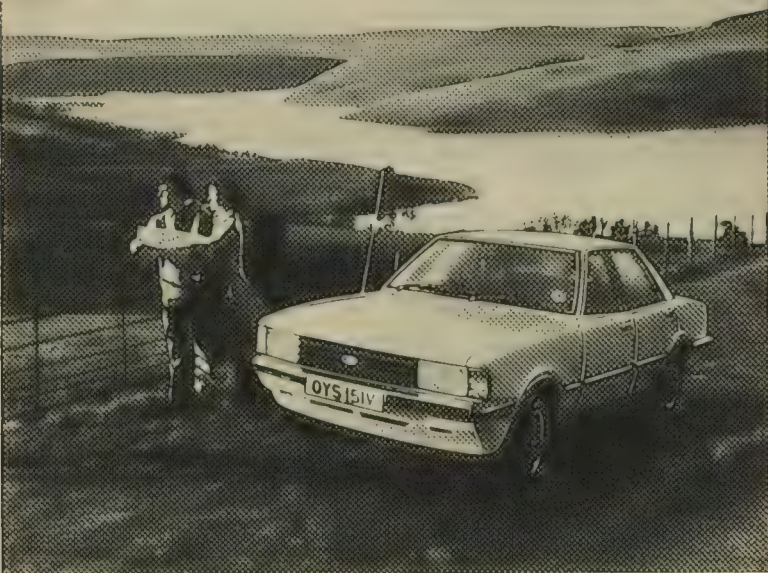
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OUT OF TOWN

ANGELA BIRD

WRAP UP WARMLY and hurry down to the West Country for the Bridgewater Carnival, which visits seven towns in Avon and Somerset between November 4 and 15. Long after the summer tourists have left, a cavalcade of more than 100 enormous tableau-floats, each ablaze with thousands of electric light bulbs, winds through the towns' narrow streets. Many floats—created in secrecy by local carnival clubs over the past year—are 95 feet long, and as tall as the old houses which line the routes. Judges, concealed along the way, choose the best display of the season, deducting points for any expired light bulb or for a movement among the motionless tableaux. Take a pocketful of coppers to throw to the floats collecting for local charities.

□ The Lewes bonfire societies raise money throughout the year to finance five separate spectacular fireworks displays on November 5. Proceedings start with a procession through the town centre at 5.30pm.

□ This year's Stately Homes Music Festival ends with concerts at Castle Howard on November 7 and at Bocket Hall, Hertfordshire on November 21. In another of Britain's great houses a season of family Sunday lunches begins at Leeds Castle, in Kent, on November 7, where a four-course lunch and tour of the castle will cost £8.75 (£5.75 for children). Further information and booking from 0622 65400.

Until Nov 13. **Durham Music Festival.** This year's highlight is the Northern Sinfonia performing Haydn's Creation, in Durham Cathedral. Various venues in Durham. Box office, 30 Baliol Sq, Durham.

Oct 29-Nov 23. **Cadbury's National Exhibition of Children's Art.** The beginning of a national tour for this popular show. City Art Gallery, Hull, Humberside. Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-4.30pm.

Nov 3, 4, 11am. **International Ploughing Championships.** Tractors plough half an acre, horses slightly less. Events for women, international visitors, & one to select two Ulster representatives for next year's World Ploughing Match in Zimbabwe. Ardglass, Co Down, NI. £1.50, OAPs & children 75p.

Nov 4-15, 7.15pm. **Bridgwater Carnival.** Thousands line the streets for Europe's biggest illuminated carnival, so arrive early to find a place. The first night's procession is followed by a "squibbing" display of fireworks. Nov 4, Bridgwater; Nov 6, North Petherton; Nov 8, Highbridge & Burnham; Nov 10, Shepton Mallet, Somerset; Nov 12, Wells; Nov 13, Glastonbury; Nov 15, Weston-super-Mare, Avon.

Nov 5, 6pm. **Fireworks Fair.** Two months were needed to build the enormous bonfire. As well as fireworks, there are fairground organs & rides. Beaulieu Abbey, Beaulieu, Hants. £2, children £1. Nov 5, 6.30pm. **Victorian Bonfire Night.** Buildings in the reconstructed Black Country village are illuminated with oil, candles or gas as appropriate; the baker's shop bakes bread & potatoes; there are trips on the electric tram car & a huge bonfire. Black Country Museum, Dudley, W Midlands. £1.20, OAPs & children 60p.

Nov 5, 7.30pm. **Doomsday Fair.** Some of the entries in a Best Scarecrow competition are to be consigned to the flames of a fire recreating the Tower of Babel, & there are specially created fire sculptures by the Welfare State entertainment company. South Hill Park Arts Centre, Bracknell. Berks. £1.40, children 80p.

Nov 7, 7.30pm. **Fitzwilliam String Quartet;** Richard Burnett, piano; Leslie Schatsberger, clarinet. Music by Haydn, Mozart & C. P. E. Bach, played on instruments of the period. Castle Howard, York. £12.50, includes light buffet & tour of the house. Box office 21-23 Chilworth St, W2 (402 7128).

Nov 10-27. **Belfast Festival at Queen's.** International festival of dance, drama, classical music, jazz, folk & the visual arts. This year's performers include the Hallé Orchestra, Royal Winnipeg Ballet, Billy Connolly & Ralph McTell. Various venues in Belfast, NI. Box office 8 Malone Rd, Belfast (0232 667687).

Nov 12-14. **Eastern Counties Craft Market.** Items on sale include kaleidoscopes, sculptured tree-roots & glass bottles decorated with silver. Rhodes Centre, Bishop's Stortford, Herts. Fri, Sat 10am-6pm, Sun until 5pm. 55p, children 20p.

Nov 17, 7.30pm. **Phyllis Bryn-Julson**, soprano; **Donald Sutherland**, piano. Recital including songs



Bonfire night: November 5.

by Carter, Cage, Ives, Barber & Cowell. Sutton Place, nr Guildford, Surrey (0483 504455). £20 includes reception at 6.30pm, buffet supper & exhibition of contemporary American art.

Nov 20, 2pm. **National Lifesaving Championships.** 160 lifesavers compete in classes to rescue & resuscitate the drowning. Prince Michael of Kent presents the Mountbatten Medals—the Royal Lifesaving Society's gallantry awards. Coventry Sports Centre, Coventry, W Midlands.

Nov 21, 7.30pm. **The English Concert;** Trevor Pinnock, director & harpsichord. Music for the Prince Regent. Bocket Hall, Welwyn, Herts. £10 includes light refreshments, wine & a tour of the house. Box office as Nov 7.

Nov 21, 11am & 6pm. **Harvest of the Sea Services.** The church is decorated with a distinctly fishy theme for this thanksgiving, a male voice choir sings & a Porthleven fisherman gives the address. Baptist Chapel, Market St, Brixham, Devon.

Nov 26-Dec 11. **Cardiff Festival of Music.** The LSO and Stuttgart Philharmonic Orchestra perform this year, using the newly opened St David's Hall & other venues. Cardiff (04463 3474).

Nov 28, 6pm. **Advent Procession with Carols.** The cathedral is lit only by candles for this first celebration of the Christmas season. Peterborough Cathedral, Cambs.

ROYALTY

Nov 4. **The Queen Mother** visits Mobil Oil Company's refinery & opens the new Fluid Catalytic Cracking Complex. Coryton, Essex.

Nov 9. **The Queen Mother** lays the Foundation Stone of St Catherine's Hospice. Crawley, W Sussex.

Nov 30. **Princess Margaret** is present at the re-opening of the Theatre Royal, & attends a performance of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* by the National Theatre Company. Bath, Avon.

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London as it used to be

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MUSEUMS

KENNETH HUDSON

BIRMINGHAM HAS RECENTLY ANNOUNCED that its two major museums, the City Museum and Art Gallery and the Museum of Science and Industry, are to close completely on alternate weekends. The reason is simply a shortage of money. The Leisure Services Committee, who run the city's museums, have tried to put a good face on a dismal affair by saying that they can "still maintain a museums service with an international reputation". They utter the pious hope that the closure of the big museums "will focus more attention on the excellence of the branch museums we administer in the city's suburbs". Was any attempt made to discover the wishes of the public in the matter? Might it be, perhaps, that a Monday closure would have caused less frustration and inconvenience than keeping visitors out on Saturdays, when in Birmingham, as elsewhere, the city centre is crowded with people who have made the journey in to do family shopping? The same question could well be asked elsewhere, in Oxford, for example, where the popular Museum of the City of Oxford is shut every Saturday and Sunday. The nasty suspicion arises that maybe it is the staff, not the long-suffering public, who prefer a Saturday closing.

□ Despite the gloom and despondency in Birmingham new things, good things continue to happen in the museum world. The British Museum has dug into its enormous collection of prints and drawings to produce Masterpieces of Printmaking from the 15th century to the French Revolution, the evergreen Church Farm House Museum at Hendon has a selection of exhibits supplied by the newly formed and splendidly named Hendon and Hampstead Antique Ceramics and Glass Club, and the Museum of London does the London suburbs proud with a photographic exhibition which reveals Hornsey in the 1850s and 60s.

MUSEUM GUIDE

BOILERHOUSE

Victoria & Albert. Exhibition Rd, SW7 (581 5273). Sat-Thurs 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2.30-5.50pm. **The Car Programme.** The design & development of the Ford Sierra, with graphics & models to show how the idea progressed through 52 months from a bright idea to the production model. With the kind of splendid catalogue that has become the trademark of the Boilerhouse. Until Nov 18.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Gt Russell St, WC1 (636 1555). Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. **Excavating in Egypt**—the creation, organization, discoveries & achievements of the Egyptian Exploration Society. This exhibition has now been extended into the New Year. It continues to look remarkably fresh despite its long run & its many visitors. Until Jan 9. **Great Moravia.** Life, war & the class-structure among the Slavs along the Middle Danube in the 9th century AD, as illustrated by recent archaeological discoveries. Until Jan 9. **Masterpieces of Printmaking from the 15th century to the French Revolution.** The Museum has one of the biggest warehouses of what the trade quaintly calls Old Master prints in the world. Very few of its million & more items can be shown to the public at any given time, or have indeed ever been shown, & the present privileged occasion illustrates the craft of the artist's print, as it was practised in Europe between about 1430 & 1789. Until Jan 23.

British Library Exhibitions:

The Library continues to do its noble best to put on good exhibitions in its present distinctly cramped & peculiarly lit quarters at the British Museum. Until Dec 31 two exhibitions can be seen: **Illuminated Armenian Manuscripts**—gospels, psalters & breviaries & Hebrew manuscripts from the Sassoon Collection—some of the finest items from the collection formed by David Solomon Sassoon (1880-1942). Among the most exciting are the illuminated Rashba Bible of 1383 & the 15th-century Vernon Bible, both from Spain; a copy of Maimonides's *Guide for the Perplexed*, & something well out of the usual run, an illustrated Judeo-Persian 17th-century copy of a poetic paraphrase of the Book of Joshua. **Demons in Persian & Turkish Art** is there until Jan 16, & the fourth current exhibition with the stamina to survive the Christmas period is **Virgil: the 2,000th anniversary.** This illustrates the influence of the Roman poet's work through the ages & into our own times. Until Feb 27.

CHURCH FARM HOUSE MUSEUM

Greyhound Hill, NW4 (203 0130). Mon, Wed-Sat



1934 clown costume: V & A, November 17.

10am-12.30pm, 1-5.30pm, Tues 10am-1pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. **Crafts.** An exhibition illustrating a wide variety of objects made by hand, arranged in conjunction with two local craftsmen & their associates. A good example of this local history museum's policy of setting the present by the side of the past. Until Nov 7. **Collectable English Ceramics** belonging to members of the Hendon & Hampstead Antique Ceramics & Glass Club. Nov 20-Jan 16.

COMMONWEALTH INSTITUTE

Kensington High St, W8 (603 4535). Mon-Sat 10am-5.30pm, Sun 2-5pm. **Women—the 25-Hour Day,** a multi-media exhibition about women's work around the clock & their crucial role in the economy & the labour force of both developed & developing societies. Until Nov 22. During the month there are also four book displays: **Focus on Kenya** (Nov 1-6); **Focus on Tanzania** (Nov 8-13); **Commonwealth Women Writers** (Nov 15-27

excluding Sun); & **Focus on Nigeria** (Nov 29-Dec 11 excluding Sun).

GOETHE INSTITUTE

50 Princes Gate, Exhibition Rd, SW7 (581 3344). Mon-Fri noon-8pm, Sat 10am-1pm. **Science & Technology in 19th-century Germany.** An exhibition loaned by the Deutsches Museum of Munich, the German equivalent of the Science Museum. Drawings, documents & objects give an idea of the scientific developments pioneered by people including Daimler, Diesel, Count Zeppelin, König & Bauer, & many others. Until Dec 14.

GRANGE MUSEUM OF LOCAL HISTORY

Neasden Lane, NW10 (452 8311). Mon-Fri noon-5pm, Wed until 8pm, Sat 10am-5pm. **Associated Automation, 1928-82.** Mourns the recent disappearance of this famous Willesden firm, which made stamp-vending machines & telephone equipment, & which has been taken over by one of the giants & rationalized out of existence. The murder was bad news for the company, but an important gain for the Museum, which has acquired a fine collection of exhibits as a result. Until Nov 13.

HORNIMAN MUSEUM

London Rd, Forest Hill, SE23 (699 1872). Mon-Sat 10.30am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. **Navajo Weaving 1850-1980.** A tribute to the Indian weavers of the American south-west, who have shown a miraculous resistance to debasement & to tourist pressures. Until Aug 31.

IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM

Lambeth Rd, SE1 (735 8922). Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. **Sculpture of the Two World Wars,** a selection from the Museum's mixed collection of military sculptures in bronze, plaster, wood & marble can be seen this month, as well as **Cecil Beaton War Photographs 1939-45** (60p, OAPs & children 30p) & **Armoured Warfare.** Linda Kitson's drawings of the recent hostilities in the Falkland Islands are on display from Nov 5-Feb 3. If visiting the Museum this month, you should reserve some time & energy for the new permanent exhibition on the **Middle East** "explaining... how the First World War laid the foundations of the Middle East as we know it today", which is a sadly double-edged statement.

LONDON TRANSPORT MUSEUM

39 Wellington St, Covent Gdn, WC2 (379 6344). Daily 10am-6pm. **Rails in the Road.** A nostalgic look back at London's trams, which did great service in the Metropolis for over 80 years, until the motor lobby got rid of them soon after the end of the Second World War. Until Dec 5. £1.60, children 80p.

MUSEUM OF LONDON

London Wall, EC2 (600 3699). Tues-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. **London Silver 1680-1780.** The techniques, products & customers of the London silversmiths during the heyday of their skill & prosperity. Until Apr 3. **Before Suburbia: Photographs of Hornsey in the 1850s & 1860s** by George Shadbolt. Shadbolt edited the *British Journal of Photography* from 1857 to 1864 & is an important figure in the history of photography. His work shows Hornsey as a rural village & the Museum has added a selection of modern pictures to show what it all looks like now. An exhibition for the strong. From Nov 2-Jan 9.

MUSEUM OF MANKIND

6 Burlington Gdns, W1 (437 2224). Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. **Asante: Kingdom of Gold, Moche Pottery, Vasna: Inside an Indian Village** continue, as does **Hawaii.** Also at the Museum during November are **Turquoise Mosaics from Mexico, Art for Strangers** (early take-aways for the tourist trade, in the form of saleable but dignified & uncorrupted stone carvings made by 19th-century inhabitants of the American north-west). The variety of exhibitions on offer at the moment is as wide as ever. The November package is completed by **Thunderbird & Lightning,** an introduction to the life of the Indians of north-east America, as it was between 1600 & 1900, when the European colonizers were hard at work destroying the culture of the natives.

NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM

Romney Rd, Greenwich, SE10 (858 4422). Tues-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5.30pm. **Toll for the Brave.** The story told in museum terms of the mysterious loss of the *Royal George* which sank off Spithead 200 years ago with the loss of 600 lives. Until Dec 31.

NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6323). Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. A good reason for visiting the Museum is the new permanent exhibition on the controversial subject of **Classification.** This explains clearly & as, always at the Museum nowadays, attractively the basic ways in which scientists work to sort out groupings in the natural world, an unglamorous but important task which rarely receives the credit & attention it deserves.

PASSMORE EDWARDS MUSEUM

Romford Rd, Stratford, E15 (534 4545 extn 376). Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Thurs until 8pm, Sat 10am-1pm, 2-5pm. **Scouting.** The Scout Movement was founded 75 years ago by Lord Baden-Powell. The Museum's microcosmic exhibition celebrating this consists mainly of items loaned by members of the Newham Scout Troops illustrating the history of Scouting in their part of the world. Until Dec 18.

SCIENCE MUSEUM

Exhibition Rd, SW7 (589 3456). Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. **The CERN exhibition: the building blocks of matter.** CERN, for the benefit of nuclear illiterates, is the internationally financed & staffed particle physics laboratory in Geneva, where most of Europe's research in this field is carried out. The exhibition pays proper & decent tribute to CERN & sets out in layman's language the present state of our knowledge about the strength of matter & of the forces which govern its behaviour. Until Nov 28. **The Great Cover-Up Show.** An exciting name for a prosaic subject. Examples of protective clothing from the Museum's collections & elsewhere. The exhibition shows how bomb-disposal, motor-racing, steel-making & ballet people protect themselves, & includes the fireproof suit worn by the man who lit the Royal Wedding fireworks. Until Feb 28. 80p, OAPs & children 40p.

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6371). Sat-Thurs 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2.30-5.50pm. **Jewelry by Wendy Ramshaw.** Modern jewelry designs, especially those illustrating the artist's collaboration with the Wedgwood concern in the use of ceramics for personal adornment. See For Collectors p70. This is the first exhibition in the newly refurbished jewelry gallery. Until Jan 16. **Show Business.** The first of a series of mouth-watering exhibitions of items from the collections of the future Theatre Museum, before it eventually opens in Covent Garden's Flower Market. All the "live performing arts" are represented. A book, *Images of Showbusiness*, adds meat to the exhibition's bones. Nov 17-Apr 17.

Out of town

BIRMINGHAM MUSEUM & ART GALLERY Chamberlain Sq, Birmingham (021-235 2834). Mon-Sat 10am-5.30pm, Sun 2-5.30pm (but see above about alternative weekend closing & check locally). **Lace in the Making.** The work of the Lace Guild, showing the techniques used in lace-making. Members of the Guild can be seen giving demonstrations of their skill from 10.30am-12.30pm & from 2-4pm on Tues & Sat while the exhibition is on. Until Nov 6.

BUCKLERS HARD MARITIME MUSEUM

Beaulieu, Hants (0590 63203). Daily 10am-4.30pm. **Horatio Nelson.** A photographic exhibition about Nelson & his ships, at a museum where the vessels were built. Until Nov 14. £1, OAPs & children 50p. At some time on Nov 14 Horatio Nelson hits the road & reappears the next day at the Bristol City Museum & Art Gallery (Mon-Sat 10am-5pm), where it stays until Jan 5.

COLCHESTER & ESSEX MUSEUM

The Castle, Colchester (0206 76071 ext 346). Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat 10am-4pm. **Romano-British Mosaics.** A selection of drawings by David Neal, pleasantly & efficiently presented in a museum which is particularly strong in things Roman. An exhibition the Romans would have understood & liked. Until Nov 13.

WAKEFIELD MUSEUM

Wood St, Wakefield, W Yorks (0924 361767). Mon-Sat 12.30-5.30pm, Sun 2.30-5.30pm. **Charles Waterton, Traveller & Naturalist (1782-1865).** An exhibition to commemorate the 200th anniversary of the birth of Charles Waterton of Walton Hall, who has the double distinction of having created the first nature reserve in England at his home, & who invented a special method of taxidermy. Until Dec 5.

RESTAURANTS

ALEX FINER



MOST OF US consider good drink to be the natural corollary of good food. Certainly most restaurateurs encourage diners to drink whenever the opportunity arises—sherry or spirits before, wine with, port or liqueurs after. This is hardly surprising when the hefty mark-up charged for maintaining a cellar and pulling the corks involves so much less work than preparing the meal.

The resurgence of the cocktail can be cynically construed as an invitation to pay upwards of £2.50 for a mixed drink. The introduction of the "happy hour" when the same drinks are served at half price is an indication of the profit margin. It is comforting that the "happy hour" lasts for two-and-a-half hours—from 5.30pm to 8pm—at the recently opened **Masters**, just around the corner from the Albert Hall. The long, polished wood bar is flanked in New York style by several yards of bottles, and Gershwin and Porter standards emanate from an ebony grand piano.

Bar snacks are available but the restaurant proper is downstairs. There are two rooms, both elegant and spacious, complete with potted palms and linen tablecloths and napkins. The food is Italian and the menu strong on pasta, veal and offal. The *spaghetti alle vongole* at £1.75 received high praise; while my own *bistecca alla fiorentina* at £5.95—a T-bone steak by any other name—was well seared yet served rare as requested. The other dishes chosen by my party of four evoked less comment. Two courses, coffee and wine (the second bottle arrived in response to a request for mineral water) came close to £15 a head.

The bar at **Le Caprice** has no "happy hour" but the stools provide a comfortable spot to sip a pre-prandial drink and look around. The décor

is stark but stylish—whites and blacks with the occasional mirrored surface, David Bailey photographs and Erté posters on the walls—and the regulation potted palms. After two recent changes of ownership Michel Gautier is now the proud proprietor and his energetic managers and waiters perform nobly. Portions are small and delicate with much fuss made of appearance and presentation. The *terrine de légumes* is particularly pretty with its distinguishable cross-section of courgette, bean, spinach, truffle and so forth. The poached quails' eggs were attractive on their bed of leeks with sour cream, but served too cold. Main courses included grilled duck's breast, sliced and off the bone, and fresh salmon with a herb sauce. The house wines start at £4 and the list includes a few excellent Californian and French labels. There is a choice of three champagnes from £12.50 to £35 for celebrations. A less extravagant meal for two should cost from £25 to £30.

Boyle's, off Baker Street, is a straightforward and unpretentious brasserie with a short menu and a long list of 22 wines, most of which can be bought by the glass as well as by the bottle. House wine is £3.95 and the most expensive is a 1976 Médoc at £7.90. There is a selection of sherries and ports. The menu includes an ingenious starter, chicken and avocado slivers with French dressing, and the kitchens pass with flying colours the difficult test of serving smoked salmon and scrambled eggs. There are newspapers on a rack and a pleasant brasserie bustle to the place which is furnished with the fixtures and fittings of an old chapel. Lunch for two is about £16. My only quarrel is the price charged for Perrier, which at £1.70 a bottle is almost enough to drive one to a "happy hour" cocktail.

Masters, 190 Queen's Gate, SW7 (581 5666). Mon-Sat 5.30pm-midnight, Sun noon-midnight. CC All.

Le Caprice, Arlington House, Arlington St, SW1 (629 2239). Mon-Fri 12.30-2.30pm, Mon-Sat 7pm-midnight, Sun brunch noon-3pm. CC All.

Boyle's, 53 Dorset St, W1 (487 4022). Mon-Sat 8am-11pm, Sun noon-10.30pm. CC A,Bc,DC.

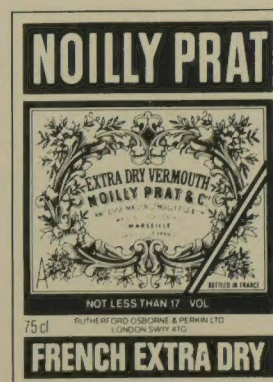


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BRIEFING RESTAURANTS CONTINUED

A changing selection of **ILN** recommended restaurants appears each month. Estimated prices are based on the average cost of a meal for two, including a bottle of house wine. The symbol £ indicates up to £20; ££ £20-£30; £££ above £30.

Information about the time of last orders and credit cards has been provided by the restaurants. AmEx = American Express; DC = Diner's Club; A = Access (Master Charge); and Bc = Barclaycard (Visa). Where all four main cards are accepted this is indicated as cc All.

Bates
11 Henrietta St, WC2 (240 7600). Daily noon-3pm, 5.30pm-midnight.

Three courses & enthusiastic service for £8.50 at one of the newest Covent Garden restaurants. Crayons provided with the coffee for embellishing the paper tablecloth. cc A, Bc ££

Bertorelli's
44 Floral St, WC2 (836 3969). Mon-Sat noon-3pm, 6-11.30pm.

A second address for this thoroughly Italian family business, offering the same good value as at Charlotte Street in newer surroundings opposite the Opera House stage door. cc All ££

Bistro d'Agrain
1a Beauchamp Pl, SW3 (589 3982). Mon-Sat noon-3pm, 7-11.30pm.

Dark, unpretentious French ambience with oil-cloth-covered tables & the day's special dishes chalked up on blackboards. Cheerful service & good value. cc All £

Café Royal Grill Room
68 Regent St, W1 (437 9090). Daily 12.30-2.30pm (except alternate Sats), 6.30-11pm.

The extravagance of the décor may be a bit indigestible to modern taste, but those robust enough to enjoy its rococo indulgences are also likely to be rewarded by the cuisine which is rich French. cc All £££

Chalcot's Bistro
49 Chalcot Rd, NW1 (722 1956). Daily 12.30-3pm, 7-10pm.

Colin Thompson & wife Lynn are getting deserved attention for their fine food in intimate NW1 surroundings. Must book. cc A, Bc; DC ££

Mr Chow
151 Knightsbridge, SW1 (589 7347). Daily 12.30-2.45pm, 7-11.45pm.

Peking cuisine in fashionable surroundings. The steamed dumplings, like much of the menu, have stood the test of time. Expensive wine list. cc All ££

L'Etoile
30 Charlotte St, W1 (636 7189). Mon-Fri 12.30-2.30pm, 6.30-10pm.

Small, busy & often crowded, this long-established French restaurant maintains a consistently high standard of menu & wines. cc AmEx, DC £££

La Famiglia
Langton St, SW10 (351 0761). Daily 12.30-2.45pm, 7.30-11.30pm.

Home-made pasta & attentive service have built a loyal clientele for this Italian restaurant in Fulham. cc All ££

Le Gamin
32 Old Bailey, EC4 (236 7931). Mon-Fri noon-2.30pm.

The fixed price of £13.75 includes half a bottle of wine & on the menu are such delights as poached salmon with lobster sauce. cc All ££

Gay Hussar
2 Greek St, W1 (437 0973). Mon-Sat 12.30-2.30pm, 5.30-11.30pm.

Small, lively Hungarian restaurant. Hearty appetites an advantage, as well as a readiness to experiment with such exotic dishes as iced cherry soup, stuffed cabbage with dumplings & saddle of carp. cc None ££

The Grange
39 King St, WC2 (240 2939). Mon-Fri 12.30-2.30pm, Mon-Sat 7.30-11.30pm, Sat from 6.45pm.

Excellent two- or three-course set menu, offering a promising example of how prices can be kept down by limiting choice. cc AmEx ££

Interlude de Tabillau
7 Bow St, WC2 (379 6473). Mon-Fri 12.30-2pm, Mon-Sat 7-11.30pm.

The fixed price menu at £16.50 for lunch & £21 for dinner includes half a bottle of wine, a three-course meal, delicious canapés to whet your appetite & pâtisserie with coffee. Beautifully presented light

French food. cc All £££

Jamshid's
6 Glendower Pl, SW7 (584 2309). Daily noon-3pm, 6-11.30pm.

One of the oldest Indian restaurants in London. The food is Parsee, mild & delicate. Incomparable biryani. cc All £

Lal Quila
117 Tottenham Ct Rd, WC2 (387 4570). Daily noon-3pm, 6-11.30pm.

Excellent Indian food in comfortable surroundings. Not a hint of flocked wallpaper. Strong on tandoori with a wide choice of cocktails, wine & lager. cc All ££

Langan's Brasserie
Stratton St, W1 (493 6437). Mon-Fri 12.30-2.30pm, 7-11.30pm, Sat 8pm-12.15am.

Most go to gawp or to be seen—but the menu is imaginative & Peter Langan still packs them in at this large & bustling source of gossip column stories. cc All ££

Palookaville
13a James St, WC2 (240 5857). Mon-Sat noon-3pm, 5.30pm-12.15am.

Jazz restaurant & wine bar with a licence until 1.30am. Lots of style, exotic menu. Don't miss kiwi & passion fruit sorbets. cc All ££

Sheraton Park Tower, Le Café Jardin
101 Knightsbridge, SW1 (235 8050). Daily 7am-midnight.

Airy & cheerful, the food plain & not expensive for the area. Desserts & cheeses much recommended. cc All ££

Simpson's-in-the-Strand
100 Strand, WC2 (836 9112). Mon-Sat noon-3pm, 6-10pm.

Old England lives on in this celebrated mutton & beef house. We enjoyed the oxtail as much as the justly famed dishes. cc A, Bc ££

Terrazza Restaurant
19 Romilly St, W1 (437 8991). Daily noon-2pm, 6-11.30pm.

Cool, beautifully tiled, popular with foreigners who remember its fame in the 60s. In one woman's opinion the spaghetti carbonara is quite the best in the world. Helpings are generous to a fault. cc All ££

WINE BARS

Charco's
1 Bray Place, SW3 (584 0765). Mon-Sat 11am-3pm, 5.30-11pm.

Charco's is a popular & crowded bar with an easy atmosphere & pleasantly scruffy Scandinavian style décor. The wine list, supplied by Searcy, is long & cheap—there are 28 wines under £4 a bottle. House French wines are reliable & among the 18 wines available by the glass the Soave is surprisingly good & fresh. Hot & cold food is well presented but rather expensive. Salads are 75p per portion, but half portions are permitted, giving a good variety of choice.

Shampers
4 Kingly St, W1 (437 1692). Mon-Fri 11am-3pm, 5.30-11pm.

Shampers is a lively, smart but informal bar, where the wine & the food are of good quality with plenty of variety. There is usually some sort of wine promotion which changes approximately every six weeks. The main list includes not only a good selection of wines from France, Germany, Italy & Spain but also from Australia, California, England, South Africa & New Zealand. There are about 25 champagnes—the house champagne at £9.50, a choice of reasonably priced vintages such as 1975 Heidsieck Dry Monopole at £12.95, & a Bouzy Rouge & Rosé. Food is well set out & includes a choice of salads at £1 or £1.50, four hot dishes at £1.50 each & one main hot dish, which comes with potatoes & salad, priced at £2.95.

This month's wine auctions include:
Nov 3, 10.30am. Fine wines. Sotheby's, 34/35 New Bond St, W1 (493 8080). Wine sales held in Bloomfield Pl, opposite main building.

Nov 4, 11am. Fine wines. Christie's, 8 King St, SW1 (839 9060).

Nov 8, 6pm; Nov 9, 11am. Inexpensive wines. Christie's South Kensington, 85 Old Brompton Rd, SW7 (581 2231).

Nov 17, 10.30am. Fine & inexpensive wines. Sotheby's.

Nov 18, 11am & 2.30pm. Fine claret. Christie's.

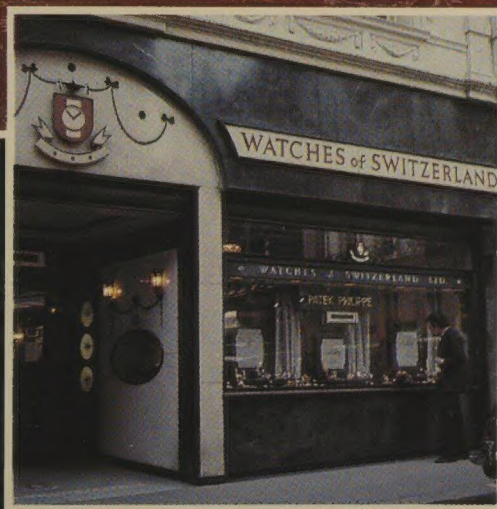

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